

FIELD of HONOR



DONN BYRNE

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By
DONN BYRNE

*Author of "Messer Marco Polo"
"Hangman's House"
"Brother Saul," etc.*



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Deliver my soul, O God, from the peril
of the sword, and my darling from the
power of the dog.

R. And my darling from the power of
the dog.

Deliver me, O Lord, from the evil man
and preserve me from the wicked man.

R. Deliver my soul, O Lord, from the
peril of the sword, and my darling from
the power of the dog.

*From the Office of Compline on Passion
Sunday.*

PART I

FIELD OF HONOR

INTRODUCTION

HOW often this conflict has occurred before, no man knows. There before you by the quiet Nile are the pyramids of kings who ruled an empire. The fellah plows with his buffalo before the surly Sphinx, poor as his ancestors were when the line of Thothmes ruled. The Chaldeans, that hasty nation of Habakkuk, are forgotten save by graybeards in their study. The empire of Sardanapalus is a grazing land for nomad tribes. Persia, Greece, Rome, and Byzantium are only pleasant sounds to romantic ears. The empire Spain conquered, from China to the Horn, lies wrecked before us and the empire that conquered King Philip's Spain is dying. If you listen carefully you can hear the death-rattle in its throat.

Your economist and your general officer will explain their fall very glibly. The economist will talk of trade routes, of new inventions, of exhaustion of resources, handling nations and armaments as though they were beads on a child's abacus. Your general officer will speak most profoundly of the orientation of peoples toward war, and assure you that war will always exist. But your general officer, for all his gold lace and plumed hat, is as much an artisan as a carpenter. He must have work or he

and his trade will perish. And your sentimentalist will go away saddened, convinced that human nature is a poor thing, thinking perhaps of the treasures that rivalries of peoples and force of arms have lost to the world. Statues by Praxiteles; the golden bees of Phidias; that statue of Hercules of which Nicetas speaks as in Constantinople, the dimensions of whose thumb were equal in circumference to the waist of a man; Alexandria's great library. But these things are unimportant, statues and temples and libraries. Time's belly may hold for us countless Homers and the craft of masons will build us temples great as Angkor. So many children are born each minute of the day that there is certain to be another Phidias.

Your economist and your general officer would have us believe that men will fight for nothing but money, that the peasant will leave the fields he loves, the smith and carpenter the arts they have spent their prentice years in, the weaver his loom, the shepherd his flock, the squire the home his fathers have had for centuries, for a cheaper loaf of bread, a ha'penny less taxes. But your general officer has so many barriers between him and the men who dress by the right, and your economist has his head so full of figures, how can they have knowledge of human beings?

When, after a glorious war, a nation takes for king him whom it considers noblest, which means most brave, most just, most generous of all, it settles down to peace. But the king marries a wife, and his son takes another wife, and the tricks that breeding plays are many. Also there are sloth, pride, gluttony. There is the chicane of ministries. The spreading bonds of empire bring callous-

ness. And a day comes when, through carelessness or greed, the king and his ministers will sell, to use the terrible words of Amos, the righteous for silver and the poor for a pair of shoes.

Cities, statues, and books die. They serve their purpose, and die. But righteousness never dies, as history shows and common sense approves. The captives are thinking while the conquerors celebrate victory. "Your sons and your daughters shall prophesy," Joel promises, "your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions." Old bowed, bitter men whose evening meal is the tough dogfish, sitting brooding over a slight fire of grass and twigs, dreaming of deliverance; young men tossing on prison beds; young women praying through the night.

They go forth to battle, and they fall. But, falling, they win. A tyranny is broken. Another king goes sponging on his neighbors. But the crash of battle and the thunder of the fighting weary the rebels and, when all is done, there rings in their ears something like the bell branch of the Irish Druids, calling to slumber. And while they sleep they are betrayed. "It is a strange device which men have," remarks that dark, devious man Francis Bacon, "to seek power and lose liberty." Before they slumber after battle, the high-hearted men who fought for honor, and the red-hearted men who fought in sympathy, they place their Holy Grail in the hands of a custodian, and while they sleep the custodian barter it for a scepter and orb.

How often fools have fied into battle, and knaves made a profit of them, your cynical historian will tell you; a

historian must deal with facts alone and the merchant of facts cannot but be a cynic. He will think that one great cataclysm should be a lesson to the world. The men who died for liberty he sees only as pathetically foolish corpses, forgetting that in the highest moment of their lives they were freed from a tyranny worse than that of unjust taxation and callous kings, the tyranny of the body of this death, as the Apostle Paul describes his prison. . . . Your historian wonders it should ever occur again.

"The hand of the Lord was upon me," unto Ezekiel, "and carried me out in the spirit of the Lord, and set me down in the midst of the valley which was full of bones . . .

"And he said unto me, Son of man, can these bones live? And I answered, O Lord God, thou knowest.

"Again he said unto me, Prophecy upon these bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord.

"Thus saith the Lord God unto these bones: Behold, I will cause breath to enter into you, and ye shall live:

"And I will lay sinews upon you, and will bring up flesh upon you, and cover you with skin, and put breath in you, and ye shall live . . .

"So I prophesied as I was commanded: and as I prophesied, there was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone . . . and the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

As only a story out of Hebrew mythology the quotation will be put aside; and even if admitted, it will be

argued that it pertains only to Israel. But the vision seen by Ezekiel, when he was among the captives by the river of Chebar, was not a vision for his people alone. The stranger had part in his visioned commonweal. "And it shall come to pass, that ye shall divide it by lot for an inheritance unto you, and to the strangers that sojourn among you . . . they shall have inheritance with you among the tribes of Israel." The land that was taken from the tyrant was not alone for Israel, but for all righteous men.

At all times this feeling for freedom has existed in all vital men; has flourished; has fought for itself, has died. And once more the prophet comes and prophesies upon the bones, and "behold a shaking." There were prophets before Ezekiel, I'll warrant. Always the tradition of revolt, and at the proper time its mouthpiece. Before Rome fell, the dweller in Patmos had a vision that rang through the world: "And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there. . . . And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie . . ." From the muddy waters of Chebar the tradition went through minor and major prophet, to the gentle John sitting in his clean Greek island at sunset, amid the primrose-colored sea. The camel-driver of Medina saw a world in which there would be neither usury nor wine, and where all men would be brethren, submitting to one God. The burning faith and vision in his Koran have fired countless holy

wars. We see the tradition but darkly as it is whispered among the brethren who stand about watching where Father Rosycross sleeps in his tomb. . . . A faint echo comes from the North, where the strange Swedish visionary, who left his science to ponder on hidden mysteries, relates his midnight journeyings into heaven and hell, whether in the body or out of the body himself was uncertain. In France the high initiates work the "Rite of Swedenborg," reading into the forms the Swedish seer had visioned in the battle-torn clouds, a plan and technique for a new day. The blind Irish harpers raised their sightless eyes to heaven and from their strings came a troubling music. In France little songs were hummed that boded no good toward his Christian Majesty, and through all Europe there were sullen looks as the kings rode on parade.

The Swedish seer had referred to the year of the Christian Era 1757 as the first of the new reign of the dispensation of the spirit. In that year William Blake was born. In a short time a bugle sounds through London's quiet streets:

Souls of men are bought and sold,
And milk-fed infancy for gold
And youth to slaughter houses led
And Beauty, for a bit of bread.

He will not do much good in England. The English have had their fling already: chopped a king's head off, and brought his son back; chosen another king, and hired a satisfactory one, a solid, respectable man. But in Ireland the harping of the bards is wilder. In France the peasant ponders on a problem: if swords have been beaten into

plowshares, can a miracle of forging beat the plowshares into swords once more? In Italy there is talk of the vast shade of Tarquin stalking by moonlight over the Alban hills. "There was a noise, and behold a shaking, and the bones came together, bone to his bone."

He could prophesy in England and be recorded, for there they heeded nothing. In other lands his brethren had sung words of fire that were drowned in the thunder of the captains and the shouting. But in England none heard him. He was only a poet, a mad poet, a mad and, what was worse, a penniless poet. But he piped bravely on:

Bring me my bow of burning gold!
Bring me my arrows of desire!
Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!
Bring me my chariot of fire!
I will not cease from mental fight,
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
Till we have built Jerusalem
In England's green and pleasant land.

All his gestures were futile. He had worn the red cap of revolution and had been laughed at. When, in 1803, at the time the sixth Lord Byron was at Harrow, and the son of Timothy Shelley of Horsham, gentleman, was at that wretched middle-class school, preparing for Eton, he had been arrested for sedition and contemptuously discharged at Chichester assizes. But the worst blow of all was to come to the penniless prophet. His friends considered his latest poem a fine patriotic ballad. It was religious, it was English, it was patriotic.

Such visions have appeared to me
As I my ordered course have run:

Jerusalem is nam'd Liberty
Among the sons of Albion,

he sang as a disclaimer. But none listened to him. While abroad, with not a tithe of his fire, lesser inspirations had been prophesying in the valley which was full of bones, until "the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood up upon their feet, an exceeding great army."

CHAPTER I

I

FOR Jocelyn, on this June evening, the road she loved so much, the road around the great friendly lake toward their own friendly house, Derrymore Manor, was a tragedy more than a delight. For the quiet waters of Lough Neagh; for little Ram's Island of the ivied trees; for the honeysuckle in the hedges; for the blue cornflowers; for the pæan of wild roses; for the last frantic song of the wood-thrush; for a cloud above the lake shaped like and rosy as a sea-shell—for these she had no eyes, no ears. She was straining every nerve to hear what Lord Castlereagh was saying to her husband as they walked behind. A sudden gust of emotion shook her. To-morrow she would be married a year. A week ago she had been so happy. And now—Jocelyn had always laughed at the expression, but she would laugh no more—her heart was broken, broken like a china plate, in two, irreparably broken. Castlereagh's cadaverous chaplain was saying something to her. She answered, "Yes," mechanically.

She felt the chaplain's eyes devouring her dark young beauty furtively and turned with angry contempt. But the cleric seemed only studious and respectful. "Castlereagh's kept priest!" she sneered to herself. "You were saying—?"

"I asked whether you thought his Lordship enjoyed the sermon."

"I am certain his Lordship did."

"And the country-folk?"

"But surely you weren't preaching to the country-folk!"

The chaplain had chosen for text the fourth verse of the tenth chapter of I Corinthians: "And did all drink the same spiritual drink: for they drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them: and that Rock was Christ." And he had entered into a long and intricate argument from Hebrew lore that the Rock was a boulder from Mount Horeb which followed the Israelites in all their wanderings, not the phantom of a rock but an actual one. But also that the Rock was Christ in his preëxistent divine nature, and consequently as the Son of God, the Logos of John, who afterward appeared as man. "Peter, upon this rock"—he might as well have spoken in Greek, so little did anybody, including herself, understand of it all, except the foppish visitor sitting in the Dillon pew beside herself and her husband, savoring the argument as a more decent man would savor a glass of wine. Their dear old church, with its oak fittings and oak pulpit from the woods of Ballinderry, where Jeremy Taylor had preached, to be made a playhouse for Castlereagh! She had been furious. And when the death's-head chaplain had prayed: "Give peace in our time, O Lord," with an unction she had thought impossible, and Castlereagh had buried his face in his hands, she felt impelled to emit peal after peal of laughter. Thank God she hadn't! But,

oh, the comedy of it! if it were not for the dirt of it all!

But the chaplain was speaking again:

"His Lordship seems to have conceived a great friendship for your husband, Mistress Dillon."

"In Ireland, good sir," she answered coldly, "the friendship of Lord Castlereagh for an Irishman is supposed to be the worst misfortune that can befall him."

"Oh, madam!" said the shocked chaplain.

She had noticed that her husband and Castlereagh had stopped for an instant, and, turning, saw they had found a blind Irish fiddler sitting on a milestone. She had been so bothered with her own affairs that she had not noticed him. He was an old man with beautiful white hair, dressed in knee-breeches and a frieze coat. The green baize bag of his fiddle was across his knees, and at the sound of footsteps he raised the instrument to his chin and began playing.

"I have never heard that air before," came Castlereagh's frozen tones.

"It's a country air, sir," Jocelyn could hear her husband say. "It's called '*So! Van a tee!*'"

"You know the Irish tongue, Garry," Castlereagh said. "What does it mean?"

*"So! Van a tee, fwee go no hree!
Bay an toloo gan hyees on vleen shu magh aging.
So van a tee, gu jay an groom shin ort?"*

"It means, sir: 'Well, woman of the house, I repeat it to you twice and three times, we'll have the land

without rent from this year forward. So, woman of the house, why should that gloom be on you?"

Castlereagh smiled.

"Yes," he nodded his head, "that is what all revolution amounts to. Lord Edward Fitzgerald is dead and Napper Tandy in exile for their ideals, but had they succeeded the only result would have been that itinerant fiddlers should possess their land."

He reached out and put a half-guinea into the player's palm. The blind musician stared at the younger man with his empty eyes.

"And who," he asked courteously, "might I have had the honor of playing to?"

"I am Garrett McCarthy Dillon, of Derrymore, and this is Lord Castlereagh," Garry explained.

The fiddler weighed the gold coin in his palm for an instant, and then, turning his hand over, let it drop in the dust of the road.

"Lord Castlereagh's money can buy the nobility of Ireland," he said slowly, "but it can't buy one poor fiddler."

He stood up, letting the green baize bag slip to his feet. He lifted his fiddle to his face.

"Well, fiddle," he addressed it quietly, "we've been together many a long year. You were my father's before you were mine. When I hadn't the price of a bed, you made it for me, and when I had money in my pocket, no strings were too good for you. You played at wake and at wedding, and you've played to high and to low. But now that you've played to Bloody Castlereagh, you'll never want to play any more. So good-by, fiddle."

And he brought it down with both hands and smashed it across his knee. He went off, hobbling, down the road.

"What an insult to my Lord!" the chaplain cried.

Jocelyn felt a wild impulse to run after the fiddler and tell him he should have the best violin that could be found in Dublin, and a handful of guineas. She watched her husband's face, torn piteously between sorrow for the fiddler and distress at the slight to the Secretary for War and for the Colonies. No emotion, no distress showed on Castlereagh's white mask. The sight chilled her. Could anything move that man? Wherever he went, the country people said, the sickly smell of spilt blood was in the air, and abroad he was thought of as some ravening wolf, passionate, snarling. But here he was, with his white mask of a face, his precise frozen speech, his clothes of a London fop, and to Jocelyn he seemed more terrible that way, for there was nothing human in him. He might have been one of the hierarchy of Lucifer who had taken on human shape but not human vitality, for the ruin of souls and nations. And now with the ill health of the younger Pitt, Castlereagh was the great opponent of General Bonaparte. Jocelyn's faith in the French commander had been shaken when he assumed the title of Emperor and had himself crowned last December. But at any rate the Emperor, as he called himself now, was a man, a warm vital being. Castlereagh and the fops of London might laugh at his table manners, his dirty finger-nails, his skin oily from Italian cooking, his ill-fitting uniforms, his wretched seat on a horse, but there was a man. Laugh! Yes, of course they would laugh at him, sneer at him! He had beaten them, hadn't he!

But—would he conquer, in the end, that cold, efficient, masked executioner? Jocelyn shivered.

Well, she said, the fiddler should have his fiddle and his pocketful of guineas to boot. She would hunt all over the country for him, for she would have time from now on. Garry could go to London alone. Not one step of the way would she accompany him. Had he followed his first idea of going with Lord Bathurst as a junior officer, she would have followed him through to the wars. Even though she felt he was wrong in fighting against the Emperor, she would have followed him. Or if he had sailed with Admiral Lord Nelson she would have gone from port to port to meet him, and to snatch a few hours from the sea and the guns when possible. But to allow himself to be persuaded by Castlereagh to accept a post on his staff of diplomats! She would not move one inch after him, were she never—she almost sobbed—were she never to see him again. And a year ago to-day she was looking forward to her eighteenth birthday and her wedding-day on the morrow.

“This wretched fiddler—” The chaplain was still thinking over the insult to Lord Castlereagh. “After all, his instrument was his only means of subsistence, and yet, for his wild idea, he will break it up.” He shook his head. “I fear I could not understand that.”

“But of course you could not!” Jocelyn cried angrily.

II

Jocelyn had left the dining-room, and now Castlereagh and his young host were alone. The chaplain, a younger brother of William Knox, the new Bishop of Derry, had

been given his dinner in the small study. Garrett divined quickly that all the gossip about Castlereagh's friendship with the new prelate was without foundation. He had only appointed Doctor Knox to the see to wipe out the memory of the flaunting former bishop, the Earl of Bristol, who had fought him so bitterly over the Union. The new bishop was a hard man who would discipline his clergy. Garrett wondered if Castlereagh ever left anything to chance. The Secretary for War sat at the great table, on whose dark surface the lights of the candles made great pools of gold. He hardly touched his glass of wine. Occasionally he would pick a raisin from the basket of fruit before him—raisins, almonds, figs, walnuts, oranges—and eat it carelessly. His eye wandered over the big room with its vast oak fireplace, with its portraits of former Dillons: the Dillon who had fallen at Blenheim when fighting with Marlborough; the Dillon who had been Bishop of Down and Connor, and that oldest portrait of all, the Dillon who had fought with Schomberg at the Boyne. They all looked like Garrett, the same firm jaw and black head and blue, ice-blue, eyes. Castlereagh turned and gazed out of the window. For all that the candles were lighted, outside it was so bright that every detail could be distinguished. The blood-red quality of the lake as the sun went down showed like fire, and over it a crane flew slowly southward on his heavy wings.

"Don't you think, Garrett," the Secretary for War said slowly, "that you had better remain here?"

"I do not, my Lord," Garrett answered. "My Lord, may I urge again that you will permit me to fight with

an Irish regiment? So many of my people have been soldiers. As to diplomacy, I am so unfitted for it."

"Yes, your people have been fine soldiers, Garrett. They fought because they considered a cause just, and never asked for honors or rewards. A text comes into my mind: 'And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of Hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels.' But you, Garrett, you are too old."

"But, my Lord, I am only twenty-two. And yourself, sir—"

"Am only thirty-eight. But I am not a soldier, Garrett. The old days of heroes are gone, while I direct the country in war. I want well-fed, well-disciplined troops, led by officers trained in the art of war. General Wellesley is with me in this. He writes, Garrett, the successes of Bonaparte are due to the fact that he has fought until now with ragged soldiers led by well-meaning but inefficient men. A crash of Bonaparte's artillery, his vast band playing the song of the Marseillaise, and the Italians and Austrians melt in panic. My ideal—it will take years yet—is to have an English army who will stand his artillery, listen with pleasure to his brass instruments, and when he has finished the salvos and the songs, rise up quietly and break him. Had you become a soldier at seventeen I should have been glad to do anything I could for your father's son."

"But with the fleet, sir!"

"That is even more difficult. You would want to go with Lord Nelson, and he, while being a gallant, careless figure, is a shrewd admiral. Sometime this year he expects to meet Monsieur de Villeneuve, a fine, intrepid

sailor. He would only send you back, Garrett. With great courtesy, with much show of feeling, but he would send you back. Don't you think you had better come with me?"

"But should I be of use, sir?"

A shadow of pain, perhaps it was only the flicker of the candle-light, passed over the Secretary for War's white face.

"To me you would be of immense use. The Prime Minister's health is never of the best. The strain upon him is terrible. Few of our colleagues realize what a terrible fight is before us. Some of them are very honest but intolerably stupid. Others play the game of state as oafs play cricket, for an office or a title, no more dignified than the oafs' barrel of porter. The King is—ill. The Prince of Wales is—in difficulties. How many enemies I have, I cannot count. I am not sure I care, so long as the work before me can be done. I should like to have some one in whom I could entirely trust." Now it was certain that it was pain and not the flicker of the candles that put the shadow on his face. "I am much alone."

Garrett looked embarrassedly out of the window.

"My Lord, I shall come with you."

"I am not going to offer you position or titles. I have found that position can be the hollowest thing in the world; and as to titles, Garrett," he smiled, "you have seen so many of them given in Ireland as the price of breaking one's word, that I am sure they stink in your nostrils as they do in mine. But you will get into a fight to save England, and to save Europe from the very fires of hell. In Italy they distributed the picture of Bona-

parte, with the inscription: "This is the true likeness of the Holy Saviour of the World!" Castlereagh's face hardened. "What of the three thousand Turkish soldiers who surrendered at Jaffa? Marched down to the sea and massacred! What of the kidnapping and murder of the Duke of Enghien? And every Pat and Molly look on this man as one who will give them freedom. And not only in Ireland but in England too—Horne Tooke and his rout of blackguards, Thurlow, Erskine, Bentham, Godwin, Paine!"

He rose, and suddenly it was another man who spoke—courteous, suave, a dandy of London with not a care in the world:

"I fear I am neglecting my hostess."

The drawing-room with the great windows was not lit except for two candles on Jocelyn's pianoforte. The green-silk curtains were undrawn. The uncanny Irish light of June was still everywhere, showing up the satinwood tables, the great candlesticks of Irish silver-work, the tall vases of Waterford glass gay with flowers, the vast fireplace filled with ferns, the portrait of Jocelyn's self above the mantel. And Jocelyn, with her sleek black head, her child's head, in her pearl-colored gown of sarsenet, with its white silk cord about the waist, her white stockings, her shoes of white leather, was just rising from the pianoforte as they entered. A scarf of Irish lace was about her shoulders.

"Were you playing, Jocelyn?" her husband asked.

She dropped them both the shadow of a curtsy. Garrett was glad to see how calm her brow was, how calm her eyes. All afternoon, he knew, she had been furious, al-

though she had said nothing. She hated Castlereagh, he knew. But now she was resigned. Or if she was not, she was not going to show it. A lady of quality, was Jocelyn!

"I was running through some of our country songs," she smiled.

"Won't you please keep on playing?" the Secretary for War said suavely.

"If you wish, my Lord. Is there anything you would wish to hear?"

"It would surprise many people to hear that I am partial to Irish airs. I never forget I am an Irishman." The mask relaxed into a smile. "What of your local song: 'Tis pretty to be in Ballinderry'? Or that old favorite of my youth when I was a boy at school in Armagh, 'The Lowlands of Holland'?"

"Oh, but, my dear Lord!" Jocelyn protested, "there are so many new country songs."

"I am sorry. I will leave the choice to you."

She sat down at the keyboard. Garrett thought he had never in his life seen her look so lovely. The two wax candles cast a glow on her black hair and serious young girl's face. She seemed to be making an effort to remember words.

"I wonder if you've heard this, my Lord. It's somewhat recent."

Her hands came down into a lament which seemed to Garrett rather familiar, and her clear voice rang through the room.

"I met with Bonaparty, and he took me by the hand,
And he said: How's poor old Ireland, and how does she stand?
She's the most distressful country that ever yet was seen,

For they're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green."

"I've never heard it," Castlereagh said quietly. "Is there more?"

"Jocelyn!" Garrett called gently.

"No, Garry, you are wrong." She did not turn her head as she spoke. "My Lord wishes to hear the rest."

"And if the color we must wear is England's cruel red," her voice rang proudly,

"Let it remind us of the blood that Ireland has shed;
Then pull the shamrock from your hat and throw it on the sod—
But never fear, 't will take root there, though underfoot 'tis trod."

Garrett could not understand what she was about. Was it that teasing spirit in her that took possession of her occasionally? Or was she just taking the whole opposition to Castlereagh lightly, and making a joke of it as a small peace-offering? Or was she studiedly insulting the Secretary for War in her own house? Whatever it was, what could he do? He could only take a lesson from Castlereagh's calm face.

"When the law can stop the blades of grass from growing as they grow,"

Jocelyn's voice was triumphant,

"And when the leaves in summer time their color dare not show,

Then I will change the color, too, I wear in my caubeen,
But till that day, please God, I'll stick to—"

A great sob broke out of her. "I'll stick to—" she tried to continue, but the sobs came breaking through her

voice, and suddenly she sprang to her feet and fled through the room, fumbling an instant at the handle of the door. Garrett stood up in distress.

"It will pass," Castlereagh said calmly. "Pray believe me, it will pass."

"She is a niece of Henry Munro, my Lord, the General of Down."

"I know." Castlereagh nodded gravely. "Mr. Munro was one of the few whose fingers were clean of foreign money and intrigue. He was like a hero of Froissart when he would not attack General Nugent by night, saying it was unfair. He had Nugent beaten when his men deserted him. Remember, Garrett, that Mr. Munro's last words on the scaffold were: 'Tell my country I deserved better of it.' He knew at the end. He knew. He was a great man in a bad cause. And Nugent was a poor man in a great one. And now Mr. Munro is dead, his head rotted on a pike, his house razed. And General Nugent is Governor of Jamaica."

Outside in the courtyard was the crunching of wheels and the cracking of postilions' whips. At the door Garrett could see Castlereagh's man-servant standing with his Lordship's traveling coat over his arm. But Castlereagh did not move.

"Mr. Munro we could have used in the fight against Bonaparte, but General Nugent shall never see that field," he said quietly. He rose. "When shall I see you in London, Garrett?"

"At once, sir."

"Then as soon as you appear I shall have you sworn as a Pursuivant of the Great Seal, or, as they call it,

one of the King's Chief Messengers. That is the best thing for you. And now, thank you for coming. To-night I drive to Charlemont House."

"But are you not fatigued, my Lord? Had you not better rest here and sleep?"

"My sleepings are difficult and rare," the Secretary for War smiled. "I shall probably sleep on the way."

He paused an instant, going through the hall.

"The green-and-white plume which Mr. Munro wore at the Battle of Ballynahinch is in the possession of the Bishop of Dromore. I shall call on him before I leave County Down. Perhaps your wife would like it."

"My Lord, you are too kind to us."

"It is you who are so kind to me," Castlereagh said, with his courtly grace. "I am afraid Bishop Percy is a sad rebel at heart. I don't know what it is, but when you make an Englishman an Irish bishop or dean, he becomes a rabid rebel. Swift," he grimaced, "the Earl of Bristol, and now, dear old Bishop Percy. But at seventy-five a man can be as much of a rebel as he likes. He is going blind, I believe. Have you ever read his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry'?"

"My Lord, I am not a reading man."

"They are very good." Castlereagh got into the coach and settled himself back. "A great work. But I prefer his 'Key to the New Testament.'"

III

To Garrett his last interview with his wife was a matter of dread. He hated to see her in such pain of

mind as she was, and the more so because he knew that from her standpoint she was right. Nevertheless, from his standpoint he was right, and he had never concealed his views from her. She had known when she married him his views as to the Union, his views as to the terrible revolution in France. He guessed that she could not come to London. But, after all, it would only be for a year. What with Nelson on the seas and the new understanding with Prussia, and the troops of Hanover, and the twenty thousand Russians, and twenty-six thousand Danes, and a force of twelve thousand picked Swedish auxiliaries; also five thousand British troops, and the German Legion—surely Bonaparte could never stand against that. Lord Castlereagh was a great statesman but not a soldier. On the face of it, no force of breechless rabble such as Bonaparte's men, for all their reputation, could stand against it. And General Sir Arthur Wellesley, the Secretary for War had said, was returning home to help Lord Cathcart. General Wellesley, Lord Mornington's son. How glad Garrett had been of the successes of a fellow-Irishman in India! If General Wellesley could subdue the terrible Mahratta tribes, what chance could the French brigands have against him? Of course he would be under Lord Cathcart, but as Nelson was under the command of Admiral Parker at Copenhagen, with his own initiative to follow, and with no questions asked did he disobey orders, so long as the disobedience meant success. At any rate, within a year he would be back. If there were no anniversary of their wedding to celebrate to-morrow, the second anniversary would be the sweeter. He had better depart at dawn on horseback, with one servant, and have

his baggage sent by coach to Dublin, for the packet. Yes, he must avoid to-morrow; it would be too painful a day.

He thought for a minute he would go down to the shore of the lake and watch the fishermen's boats out for the last time for a year. A little pang went through him. The sea-trout were in the lake now, and there would be no more fishing until all this sad history was done. Old Jack Gilligan, his boatman, would miss him. He would have to see his head bailiff, Armstrong, and leave instructions for him to take care of everything. In Aghadoe the young pheasants were doing badly. The long drought of early summer was making the owls furious, and they were carrying off the chicks, and cuckoo spit was poisoning many. The sheep also were not doing well—the new Southdowns and Oxford Downs he had brought over from England. Still, Armstrong was a good man, a conscientious Scot who had been with his father. He would go down and rout him out. . . . He wondered if it were better not to see Jocelyn again, but to write her a letter, and leave as soon as he had packed some necessities and given orders for the rest to be sent on. He could ride to Banbridge and pick up new horses there. To-morrow he would be in Newry.

She opened the drawing-room door very quietly and came in. Though it was now ten o'clock, yet there was enough light to see her face, and he thought he could perceive great shadows of weeping under her eyes. She had flung a patterned Spanish shawl about her shoulders, and her head was high. Garrett thought he had never seen her smoothed hair so glossy, so like a rook's wing.

"Garrett, I am sorry for to-night. It was unpardonable for your wife in your house to insult your guest so. I am sorry for that reason."

"Lord Castlereagh understood, Jocelyn."

"He understood?" A twitch of pain crossed her mouth. "Or he said he understood?" She paused.

She crossed the room quickly and snuffed out the candles on the pianoforte. "Listen, Garrett—Garry," she said. "When I married you, I knew you were loyal to the King, and you knew, too, that I was Henry Munro's brother's daughter. And because we loved each other, we never said a word of disrespect for each other's beliefs, nor tried to influence each other. We had a sort of mute pact between us. Now, Garry, my husband—" he knew she was crying in the shadows—"I am going to break that pact. I ask you, before God, not to go with this dreadful man."

"I am sorry, Jocelyn, my dear. I see my duty. I have got to do it."

"I know. I must not forget that: that you are very honest, very sincere. But you see—I must make an appeal. This blood-stained, treacherous man has ruined our country. And though you say nothing about it, Garry, yet you love your country, I know."

"Jocelyn, since that Act of Union our country has grown decent. The abduction clubs have disappeared; the reckless dueling in Phoenix Park has died; the terrible fights between the butchers with their knives and the weavers with their staves, that made Dublin a shambles, have gone too. The dreadful secret societies are being put down. Once more Ireland can look Europe in the

face. Dear Jocelyn, your people are only Irish since such a little time, and I am Irish since before that old Irish king raided the Alps. And your own Scots stock have allied themselves with England, and done none too badly by it."

"If losing one's soul be doing none too badly—" she said bitterly. "But there, I am arguing. And when I argue I always lose. I cannot reason. I can only feel. I feel this too—that reason is a poor thing. It is something you bring to your aid when you want to do something against which your soul revolts. Garry, please tell me, are you sure, from within yourself, that you are right?"

"If I weren't, I shouldn't go, Jocelyn."

"I wish you to think of this, Garrett," she said quietly: "that others, older men, as sincere as you, every whit as high-minded, thought differently and risked their lives for their belief, and paid forfeit with their blood. I will not do more than mention my uncle, Henry Munro. But I will remind you of William Orr. Who was more honest? Who died more bravely on the scaffold? 'Farewell, remember Orr!'

"Or Robert Emmet, Garrett. Do you remember his last words to the brutal Norbury? Can a man standing so close to death not know whether or not he is right? Listen, Garrett, I have them by heart. 'I have but a few words more to say,' he said. 'I am going to my silent grave. My lamp of life is nearly extinguished, my race is run, the grave opens to receive me and I sink into its bosom. I have but one request to make at my departure from this world: it is the charity of its silence. Let no man write my epitaph: for as no man who knows my

motives dare now vindicate them, let not prejudice or ignorance asperse them. Let them and me repose in obscurity and peace, and my tomb remain uninscribed until other times and other men can do justice to my character. When my country takes her place among the nations of the earth, then, and not till then, let my epitaph be written. I have done.' Garrett, could God have put words like those in a man's mouth on the night before he ascended the scaffold, and they not true?"

"Each man sees truth in his own way, Jocelyn."

"Garrett," she cried, "you know that Lord Castlereagh was a United Irishman, himself, in his young days. How can you trust a man who will hang his old comrades?"

"I feel that whatever he did as a young man, whatever he did in Ireland, he is right now."

"I have failed," she said simply.

She moved across to one of the windows and looked out to where the dim lake was. She moved so slowly across the floor, in such a stricken way, that a pang of pity went through her husband. She seemed so beaten, underneath the gay Spanish shawl.

"Garrett, I cannot go to London with you."

"I think I knew you couldn't."

"Garrett, also this: I am afraid that from now on we can only be people who like and respect each other. Love-making is more than a kiss. If we are out of accord, it would only be a mockery of what we once knew. Our lives are sundered. It is not that I don't wish you to make love. God knows I do. But—it would be wrong now, Garrett."

"I think I understand."

"There is one thing I wish you would let me do." There was a quiver of pain in her voice. "I am wrong to ask it. But, Garrett, I have no place to go; nothing to do. There is not even a baby to take up my time. Thank God there is not, seeing how things are." She looked toward him. "May I stay at Derrymore Manor until you come back?"

"Great God! Jocelyn! Where else would you stay? It's your home."

"It is no longer my home, Garrett. I have refused to ally myself with my husband's interests. I have drawn myself away from my husband's arms. Another than you might have kicked me out on the street. I wish you to understand. I take nothing for nothing, and in staying at Derrymore, I shall take care of it. Nothing goes to ruin more quickly than a house when there are none but servants to care for it. And a house is a living thing, Garry. Old Derrymore was built when James the First was King, and what love your ancestors put into it we do not know. And it received your father and mother when they came from church on their marriage day. I know and love every nook and cranny of it, Garrett. The dead Dillons will not mind me. We are friends. Let me stay and take care of it until you come back. And then I promise you I shall have my plans made, and will go away."

"Of course you must stay, Jocelyn. And you shall never go away."

He felt she was smiling a little in the gloom—smiling that he did not understand her. She brought the green-and-gold-and-white shawl closer about her.

"For all the warm evening, I feel cold. I shall go now to my room. Your place will be well taken care of, Gar-

rett, and your people, and your dogs. You have been very good to me—always very good to me.” She moved toward the door and opened it. “Good-by, my dear,” she said.

Garrett was silent. He waited for a while alone.

“When I come back it will be the same,” he said. “She will have forgotten.”

He remembered with a little fear the death of Henry Munro. At the foot of the gallows the rebel general had stopped to settle a money account with Captain Stewart, the officer of yeomanry. The Munros never forgot anything. They did as they thought right. They indulged in no heroics.

“It will never be the same,” he said.

He went quickly and pulled the bell-rope, telling the servant to send him his man and bring lights. He would be off in an hour or two. The chief thing now was to beat Bonaparte.

CHAPTER II

TO young McCarthy Dillon, London was a delight, and a shock. The parks with their gardens, the Thames flowing gently toward the sea, the clean streets, the grayish-white churches flinging their light lance-like spires into the sky. All England seemed to him to be a cultivated garden compared with Ireland. There was no wildness to it. . . . He had thought to see a country wrought into a tension by the thought of Bonaparte hovering like a hawk at Boulogne. Bonaparte, Emperor of the French and, since the end of May, King of Italy, who saw between himself and world domination England alone! His picked army lay opposite Dover, waiting for the appointed minute, and yet, as far as London was concerned, he might be in China. England, Garrett felt certain, as England, trusted that the winds which had wrecked the great Armada would wreck Napoleon. Or if that did not happen, somebody would arrive and save her. Or if the worst came to the worst they could bargain with the Emperor. To Garrett everything seemed so critical. The King, an all but blind man hovering on the edge of madness, who had to be kept apart from the Queen lest acute mania set in! The Prince of Wales, who spurned his wife and daughter for his former mistress, Fitzherbert—who many contended was his real wife, but only Pitt knew the truth about that—flaunting it at

Bath and Brighton with his intimates, who clung to him only in the hope of getting office should the King die. So this was to be the new monarch, Garrett considered, aghast—a man whom the croupiers at the faro table would not trust, and against whose horses, before the Prince sold his stud after the Newmarket scandal, gentlemen refused to race! Lord Sidmouth, whom he met, late Mr. Addington and late Prime Minister, he disliked. He seemed a man who wanted office for his friends. Surely this was no time for politics.

But if England was diffident about the war, and the Crown contemptible, Garrett saw that there were men in England who were keenly alive to the situation. Lord Castlereagh, beneath his courtly demeanor, was working night and day on Pitt's scheme to bring Russia in with Austria and Sweden, and handling the Czar delicately, who was objecting to the retention of Malta by the British, and the British claim to search neutral ships for deserters. Garrett helped draft the notes Castlereagh was making for Pitt, and was amazed at the vastness of the bribe—one million and a quarter pounds sterling per year for every one hundred thousand men the Czar could put in the field. Six million pounds offered for half a million men. It was enormous.

Of others he met, two men he liked enormously. One was George Canning, the Treasurer of the Navy, between whom and Lord Castlereagh there seemed to be the edge of bitter feeling. The popular and cheery Canning greeted the young King's Messenger with all his noted charm.

"Is that all you can do for your friend, Castlereagh—make him a King's Messenger?"

"It is all he wishes."

"But this is monstrous," Canning said. "You'll be ruining the market for us other Irishmen."

"Mr. Canning was born in London, Garrett," Lord Castlereagh said sourly.

"My father was born in Garvagh, Londonderry. My mother's name was Costello. Thank God! Castlereagh, I never forget I'm Irish. And don't I sit for Tralee?"

At Brooks' Club, whither Garrett went with young Sir Ulick O'Hanlon from Banbridge, he met Fox. The great bulk and saturnine face of the statesman were familiar to him from portraits, but he was unprepared for the dazzling, kind smile that lit up the worn face.

"Damme! I've heard of you. The only honest Irishman Castlereagh could find to help him."

Garrett's face flushed, and his eyes glared at the big man. But Fox only laughed.

"Don't take me so seriously as all that. I don't think as little of your country as I seem to. Damme! The most honest man in English politics is an Irishman—Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Also, your chief is a great man, a great man. We have to admit that. But this is no place for politics. Drink?"

The greatest of them all Garrett met with awe, the man whom the King considered his master. Coming into Lord Castlereagh's study one afternoon, he saw a slight bent man, with harassed face and white hair, sitting in an arm-chair, facing the Secretary for War. He was about to retire when Castlereagh called him:

"Come here, Garrett. Sir, may I present my aide and

young friend, Garrett McCarthy Dillon of Derrymore. Garry, this is Mr. Pitt."

The younger Pitt turned, and out of his haggard face came a smile like sunshine.

"Are you any relative, Mr. Dillon, of that Count Dillon who brought across the Irish Brigade from France and placed it in his Majesty's service?"

"I am not, sir, thank God!"

"Why thank God?"

"Because, sir, it seems to me a sort of double treachery to start an Irish Brigade against England in France, and then to put it in the English service against France."

"What branch of the family do you come from, Mr. Dillon?"

"The founder of the Antrim branch, sir, was a younger son of the first President of Connaught, who went to Scotland at the Reformation and took military service there, and whose grandson obtained a grant of land at Derrymore from King James the First, where the family has since been."

But the Prime Minister did not seem to be listening.

"It is queer," he said, "how this Ireland of yours, Castlereagh, and these Irish rebels are deserted by her and their children and closest kin. The red uniform and black facings of Dillon's regiment which were like a rock at Fontenoy now have been seen under Sir Ralph Abercrombie in Egypt. And the son of William Orr has received a commission from his Majesty. Pamela Fitzgerald, the evil genius of Lord Edward, has married a Mr. Pit-

cairn in Hamburg. Lord Edward's children, I suppose, will serve in the British Army."

Castlereagh reached for a paper in his despatch-box. Garrett could see it marked: "Most Secret and Confidential."

"And Curran's daughter, Robert Emmet's affianced, I am assured, is about to marry a capable young officer of the Royal Staff Corps, a Major Sturgeon." Castlereagh smiled.

"Good God!" the Prime Minister cried. "And Emmet offered to plead guilty if her letters were destroyed. Mr. Dillon, if those French and Irish enemies who consider me an ogre knew how these tidings affect me!"

"Thank Heaven, sir, your sensible heart does not interfere with your iron policy," Castlereagh said quietly. But Garrett caught the edge of a knife in his voice.

"Castlereagh, I believe that even the demons of the air bring you information. Have they told you anything about Nelson and Villeneuve?"

"Nothing, sir. But that he has chased the allied fleets from the West Indies is almost certain, and saved the sugar fleet."

"But missed an action, I suppose. Ah, poor Nelson!"

"If he misses an action much longer, he will be burnt in effigy," Castlereagh said bitterly.

"You are too hard on the people, Castlereagh. They are not so fickle as that." He placed his hands on the arms of the chair. "I must go to the King," he said.

He seemed to have difficulty in rising, and Garrett was about to step forward to help him, when a cold glance

from the Secretary for War warned him not to move. Pitt swayed on his feet, staggered a little, while Garrett looked at him aghast. But the Prime Minister was not ill. He was only drunk.

CHAPTER III

I

THE one-eyed, one-armed, narrow-shouldered, fragile-looking, wistful man had driven through London to Portsmouth, and wherever there was an inn, or a cross-roads, there burghers and yokels collected with loud huzzas for "Nelson!" For Mr. Canning and for Pitt's friend Mr. George Rose, the keenest financial brain in the kingdom, they had only the dull gaze of chaw-bacons. To the populace these were only gentlemen from London, but he was Nelson! Before he left London had not the Prince sent for him, and for Lady Hamilton, and wept over them?—the sporting Prince, the good Prince, the English Prince. True, the doddering old King had ignored him; but, then, every one knew that the old King was a prude.

They had lost a little confidence in Lord Nelson recently, for they had expected miracles from him, and for two and a half years there had been no miracles. But it had been explained to them now that his watch over the Mediterranean had been unparalleled in the deeds of admiralship. For two years, ten days short of two years, he had not set foot on shore. And his name was such a terror to the French that the French naval commander had run from the West Indies when he had those priceless possessions in his grasp. Also one could see what a great ad-

miral Nelson was by the indecisive action of Sir Robert Calder, who with sixteen ships had attacked M. de Ville-neuve's twenty, and captured only two, repelling the French fleet. Now, if it had been Nelson, there would not have been a French or Spanish boat left.

The men at the cross-roads liked, too, the magnificence of Nelson. The Sultan of Turkey had given him a diamond aigrette from one of the royal turbans. The Czar Paul had presented him with a portrait set in diamonds. The King of Sardinia had given him a gold box, also set with diamonds. The King of Sicily had made him Duke of Brontë, bestowing on him the diamond-hilted sword he had received from his father, Charles III of Spain. Even the Greeks of the little island of Zante sent him a gold-headed sword and truncheon, set round with all the diamonds the island could furnish, in a single row.

But what they thought most magnificent of all was the devotion to him of Lady Hamilton, a woman whose beauty had occupied the brushes of Romney and Reynolds and Hoppner; a woman who was the best friend of the Queen of Naples, Marie Antoinette's sister. A fine bouncing woman, so all the world said. True, there was a Lady Nelson somewhere, but there must have been something wrong about her for a hero like their admiral to leave her. They liked the way he had flaunted it through Europe with the beautiful light-of-love. Damme! there was something British about that! That was the spirit that had won the battles of Copenhagen and Aboukir Bay. The King and the court disapproved. Well, did Nelson give sixpence what the King and the court thought of him? Huzza! Nelson! Who would have thought there was so

much blood in a parson's son? And he had left this lovely woman, to fight old England's battles on the sea. A shadow passed over their faces. Folk said he believed he would not come back. Had he not stopped at an upholsterer's in London and ordered his coffin to be made ready?

At Portsmouth the crowds kept hemming him in, some kneeling as he passed, many crying. The sentinels were wedged among the crowd. From his barge he waved his hat frantically to the ant-like hordes upon the beach. He turned to Captain Hardy.

"I had their huzzas before," he said quietly. "Now I have their hearts."

George Canning looked at him shrewdly. The court might see in him a sailor whose head had been turned by success and adulation. Other admirals might regard him as a vain fool with a thousand men's luck. Fox might argue that he had a craving for admiration, which would explain his devotion to the sailors, his need of Emma Hamilton. But George Canning knew that under the appearance of the reckless hero was a brain as nicely adjusted as one of his own compasses. How delicately he had handled the Admiralty when he flagrantly disobeyed his commander-in-chief's orders, that he might stay near the Hamilton woman in Naples! What a diplomatist the man was!—a Turk to the Turks; a Portuguese to the Portuguese; winning over the Czar of Russia by flattery, and all the time appearing to be no more than the bluff English sailor! How clever his design was to starve the allied fleet out of Cadiz! And yet he had warned Castle-reagh not to seize neutrals coming with food on each side

by sea, because it would seem as if England were trying, not to cripple the French but to capture the trade. And how clever and how callous of him it had been to say that the defeat of Sir Robert Calder would be the best thing in the world, for a success by sea would give the French confidence! "By the time the enemy have beaten our fleet soundly, they will do us no harm this year," were his exact words. Also how right he had been when he said that nothing short of the annihilation of de Villeneuve was worth risking, and "only numbers can annihilate." And now Nelson was doing his best to claim the affection of the people.

"If this cove gets any bigger," George Canning's brow wrinkled, "if this cove gets any bigger, then God save the King!"

II

The admiral in command, disappointed not a little at his supersession, and the officers of the fleet, irritated not a little by the spontaneous admiration and joy of the sailors at the fragile man's coming, could not but cry out in admiration when his plan of battle was announced. They were all men living for duty, with the courage of pit dogs, but here was one with all their sense of duty, with perhaps more courage than any of them, and with a skill of fighting like the skill of a Spanish swordsman against a mad bull. Themselves, thought the officers, lay them alongside a Frenchman and give them an even break of luck, and—though you had to admit, said the officers, that the French admirals were no fools, old de Villeneuve was

a good sailor-man, and a stout man, too. Everybody knew that Bonaparte was calling him names, in his correspondence, that a man would be ashamed to fling at a worthless dog. But old de Villeneuve knew his business. He wasn't going to risk his men and his ships. He bred good admirals, old Johnny Crapaud. What of old Bruix? Good old Bruix, who, when Bonaparte was going to hit him with his riding-switch, laid his hand on his sword; and it was Bonaparte who flinched!

But good as old de Villeneuve was, he had not a chance of escape now. All the stinking little Danish boats that had been feeding the allied fleet, bringing provisions from the French ports in the bay, under the cover of neutrality, to Ayamonte and Algeciras, had been seized. So that de Villeneuve must come out or starve. His own fleet the fragile admiral moved fifty miles to the west of Cadiz, near Cape St. Mary's, despatching a squadron of fast-sailing seventy-fours to keep in touch with the squadron of frigates at the harbor's mouth. He later sent the *Defence*, under Captain Hope, and the *Agamemnon*, under Captain Berry, to a station seven to ten leagues west of Cadiz, and the *Mars*, under Captain Duff, and the *Colossus*, under Captain Morris, to a distance fifteen to twenty leagues west of the port, so that at all times he was in touch with Captain Blackwood's fleet of frigates, who would signal him when the enemy were coming out to sea.

The admiral's plan was simple. He decided to make a smashing attack in two lines, on the combined enemies' fleet, relying on the confusion caused, for a quick victory. Instead of attacking van and center, he would attack cen-

ter and rear, for, he argued, if van and center are attacked the rear can come quickly to the rescue, whereas if center and rear are attacked the van must come about, and naturally will stand away before it can engage. And not only that, but the hostile commander-in-chief would be in the center. Once Admiral de Villeneuve was caught, for Gravina the Spanish admiral, and the other commanders, the British fleet did not give sixpence. It was simple, yes, but it was thrilling. It was sound. Old Collingwood nodded with his eyes sparkling. The heavy captains shook hands behind the commander-in-chief's back. Great Nelson was here!

And they had thought they had lost him. The stories from home; the infatuation for the Hamilton woman; the scandal at Merton; the fury of Nelson at having lost de Villeneuve before; the bitter rancor against the King. Shore did play hell with sailor-men. And now something happened which showed them their old generous chief. The cockneys of Seven Dials had raised a clamor for the trial of poor Calder, and the Lords of the Admiralty had charged Nelson to send him home under charges, and keep his ninety-gun flag-ship with the fleet. But he had disobeyed them and sent the poor gentleman back in his own vessel, much as he himself had needed the great sea-monster in the approaching battle. "I have done right as a man," Nelson said, "and to a brother officer in affliction—my heart could not stand it—and so the thing must rest." Also it was known that Blackwood, his old friend, was about to ask him for command of the *Ajax* or the *Thunderer*, so as to be in the fight, but Nelson had told the acting captains, Commanders Pilford and Stockham,

that they were to keep their ships. There was the real Lord Nelson with them again. God! how a breath of the Bay of Biscay cleared a man's head of all the muck it gathered ashore! Poor old Calder! With Nelson behind him, the drapers of Seven Dials and the costermongers of Blackfriars would not shoot him on his quarter-deck, as they had shot poor Admiral Byng. . . .

On the morning of the nineteenth of October, the weather being fair, wind light, with partial breezes from the south-southwest, the *Mars*, Captain Duff's vessel, repeated the signal sent by Blackwood's inshore frigates: "The enemy are coming out of port."

III

They set off quietly toward the southeast, so as to allow the French and Spanish fleets to come out in comfort; thirty-three heavy vessels leaving port is no easy operation. M. de Villeneuve, the commander-in-chief argued, would stand out to the northward and westward and so gain room for the run into the Mediterranean. Light southerly winds prevailed. In the morning it blew fresh and thick weather came, so that on board the flag-ship it was feared that the allies would return to port. Rain was dashing in squalls. The *Phæbe* signaled that the allies were going north, so that the British wore and steered north-west. In the afternoon the commander of the frigates reported that M. de Villeneuve seemed determined to push west. Weather cleared. The wind shifted to the west-northwest. The French and Spanish fleets came about and set off for the Straits of Gibraltar. The *Victory* and her

attendant vessels kept their course on the port tack. At nightfall the commander-in-chief gave the order to come about and sail parallel with the Continental fleets. By midnight the wind fell and a great swell rolled in from the westward. At four of the morning the order came to stand northeast.

The burly Acting Captain of the Fleet had been walking the poop through the night. To-morrow he knew would bring battle, and with a little luck a baronetcy would be his. If he were killed—well, thank God! he was unmarried. But he was not thinking much of himself. He was worried over his old commander below. What was wrong with him? In God's name, what was wrong? Yesterday afternoon at dinner he had said: "To-morrow I will do that which will give you younger gentlemen something to talk about and think about for the rest of your lives," and the midshipmen had looked at him with admiration. "But I shall not live to know about it, myself," and a gloom thick as night settled on the company. He could not help taking it to heart, Captain Hardy couldn't, because, apart from his having been Lord Nelson's flag-captain so long, he could never forget the day, before the Battle of Saint Vincent, when the *Minerve* was flying through the Straits of Gibraltar to rejoin the fleet, with the Spaniards in hot chase, and he, a young lieutenant, had jumped into the jolly-boat to save a drowning man. The current was carrying the jolly-boat toward the leading Spanish ship. "By God, I'll not lose Hardy! Back the mizzentopsail!" Nelson had ordered, and the bold maneuver had so frightened the Spanish commander that they had time to get Hardy aboard again. There was no talk then of dying.

Daylight showed. Before the bulk of Cape Trafalgar, slumbering heavily in the east, the five-mile line of the enemy showed, with the flags of its two admirals, its four junior admirals, the broad pennants of the commanders. Four three-decked ships, with the great *Santisima Trinidad*, the largest ship afloat; the *Bucentaure*, M. de Villeneuve's flag-ship; the *Santa Ana*; the *Principe de Asturias*. There were the *Redoutable*, the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, all old friends, plodding away under low sail; the *San Ildefonso*, the *Neptune*, the *Formidable*, the *Duguay-Trouin*, the *Mont Blanc*. . . .

The commander-in-chief had come on deck, in frock-coat and with the four stars of his orders blazing on his breast. He had signals made in quick succession: "Form the order of sailing." "Prepare for battle." "Bear up." Over the glassy sea under the slightest of winds the two lines of British ships moved toward the enemy, who were now wearing in succession northward, in the hope of regaining Cadiz, and putting in under Nelson's lee. The commander-in-chief's line was followed by thirteen ships. Admiral Collingwood, who was in the *Royal Sovereign*, had fifteen vessels behind him. At eight o'clock Captain Blackwood came on board. He suggested to the commander-in-chief that he should shift his flag to the *Euryalus*. But Lord Nelson affected not to hear. He gave orders for more sail on the *Victory*. Captains Hardy and Blackwood looked at one another. Then abruptly Lord Nelson asked them to witness a codicil to his will.

While the frigate commanders came on board for their instructions, from the poop the commander-in-chief

watched the studdingsails being set on the *Royal Sovereign* and *Bellerophon*. When six miles from the enemy, Captain Blackwood suggested that two other line-of-battle ships should go ahead of the *Victory*, as the loss of the flag-ship in the first shock would be serious. Lord Nelson said, "Let them go, if they can." The *Leviathan* and *Téméraire* were ordered to pass, but Lord Nelson would not shorten sail. Blackwood suggested to Captain Hardy that sail should be taken in on the *Victory*. But the *Victory's* captain shook his head. It was no use. The admiral would not agree. The officers commented on the blazing decorations on the commander-in-chief's uniform, and deputed the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, to remonstrate with him, as the riggings of the enemy's ships were filled with Tyrolese sharpshooters, but the surgeon could not break in on the conference on the poop, and the admiral had ordered the officers to their battle stations before his protest could be made.

Within three miles of the enemy Lord Nelson called to the signal lieutenant, "Mr. Pasco, signal Admiral Collingwood that I intend to pass through the enemy's van, to prevent him from getting into Cadiz." Captain Hardy turned to give orders to alter the course northward. When he turned around again Lord Nelson had gone below. When he came on deck again he seemed calm. Hardy knew he had been praying.

"Blackwood," he said, "I will now amuse the fleet with a signal." But Captain Blackwood observed that no signal was necessary, as every one seemed clearly to understand the instructions.

"Suppose we signal: 'Nelson expects that every man will do his duty.'"

"England, I suggest, my Lord," said the Irishman, brusquely.

"Mr. Pasco," Lord Nelson called to the signal lieutenant, "I wish to say to the fleet: 'England expects that every man will do his duty.'"

As the cheers rolled along the lines the admiral's sunken cheeks flushed.

Southward the *Royal Sovereign* moved slowly, under all sail, toward the *Santa Ana*. In a few moments now they would engage. Lord Nelson ordered the signal for "close action." The *Fougueux*, second astern of the *Santa Ana*, fired the first gun of the battle. All ships broke out their colors in chivalrous salute. Then the guns of the enemy fleet turned on the *Royal Sovereign* with unremitting thunder.

At a mile and a quarter, a few minutes after the *Royal Sovereign* vanished into the smoke of battle, the *Bucentaure* loosed a shot at the *Victory*, trying the range. A second fell alongside. Two more passed overhead. Lord Nelson turned to Captain Blackwood and ordered him back to his frigate. The commander of the frigate squadron took his old friend's hand. He spoke in the clipped accent of the County of Down. "I trust, my Lord, that on my return to the *Victory*, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your Lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes."

But the admiral did not respond to the heartiness in his friend's voice.

"God bless you, Blackwood," he said quietly. "I shall never speak to you again."

IV

His face was grimy as a negro's, his uniform covered with dust, and now that all was over, the captain of the *Victory* felt a trifle hurt where a splinter from a hit had struck the buckle of his belt, and his bruised foot was aching. Everywhere about him were wrecks which he could see dimly through the smoke. The *Intrépide* had just struck her flag and the *Achille* blown up. The *Santisima Trinidad* was captured, and the *Santa Ana*, and the *Bucentaure* was down. The *Principe de Asturias* was lost, so were the *Rayo* and the *Neptune*. So was the *San Juan Nepomuceno*, with her mad fighting captain, Charruca. Twenty ships struck. There would never be sea-fights any more. All over.

Been a hard day; not that he complained of work, but there had been strain of sailing under the *Bucentaure's* fire without returning a gun until they were right in position. How splendid the men had been! And when they let out at the French flag-ship, they let out fair. Twenty guns dismounted and four hundred men gone in the first single discharge. Then the duel with the *Redoutable*, and the dreadful moment when Lord Nelson fell. He hadn't seen him fall, just noticed him on his knees with his left hand touching the deck. "They have done for me at last, Hardy!" he had said. "My backbone is shot through." Well, they had both gone, the lousy musketeer and the great admiral. "And God forgive me!" Hardy thought. "I couldn't spare a moment for him, for an hour and

more." Thank God! he had been able to give the admiral good news when he went below—ten ships struck. And then he had to go on deck again, for five of the enemy's van had tacked and were coming for the *Victory*. He had to go on deck again, but the enemy ships to westward had satisfied themselves with the opening fire and passed on. When he came below again he told the dying man that there were now fourteen or fifteen prizes. He wished he'd known then that the real number was eighteen. And then Lord Nelson had spoken of Lady Hamilton, and Hardy wished he had not. The flag-captain had hoped all along there would be some message for Lady Nelson. It would have been easier to bring a lock of hair to that broken heart than to this vain one. He must not criticize the old commander under whom he'd served since Cape St. Vincent. And when Lord Nelson had asked him to kiss him he had felt embarrassed.

He looked around at the sea under the setting sun. There were six dismantled prizes westward. These were the *Victory's* own. There was Lord Collingwood with his. The English tenders were saving the men from the *Achille*. Northward, old Gravina was running for Cadiz with what ships were left him, eleven sail of the line. There was an end of Bonaparte and the wars.

Didn't like the sunset, Captain Hardy didn't. Didn't like the sea. It was going to blow like the Bull of Barney. Prizes must go by the board, he feared. You might beat the French and Spanish, but you couldn't beat Old Man Sea. And he had to take care of his ship and his men. And, by God, he must enter the log.

He went below and seized his pen clumsily. "Partial firing continued until 4:30," he wrote, "when, a victory having been reported to the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Nelson, K.B., he died of his wound."

CHAPTER IV

I

LORD CASTLEREAGH leaned back in his high chair. There was a faint smile on his lips. He was looking at a memorandum for the Prime Minister.

"So now their deaf and boisterous parson becomes Viscount Earl Nelson of Trafalgar and Merton; receives five thousand pounds a year pension and ninety thousand pounds to buy an estate. He loathed the navy. During the two years he was chaplain to the *Boreas*, he was on leave most of the time, and when on board rarely performed his duties. Though a Christian clergyman and a canon of Canterbury, he encouraged this low intrigue with the woman Hamilton. His brother was only a viscount, but now he is an earl. Don't you find it ridiculous, Garrett?"

"I do, my Lord. But why give all these honors, this money?"

"Because of gratitude for what Admiral Nelson did for England. Perhaps," Castlereagh smiled frozenly, "because of gratitude that he fell at Trafalgar. One Bonaparte is enough for us to fight."

"Oh, my Lord!" Garrett was shocked at the secretary's calm cynicism. "Have you forgotten, sir, the matter of the codicil to Lord Nelson's will? If I am going down to Putney to the Prime Minister, shall I take your notes on that along?"

"Oh, the document Captain Hardy brought along, recommending Lady Hamilton to the care of the nation. Sir William Scott finds it bad law. Lord Grenville considers it very injudicious to publish, seeing the mention of the Queen of Spain in it. I know it to be untrue."

"But, my Lord, all that time you were bothered with Ireland, might not Mr. Pitt have employed Lady Hamilton—"

"That fat harlot!" Castlereagh was bitter. "His Majesty's Government never employ that sort of woman in diplomatic affairs. We will not bother the Prime Minister with that. Chuck it to the fat parson and let him do what he likes about it. I'll warrant she'll get little out of him."

"My Lord, Lord Nelson loved this woman."

"That is more than evident, Garrett."

"My Lord, I may be, perhaps, impertinent, but these were Lord Nelson's last wishes."

"Those last wishes, Garrett, are against the policy of his Majesty's Government."

"My Lord, it is known everywhere that this woman is penniless. She has squandered all he gave her. What will she do?"

"I don't know," Castlereagh said carelessly. "Too old for the streets, I suppose." He glanced through the papers on the table before him, and seeing one, he dropped the mask from his face. Garrett had never believed that one man's eyes could hold such anguished fury. "This cursed Reynolds will drive me mad!"

"What is it, sir? Is it a private matter? Can I help?"

"It is Reynolds the informer. He writes from Cumberland, saying—Oh, well, he knows I have put Turner of

Newry close to that young hothead of a Daniel O'Connell in Dublin, and warns me that it may be discovered, and Turner, who was one of our best men in Hamburg, assassinated. . . . No, you can't help, Garrett." Castlereagh smiled. "This is filthy work for filthy men."

II

To Garrett the appearance of the Prime Minister was a shock. His face was lined and there were great shadows under his eyes. "To tell you the truth, Mr. Dillon," he had answered Garrett's requests about his health, "I have not been able to sleep since the news of Lord Nelson's death. I envy him much. And our Austrian allies at Ulm—I had thought better of General Mack. But then, this head of mine has never been a military head. However, there is good news from Berlin." And Garrett knew he was speaking of the midnight oath of friendship sworn by Czar Alexander and the King of Prussia, over the tomb of great Frederick. "The Cossacks of Suvaroff, who drove the French out of Lombardy, will drive General Bonaparte out of central Europe. Depend upon it, we shall win, Mr. Dillon. If the King of Prussia does not desert us," he mused. Garrett, who knew the vast sum which had been paid to the King of Prussia for his aid, could not imagine his desertion. "I am glad you are with Lord Castlereagh, Mr. Dillon," the younger Pitt said. "He is a man who risks all for his country. He is feared and gets little help. Your civil servant is a useless fellow, tied to his pen and ruler: a little higher than a schoolmaster, a little lower than a parson. Machines! And among politicians one has to

tread warily." His smile was painful to see. "Lord Castlereagh sees affairs in the grand manner, and works them out with deadly force. There was never a more brilliant Secretary for War. His main idea, Mr. Dillon, is that with complete control of the seas and a powerful navy we can move troops anywhere in ships, and save the long land marches, and the harrying skirmishes which kill a commander's heart. But we have no troops," he said; "we have only money. And yet," he smiled, "I'll warrant Mr. Secretary is counting the children in their mothers' wombs. It will be a great duel, Mr. Dillon, between General Bonaparte and himself. For General Bonaparte is an infernally clever man. His plan to send the twenty-seven thousand men captured at Ulm home to France to be distributed among agriculturists and manufacturers is genius. And yet he prates of liberty, and the wretched slaves believe him. It will be an interesting duel between these two men."

"And yourself, sir? Lord Castlereagh considers himself only as your assistant." It had occurred suddenly to Garrett that Pitt was speaking of himself as of a dead man. "When you return from Bath you will be so much better."

"You are very kind, Mr. Dillon." The Prime Minister smiled. "I congratulate Lord Castlereagh on having you, and am envious of him."

On the drive from Putney to Westminster, along the Thames, in the dripping November fog, Garrett's heart sank a little. He had thought with all the world that, after Trafalgar, all was finished. And three weeks ago the Allied Powers were so certain of victory that their plans were not only to humble France and to take from her the territories she had added to her great domain but to dispose

of her as a conquered country. The King of Sardinia had been promised Lyons as a balm for the temporary occupation of Piedmont! And now, according to both great statesmen, the war was to be indefinite. And Garrett had thought to be home in Derrymore by spring.

He had been thinking more about it than he knew. The gray ivied house with the stretch of oak woods about it. The great lake that could be so clear that, the fishermen claimed, you could see the Danaan cities flooded over by Danaan magic before the grubbing men—the men of the hags, the Gaels called them—put over from Scotland and Wales to take possession of the fair land. Pyramids and spires you could see there, if you had the sight, as the people said, and great forts. And on the shores were oak woods, and apple orchards, and bleaching-greens, and fishermen going out after the pollan, the fresh-water herrings, when sunset came. The girls making willow baskets for Belfast market, and the old women in the evening sitting outside their cottages, working at their spinning-wheels. Little Ram's Island of the ivy trees! The long lines of rooks homing to the oak woods. In winter the snipe rising with their soft whine from the bogs, and under the fullness of the moon and a white frost, the whistle of the wild swan, the honk of the wild geese. Sometimes at night there was a miracle under the full moon, when a white cloud came driving eastward from the far Atlantic toward the waters of Moyle, the shimmering white arch of the moon-bow rose over the haunted waters. The blue-green showers coming across Lough Neagh, and the oak woods where the small British bear, the dark badger, had

his home. He looked out at the clammy yellow mist of London and cursed long.

At Derrymore all was going well. His agent, Armstrong, had written him that the turbary rights had fetched good prices this year and that the fishing had been marvelous. There had never been such a year for flax, and the cattle had reached unheard-of prices in Belfast. The cider-presses had been going night and day. "So, Mr. Garrett, don't be afraid of keeping your end up in London, ay! with the best of them." Armstrong had taken down his rods and guns and put them away. "Madam is well, as she has without doubt written. She has told you of the bargain in Holland bulbs we got from the German seedsman: they'll make a brave showing come spring. I had to get Red Andy, the otter-killer, down on the trout-stream, but they're cleared out now, and you'll have brave sport in May. If I may make so bold, Mr. Garrett, madam seems lonely. But she has written you, I'll warrant, all about everything." And Jocelyn had not written a line.

There was no use denying, he told himself firmly, that he did miss her. Too often that child's face and sleek black head as of a Spanish woman's would come before his eyes. And once or twice he had heard her voice call, "Garry!" But then he had awakened from his day-dream. The women in London he could not understand. The young ones were simpering fools, ready to agree with you on anything, or in political circles parroting some cry of whose significance they knew nothing. Or damned hussies like Lady Castlereagh. He wished the simpering misses or the intellectuals or Lady Castlereagh could meet Jocelyn's

calm eyes. How the affectations of the young women would fall from them, and the intellectuals recognize a wisdom not in books! Would Lady Castlereagh not recognize something she had lost, irreparably, in the quiet chastity of Jocelyn's eyes?

He had known no other woman. She no other man. The young loyalist orphan and the rebel orphan had met and married. It had seemed quite inevitable, perfectly natural, and every one had been glad. And now it had come to this, that she would not write to him. They two, who had been so close, were now as though the white mountains of the arctic seas were between them. He had not written to her, for there was no news to impart except of his duties, and his duties were distasteful to her. He knew she was safe in Ulster. As the wife of the aide of Castlereagh she was under the protection of every Unionist in Ireland, and as the niece of General Munro the young rebel pikesmen would die for her dear dark head, and old broken-hearted patriots would murmur prayers for her as she passed. Och, would she ever win to happiness at all any more, the lovely stubborn child? Garrett asked himself.

The carriage had stopped in the filthy fog, and the breezy face of the footman was thrust in at the door.

"Pardon me, sir, but shall we stop at the 'ouse, sir, or at 'is Ludship's residence, sir?"

Garrett was furious. To be brought back by this bacon-eating oaf from the frost-covered banks of Lough Neagh where he had been walking with the dear dark head!

"The 'ouse, as you call it, curse you!" he directed venomously.

"Very good, sir! Thank you, sir!"

CHAPTER V

I

THE gray-faced, white-haired man, jolting in his carriage from Bath to Putney, read his despatches for the hundredth time. The taste of them was in his mouth, bitter as gall. The gout had left him, but he was so weak that at times he did not know whether he was only dying or quite dead. He was no more than forty-six, in the prime of his life, not yet coming into full bloom of experience as other statesmen's lives showed. And yet he was dying, perhaps dead. And the man only ten years younger than he had celebrated the anniversary of his coronation as Emperor of the French by his greatest battle; had spent days before it and after it in a muddy coat and wet boots, with potatoes and onions for fare. The little man had an iron constitution. And not only that—an iron nerve. The spy whom Pitt had set on the Emperor at Schönbrunn had reported that when the news of Trafalgar came to Bonaparte he had only shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed, "I cannot be everywhere!"

Pitt had flung money about as though he were Midas, he thought, and everywhere had made a bad bargain. The King of Prussia had pocketed England's guineas and, through General Haugwitz, had rattled on the eve of the battle. And now the Emperor of Austria had told Napoleon that—the Prime Minister consulted Mr. Ross's notes—

"The English are a race of merchants, who in order to secure to themselves the commerce of the world would set the Continent on fire." Ungrateful dog. Mack had said the same thing at Ulm. The money given to Bernadotte had availed nothing. True, he had held his troops back at an important part of the engagement, and helped to save the Russians. He might as well not have, thought Pitt wearily. The Prime Minister had made the worst of bargains there; but, then, anybody would have thought that the French Army could not withstand those giants of the North that composed the Imperial Guard, or those hurtling horsemen, with their long lances, their cruel Chinese faces. Napoleon might forgive him for buying men with gold, but he would never, he had said, forgive him for loosing the Asiatic hordes. And now the wolves of the North were hurrying back to Moscow, beaten, starving, their colors lost. Well, they had been paid in advance.

The battle puzzled him. Of course he was not a military man, but from the despatches he thought he could see. Mack had been surprised and surrendered. Indeed, according to Lord Colthurst, there was nothing else for him to do—Bonaparte had moved with such swiftness. But Bonaparte had captured Vienna without a blow.

Mr. Ross had reported that Marshals Murat and Lannes had ridden alone to the Bridge of Tabor and engaged the German officers, who were preparing to blow up the bridge, in conversation while the French grenadiers rushed the bridge and captured the cannon. A ruse, no doubt. But what bravery these men had, and what lack of pride! Murat was as much of a tiger as Ney, and Lannes a hero out of Homer. Was not Marshal Lannes the officer who

had dashed into the raging river Po, shouting to his men: "Comrades, don't let us look at the waves. Let us see only the enemy!" putting the astonished Austrians to flight with a battalion of grenadiers? No English general officers could have ridden on to the Bridge of Tabor, Pitt thought bitterly. They would have considered it beneath their dignity. Moreover, they would not have been mentally active enough to hold the engineer commander in conversation. Why couldn't he have bought men like those instead of the saturnine Bernadotte? Pitt asked himself. And the answer came to him automatically: Men like those were not for sale.

Prince Dolgorouki had reported to the Czar that Napoleon was about to retreat. About to retreat! Good God! how the wily Corsican had fooled the slow-witted Russian! While the Russians were drinking and boasting, Bonaparte had placed General Davoust, the hero of Egypt, on the extreme right, and Marshal Jean Dieu Soult opposed to the Russian left. Murat, Oudinot, Duroc were there, and Bessières with the Imperial Guard—Bessières, who at Marengo had ordered his charging cavalry to open their ranks lest they should trample a fallen Austrian. There was Rapp with his Mamelukes. What an array of men!

The morning had been misty, Mr. Ross wrote, and the Russians impetuous. But the sun rose suddenly in all its splendor, and the Russians found themselves caught on all sides. Soult cut the enemy's line, and when the Russians tried to retreat they were ground like corn between stones. The Grand Duke Constantine saved himself by the fleetness of his horse, leaving his unfortunate vassals to their fate. Rapp's Egyptians and a battalion of the grenadiers of

the Guard destroyed the only Russian artillery that had succeeded in advancing. Lannes, after a terrific engagement, had smashed the enemy's right. When the wretched Slavs fled for safety they were driven into a hollow of frozen lakes, where the ice crashed under them and twenty thousand were drowned. Had Bernadotte not fallen back and remained inactive, as agreed, no Russian would have ever returned to Moscow. Twenty thousand prisoners had been taken, an equal number were killed and wounded, a hundred pieces of cannon, twenty generals, and forty-seven standards captured, including the colors of the Russian Imperial Guard. And only eight hundred Frenchmen killed and six hundred wounded. What a victory!

The sick man could not understand the movements of generals, cared little for them. After all, they were only the footmen of empires. But with this defeat he saw all his great plans die. His country had lost the American colonies, but in ten years' time had made up that loss in India. He had builded there an empire big as Europe's self, and incredibly more rich, but to hold that he must have the Mediterranean! Must have Malta! Must have Egypt! And now, through the stupidity of the Russians, the cowardice of the Austrians, the cynical treachery of Prussia, it seemed as if England would lose it all. He had bought armies, bought men's honor, recklessly, scattering gold through Europe as the sower sows corn, knowing well that India was worth it all, a mine of wealth greater than the America ancient Spain had held. Ay, and he had thought farther than that, into teeming China's teeming self. And now, in one day's fighting, this Corsican cuckold had wrecked it all. He would never compromise with Eng-

land. He was not to be trusted. Black Corsican blood! Bonaparte had never been under any illusions as to who was his real enemy. When he took little Gibraltar at Toulon nearly thirteen years before, capturing General O'Hara and chasing Admiral Lord Howe to sea, he had known England was the enemy, and against her he had been relentless ever since. England might think she was safe, now that Bonaparte's fleet was ruined, but with Lord Nelson the great line of Drake and Rodney had died. England was never safe so long as Napoleon lived.

As he entered his house at Putney, the Prime Minister made a tremendous effort. Mustn't show anything was wrong! Mustn't let down! The old erect carriage came back to him. He stiffened to the rigidity of a ramrod. His head was high. He passed the footman in the welcoming accustomed hall; stopped to warm his hands at the cheery, blazing fire; looked around at the familiar shabby things. The map of Europe on the wall challenged him like some old ghost. All his weariness came back to him. He looked at it for a full minute. There they were—France, Spain, Portugal; the states of Italy; the Austrian Empire; the German kingdoms, principalities, free cities; the great white space of Muscovy; the Mediterranean islands; Ireland, the bowsprit of Europe.

"Roll up that map," he called suddenly. "Roll up that map. It will not be wanted these ten years."

II

Garrett had told Lord Castlereagh that he would prefer staying in London to going home for Christmas, and the

Secretary for War had seemed relieved. There was so much to be done. He dined with the Castlereaghs on Christmas Day, and the frigid, unfriendly table chilled his heart. The flighty, fat woman, who was her father all over—transparent, vain, intriguing, so evidently one of the family which owed their influence and power to a woman of them having been George the Second's mistress—was such a contrast to the quiet, grave man. All her talk was of balls, and what this one and that one had lost at Almack's, of her dogs. . . . Garrett thought: "It will be dark at Derrymore now, and by herself Jocelyn will be sitting at her Christmas dinner, with four waxen tapers, in the great dining-room. And after that she will go out and look at the lake, and, coming in, sit down at her piano." And though a little bitterness was welling up in him against her, the look of Lady Castlereagh's pouting mouth, and sly, indecent eyes, made the vision of far-away Jocelyn's head seem like some cool, chaste star. . . . Lady Castlereagh was asking him had he not formed an attachment in London? No, he had formed no attachment, he answered smilingly. Perhaps he was one of those dull people who took marriage very seriously, Lady Castlereagh suggested. Perhaps he was, Garrett admitted. Oh dear! Lady Castlereagh sighed, why couldn't North of Ireland men be like men of the South? There was Mr. Moore, for example, the poet—he knew how to enjoy life. Had Mr. Dillon read "Poems by the late Thomas Little," Mr. Moore's book? A little immoral, Lady Castlereagh giggled, but oh, so amusing! Mr. Dillon had not. Mr. Dillon must meet Mr. Moore. He was just back from America.

Was Mr. Dillon going to stay in London over the New

Year? He was not, Garrett said; he was going into Leicestershire. Alone? Lady Castlereagh's eyes crinkled slyly. Not alone, Garrett admitted. The tip of Lady Castlereagh's tongue showed at the corner of her mouth. With two horses, Garrett explained, which he had bought at Tattersall's a week before. He was going up to hunt with the Quorn; to see the famous John Raven work his hounds: to see how the English hedges compared with Irish banks. Lady Castlereagh raised her white dimpled hands in despair.

Then suddenly, dinner finished, she said in a strange, metallic, challenging voice: "Robert, I am going out. I am bored. Christmas bores me."

"Of course." Castlereagh bowed courteously. . . .

But the visit to Leicestershire never took place. There was too much to be done. Lord Nelson's funeral was announced for the ninth day of the new year, and there were so many jealousies. The aged Sir Peter Parker was to be chief mourner as Admiral of the Fleet, and the unscrupulous old man wished to deprive Captain Hardy of the honor of carrying the banner of emblems, and to hand the post to one of his own relatives. Also Garrett had to go to Merton to tell Lady Hamilton that, this being a state function, his Majesty's Government regretted it could allot her no place.

The huge woman, nearing fifty, with the cold gambler's eyes, shocked the young Irishman. How could this old barmaid ever have captured great Nelson of the Nile?

"Did Lord Nelson leave any instructions to the Government regarding me?"

"I have seen none, Lady Hamilton," Garrett fenced as he had been instructed.

"Is the Government going to reimburse me for the five thousand pounds I spent in buying corn for the Maltese? For the nine thousand pounds I lost on the flight to Palermo? For the money I spent in transmitting the King of Spain's instructions for the King of Naples to Lord Grenville?" All these claims were baseless, Garrett knew. "What reward shall I get for the secret order I obtained for the British fleet to water at Syracuse?"

"Dear Lady Hamilton," Garrett said, "these matters are beyond me. I am only a simple King's Messenger."

She looked at him with her eyes accustomed to measuring men. "That is only a blind. You are a gentleman."

"I am sure," Garrett said with embarrassment, "that the Government will look into—"

"The Government had better," she said threateningly. "I shall tell England, and England will honor England's heroines as well as her heroes."

Garrett was glad to get away from this atmosphere of lies and greed. But his visit evidently had borne fruit. During the funeral of Nelson a greater cloud hung over the Government. Pitt was evidently dying. In the bleak January days he rallied, and managed to see the former Governor-General of India. But on the twenty-second it was known that Bishop Tomline, his old friend and tutor, was with him.

On the morning of the twenty-third, on coming into Lord Castlereagh's study, Garrett found the Secretary for War a stricken man. The whiteness of his face had turned

to gray and Garrett had a strange feeling that the stone man had been weeping.

"My Lord! My Lord! Is anything wrong?"

"All is wrong, Garrett." He rose and went to the window, looking out at the drizzling rain. "Pitt is dead."

"Was his end peaceful, sir? Happy?"

"Happy!" Castlereagh said bitterly. "His last words were a wail of agony." He turned round from the window and looked at Garrett. "He said: 'Oh, my country! how I leave my country!'"

PART II

INTRODUCTION

THE heavy-boned, clumsy, respectable figure tramping over the Cumberland moors sat and watched the sun go down behind the great lake. He had been reviewing all day his state of worldliness, and found himself now secure, thanks be to God! The name of Wordsworth was growing in the world. Mr. James Humphrey, the bookseller of Philadelphia, had found sufficient subscribers to print the "Lyrical Ballads." Mr. Fox was still his admirer, and upheld him in his plea for simplicity. Sir George Beaumont had become his friend, and coming men were visiting him—the talented Scottish bard, whose "Lay of the Last Minstrel" was creating a sensation. A little too much of a sensation, Mr. Wordsworth thought, but Sheriff Scott was undoubtedly marked for success. Also he had made the acquaintance of Humphry Davy, the noted chemist, but lately elected Fellow of the Royal Society. And that *bête noire* of his, Mr. Coleridge, whom he really loved but whose habits he could not tolerate, was in Rome. A kindly man, Mr. Coleridge, a great poet and a great critic, but he always wished to measure things by his own yardstick—he did not understand Fact.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.

That was fact, rhythm, truth. Mr. Fox understood that. But poor Coleridge would not or could not understand simplicity. Coleridge had smiled, kindly, but nevertheless he had smiled when the poet had recited his sonnet to his college friend:

Jones, as from Calais southward you and I
Went pacing side by side, this public way—

He was progressing and poor Coleridge was not. Here he was, not any longer intolerably poor, but successful, married to a healthy, sturdy Englishwoman thrifty as himself, a daughter of a business man in Penrith, a good housekeeper. She would manage the money that Lord Lonsdale had paid up—of which his share was £1,800. Also his wife had a little money of her own. A good wife, with two healthy children; there was no romance there, thank God! Romance had all but ruined his career.

He looked around him furtively, for he felt himself drifting into that other world he possessed—so far apart from his wife and children and England. The world of France, and of Annette Vallon, that proud, beautiful woman who was like a dark flame, such power and beauty did she have, and of their illegitimate child, Anne-Caroline. He had seen her again four years ago, when he had gone across to Calais with his sister Dorothy to tell Annette that if she would give up popery and turn honest Protestant he would marry her. But all she had done was to look at him with a smile that was half amusement, half contempt—and refuse. Although he had loved her, loved her still perhaps, and they had a child in common, yet he had never understood her. And he felt, uncomfortably,

that she understood him. But he had given her her chance, and she hadn't taken it. And so he had married May Hutchinson, which was better for him, he knew. The Royalist lady with the proud eyes always seemed to be handing him a sword. And he didn't want a sword. He wanted a simple, quiet life.

When he left Cambridge, he had gone with Friend Jones on a tour of the Continent, and to him, a clumsy Northern student, the sunlight of France was a miracle, the grapes ripening in the sun, the dark-eyed, merry women, white roads, and tall trees. To him, too, the crash of the falling monarchy and the falling nobles was as music; he had endured a little too much from the gentlemen of England at his university. He had returned home with the excellent Jones, but on the first opportunity he had returned. At old Blois he had made friends with both Jacobins and Royalists—the Royalist officers with the manners of an old aristocracy welcoming the stranger at the gate. It was all like a fairyland to him; the gray city loved by old French kings, the Loire, with its salmon nets, running to the sea; the quick French folk explaining their position to him, both Republican and Royalist; the dark-eyed French girl who had loved his Northern strength, his solidity as of his own North-country granite, his calling of a professed poet. She always thought so much faster than he—it was as though she were running away from him, as in play, and would wait laughing until he caught up with her. . . . They could not marry, because the clergymen of the republic were the only ones allowed to function, and to Annette Vallon they were not clergymen at all. So the dreadful thing happened. . . . And then General Michael

Beaupois, Montaigne's descendant, had gained an ascendancy over his mind, and the republican officer had fired him with a passion for democracy. The mad things he had said and done, and the unwise things he had written! But he was explaining in his new poem "The Prelude" how he had been led astray and how wisdom had come to him.

The influence of Beaupois had caused an estrangement with Annette, and when he left Blois she had bid him good-by with a courtesy that was chilling. She did not hang round his neck, as he had supposed a woman in such a position would do, but looked at him, cool-eyed and proud, though big with child, and dismissed any reference to it, as to some small boorishness that had taken place and been forgotten. . . . He had come back to England and written mad things, and published them.

But foes are gathering—Liberty must raise
Red on the hills her beacon's far-seen blaze,
Must bid the tocsin ring from tower to tower!
Nearer and nearer comes the trying hour!
Rejoice, brave Land, though pride's perverted ire
Rouse hell's own aid, and wrap thy fields in fire—

And even worse:

Great God! by whom the strifes of men are weighed
In an impartial balance, give thine aid. . . .
And grant that every sceptred child of clay
Who cries presumptuous: "Here the flood shall stay,"
May in its progress see thy guiding hand,
And cease the acknowledged purpose to withstand;
Or, swept in anger from the insulted shore,
Sink, with his servile bands, to rise no more!

And that mad letter of his to the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Llandaff, in which he gloried in the prin-

ciples of the French Revolution. Well, he was doing his best to explain all that away in his new poem "The Prelude"; of course he was leaving out every possible reference to Annette Vallon and to his daughter Anne-Caroline, but he could explain to every one's satisfaction how he had held these views.

One thing he could not explain to himself was how in the last dozen years the vision of France would come to him: the sunshine warming as wine, the galvanic thrill of men going into battle for beliefs, the soldiers singing the Marseillaise, the deep river of the Loire with its salmon pools, and shady poplar walks, where at dusk, in a quiet as of a convent, he had walked with a strange Frenchwoman—her silence that unfolded like a flower, the quick sob of her passion: and, in the lamplight of the old house at Blois, her wistful yet radiant face. And that child whose face he had never seen. . . . The memory of it had all these years given him a strange stimulus, so that poems came from him that might be from the pen of another man. Emerging from this high dream world, he had written—with a memory of her dark head upon a pillow:

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar.

It was from a vision of the men marching on Paris there had come to him:

This world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

With the wild lines he could hardly recognize as his:

The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers.

He was bothered by that line—"the sea that bares her bosom to the moon." It was loose, indecent, un-English. It had pained his friend Jones. That other poem which men praised had the poison of the Martinistes in it: it sprang more from the quiet evenings of France than the God-fearing gray North, the quiet after passion:

And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things.

All that was disappearing now, the trembling visions of his youth, evil passions and empty glory as of France, and he would sit down now and write of simple English things—poems like "The Idiot Boy" and "Michael," which Mr. Fox had liked, and poems extolling order, and against the enemies of England.

. . . Now I thankfully acknowledge,
Forced by the gracious providence of Heaven—
To England I returned,

he had written in his new poem "The Prelude." His heart gloried in praise of England—Shakspere's England, Milton's England, his England. England, which was sound; England, which was safe; England, which was prosperous.

A land where the people did eat the fish freely—a memory of the Old Testament came to him—the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic. He wondered what was the context of that homely quotation. It interested him. He would have to find out. He would write to Jones.

CHAPTER VI

WHEN, on the death of Pitt, the King formed a new Government, it was a Government of Whigs, and though Lord Grenville seemed head of it, the vast Fox was really the directing spirit. Garrett resigned his office, as Castlereagh was no longer a minister but in opposition to the Government. When the young aide turned over his badge with the royal arms and the silver greyhound to the Foreign Minister, Fox smiled.

"So you no longer want the sixty pounds a year?"

"No." Garrett laughed.

"Mr. Dillon, what did you want, anyway?"

"I wanted to help defeat Bonaparte."

"There will be no longer any talk of defeating the Emperor of the French," the Foreign Secretary said. "There is room for everybody in the world. This England is going to be a happy England. There are going to be no more spies, no more intrigues. Mr. Dillon," he asked abruptly, "why don't you contest a seat in Downshire, and come into the House?"

"I am not cut out for politics, sir."

"Great God! What have you been doing this last six months except politics?" Fox's face darkened. "King's Messenger, forsooth! You have been the confidant of Castlereagh, and Castlereagh has never touched anything but politics—from the moment that, as son of Mr. Stewart

of Londonderry, he used his father's second marriage, to Lord Camden's daughter, to become Irish Secretary. Politics, intrigue, dishonesty!"

"Mr. Fox," Garrett said coldly, "if you reflect you will understand how improper it is for you to say these things to me. Also, I give you my word of honor that I have never seen any intrigue connected with Lord Castlereagh."

"Forgive me," Fox said quickly. "I am a hasty-tongued man, quarrelsome. I have quarreled with the King for so long that now I quarrel with everybody. What are you going to do now?"

"I am going back to my place at Lough Neagh."

"Great God! When every Irish landlord is running to England you leave England to go home. You grow more astounding every minute. Mr. Dillon, let me persuade you. I am, after all, Charles James Fox, and you are a young, unknown man. If you wish to serve the country, take a seat in Parliament. I have before me the hope of a peace with France. I intend to move the abolition of the slave-trade. You are a young man of courage and honesty. Look, I have here intelligence of an attempt on the life of the Emperor of the French. I am going to warn the French minister Talleyrand. What do you think of that?"

"I think it's the only thing to do, sir. But I also think that had the late Prime Minister or Lord Castlereagh knowledge of it they would have done the same thing."

Fox roared with laughter.

"No, Mr. Dillon, you will not make a success in that sort of politics. But you will make a success in the sort I understand, courageous and straightforward dealing. You will pardon me if I intrude into your personal affairs, but Lord

Moira has told me something of your situation. Your wife, I know, is a niece of the unfortunate Henry Munro, and disagrees with you on the question of Lord Castlereagh. She feels that Castlereagh is the murderer of her uncle. Now, with our program there would be no more of that disagreement. Mr. Dillon, I may be impertinent. I know," he smiled, "I know my reputation. Drunkard, gambler, a man who has flaunted a woman around Europe, but—" he smiled a little wistfully—"perhaps I am the best judge of what I am talking about. It is a pity to see you young people separated. Don't you think so?"

"Sir, you embarrass me." Garrett flushed. And then he said firmly, "I am pledged to Lord Castlereagh."

"Then you are free, boy, for—by God!—Castlereagh shall never see office again."

When he went to take his leave of the former Secretary for War, Castlereagh said quietly:

"I suppose Mr. Fox wanted you to stay, and be of his party."

"How did you know, my Lord?"

Castlereagh only smiled his wan, ghost-like smile.

"Mr. Fox will not last," Castlereagh said quietly. "As to peace with England, Bonaparte has no idea of making it. As to the other plan Mr. Fox and his colleagues have in mind, the capturing of Buenos Aires, and forming a new Empire in South America, it will fail. Mr. Fox's ministry will be discredited. And the old fight with Napoleon will begin again."

"Are you sure, sir?"

"I have just been reading about it, Garrett." He re-

opened the book he had closed when the young aide came in.

"Blessed is he that watcheth, and keepeth his garments, lest he walk naked, and they see his shame.

"And he gathered them together into a place called in the Hebrew tongue Armageddon.

"And the seventh angel poured out his vial into the air; and there came a great voice out of the temple of heaven, from the throne, saying, It is done."

CHAPTER VII

I

FROM the deck of the Belfast packet the soft Ards of Down came to Garrett's eyes, and soon after that, the squat castle of Carrickfergus. The vessel was hardly alongside the quay before he and his man-servant were ashore. At the Buck and Breeches the horses sent by his bailiff were ready, and he was in the saddle after a quick meal taken standing. The clipped Ulster English and the lilt of Glensmen's Gaelic made him feel at home again; the smell of peat smoke from the houses was drawn into his nostrils in great gulps. The March drought had made the roads good, and as he cantered along he heard the storm-thrush whistling in the hedge-rows and noticed that already the small red cones of the larch were showing and the hawthorn was tight with buds. "The salmon will have come up by now," he thought, and he wondered if the old boatman had his feathers ready for tying, turkey and mallard and kingfisher and grouse, and his dyed wools of black and blue and orange; and if O'Shaughnessy of Limerick had sent down the salmon hooks. . . . At Lisburn he changed horses again, and he fancied now with the twilight coming on he could smell Lough Neagh in the distance, the fine scent of clear lake water and rushes. Overhead a flight of swans passed, their wings making a faint thunder.

He had written to Jocelyn that he was coming back

for a while—a dignified, quiet letter, touching as little on politics as possible, and being enthusiastic over fishing. He had thought it only honest, though, to say that there was a possibility of his returning to London if events demanded it. It had been a letter that cost him a lot of thought, for with all his fondness for her he had not allowed himself one word of love-making. He thought: “Once I am home and the old things about us, the quiet of the oak woods and the still lapping of lake water, and the giant herons looking for swan mussels on the shore, we shall come close together again. We can surely talk over this political situation without arguing.” Perhaps there need not be any talk at all. Perhaps she would just come to him and say: “I am glad you are back.” And there would be a moisture in her eyes which she would conceal by placing her head on his shoulder—the moisture that came into her eyes sometimes when she looked at the small lambs of spring, or the blue cloud of wild hyacinths in the oak woods, or the moon over the great lake. His heart suddenly went out to her. “Och!” he said to himself, his Ulster speech coming back to him, “och! the eye-sweet lass!”

He had left his man at Lurgan and pushed on. They would not expect him home that night, he knew, but the home-coming would be all the sweeter for that. The mare between his knees was tired, and now a half-moon was up, and, thinking of Jocelyn and not of the road, he was at the gates of Derrymore before he knew it. The mare gave a little whinny of delight, and, stretching her sweet neck, broke into a canter up the drive. Dogs began barking everywhere, and as he swung out of the saddle he was

surrounded by them, barking, shrieking with joy. Men-servants rushed out to take his horse.

"Och, Mr. Garry! it's cruel good to see you home."

"Sure, it's queer and tired you must be!"

A gamekeeper pushed through. "Mister Garry, your honor, it's a cure for sore eyes to see you. There's salmon in the lake as thick as octopoids. Begad! There's birds still. Sure, what matter if it is closed now? Who'll mind? My aunt's husband knows where there's a grand hind to be shot. And, by damn, but the hares are as big as dogs."

He passed through men and dogs, laughing with happiness, and into the hall, where the maids were running with lamps and candles.

"Och, my God! Mister Garry, my dear child." Old Sally White was throwing her arms around him. "And why for couldn't you have come yesterday, and you'd have caught herself before she left."

He stopped and looked at her incredulously.

"Is she not here?"

"No, hinny, no. This morning she left for Dundalk. Her uncle is sick in the Isle of Man, and he was calling for her, like. So she up and went. There's a letter for you, Master Garry. Oh, heart of love, don't look so taken back. *A gra!* Let you get out of your stiff riding clothes, and let your old nurse be putting diet into you. Will you eat, Master Garry? Och, I won't leave you till you do."

II

She had written him:

I could not suffer it, my very dear one (see: I write as I

knew you nine months before) to meet you again after this rift of happiness, and so I have gone away. What it is I fear, I do not know, but nine months of London, and of intimacy with Mr. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh, must leave some mark in a time of dreadful history, and to see anything of Castlereagh's dreadful mask in your dear face, or the hardness of Pitt in your eyes—that would be worse, Garry, than seeing you dead. You are doing what you think right, and a man must act as he thinks, but a woman must go as she feels. I am perhaps mad, dear Garry, and for that reason I am glad now that we have not had a small child, but the name of Castlereagh is a horror to me. Even as I write it, there comes to me, when I should be thinking of you, the sunlight's glint on the pikes of Ballymena, and my heart rises to the marching of the United Men. And the horror of Castlereagh's men, and Ancient Britons, loosed like wolves on the land, turns me to black poison. Always before me is that dreadful mask floating in the air, like some evil vision a distraught person sees. . . . You wrote me you would be going back to London, you see, so that means you are still attached to the policy of the Tory clique. My dear, feeling as I do, there was nothing for me but to go away. Heartbreak I can stand, but with this gulf between us, and with the irritation it would entail, there might arise vulgar quarrels and that for two who have been so close as you and I would be sacrilege.

I am going to stay with Grand-uncle Angus. The last letter I had from Douglas says that the old man is blind and lonely and all but mad, but will not leave his little flock, and the bishop will allow him to retain his cure of souls if there is some one to take care of him. I shall be of some use there.

Dear Garry, I am going to resume my girl's name of Jocelyn Munro, not because I am not proud of being Jocelyn Dillon, but because, being a woman who has deserted her husband, I do not feel entitled to it. And now, my very dear, we must talk of justice to you. I have left you, the best husband, the kindest friend, the dearest lover a woman ever had, just because there is a madness in my blood, a madness that makes my old grand-uncle like a wandering prophet of the hills, and brought my uncle Henry Munro to the gallows, that induced my Aunt Ishbel to put on her brother's blood-stained tunic and sword and turn soldier of liberty herself. All the world knows me for the

ungrateful wench I am. But I cannot think of you lonely and dear Derrymore neglected. You must get a bill of divorce from me. That will be easy in London. And you must marry again, dear Garry, some one who will take care of your (I was going to write our) old house and will give you children of her body to carry on the Dillon name and the Dillon chivalry. My dear, you must.

And now after that I am going to do something immoral and wrong. When you are married, sanely, and some evenings you are down by the great lake, in that quiet hour we both know so well, remember Jocelyn, the *Colleen Cael Dhu*, the slender dark girl, as you used to call me. I should of course tell you to forget me but, dear one, you have my heart always, though my mind can never be yours again, nor this poor body. You will keep a little place in your memory for the lover with whom you were, I know, happy for a year less one day. It will do the other woman no hurt. And so there's an end, Garrett, my dear. By the time you read this I shall be on the Douglas packet, turning my back on the life I knew, for ever, and on my country, for ever; and you, for ever, too.

JOCELYN MUNRO.

III

The young Squire of Derrymore felt, now that he was more than man-grown, he must face life as he had never faced it before. All his young days he had known only Derrymore when his father and mother were living. But when they died, in the shipwreck off Sicily, whither they were going for his mother's health, he had been, as it were, the adopted son of all the country-side. Of his father's two brothers, Redmond Dillon was killed in America, at the battle of Guilford Court House, where he was serving as an officer in the brigade of guards, and Oriel Dillon was shot in a duel with a lieutenant of Baron Hampersch's mounted riflemen at Dublin. His mother's

folk he had never known. They were officers of the old King's army in France. Some were dead now and some lost in the revolution and some in India. His grandfather had been Colonel the MacCarthy More of the Irish Brigade in France, and Garrett's father had met his mother at Versailles. Her name was Shevaun, and she spoke only French and the Irish language. Garrett could remember her vaguely, a merry, slight woman, with the hectic flush of decline in her cheeks. Her brother, Garrett's uncle, had joined the British Army after the revolution and was now in Canada commanding the New Brunswick Fencibles; and another sister had married Charles François, Count Fontaine de Mervé. In deference to her wishes he had been christened Garrett, a favorite little name of southern Ireland.

When with war, shipwreck, dueling, and the dispersion of the families, young Garrett was left alone, he was a ward in chancery. The estate of Derrymore was small but rich. Lord Londonderry of Mount Stewart, Lord Castlereagh's father, had consented to be one of his guardians and the rector of Ballinderry another. They had agreed on his going to school at Archdeacon Thurock's, near Strangford Lough. Old Londonderry had been kind to him; that was the reason why Garrett had such faith in Castlereagh—that his father was so broad-minded, so liberal. Garrett was not quite sure that Lord Londonderry did not sympathize with the United Men. At any rate, he had a great admiration for William Orr.

When at the Maze races in County Down, Garrett had first met Jocelyn Munro, he found himself looking long at the grave, dark-eyed girl. She seemed so grave for her

years. Mr. Emmet's rebellion had just been put down with an iron hand, more on account of the massacre of the aged Lord Kilwarden than for any other reason, and Garrett was surprised to hear that this quiet girl was a rebel and a great patriot. It was Mr. Ward of the Downshire militia who presented him.

"You two are the orphans of this part of the world," Mr. Ward had said. "The counties of Down and Antrim are your only relatives now. So you mustn't be apart."

To Garrett it was a wonder to see how all the families of East Ulster loved this girl—Loyalist and Quaker and Roman Catholic. Old men who had marched as volunteers to the Dungannon convention, and now, the gust of freedom died down and their years and honors weighing on them, shook their heads over the end of her ill-fated and gallant uncle. The quiet Quaker people looked out of their neat gray lives and loved the steady flame of her. The peasantry adored her. There seemed a conspiracy to bring the two together wherever they went. At this house and that house, when after dinner the old people drowsed, they were always being sent out together—to see the flowers in the garden, to see this cromlech or that old Danish fort. He met her at Knockbreda, at Lord Donegal's house, where they were promptly sent out to see the vast fields where tobacco was grown before the prohibition in favor of the American colonies, and at Shankill where the Brownlows lived. But most of all he liked to meet her at Shane's Castle, Earl O'Neill's great place, whence she could easily visit Derrymore. He had rowed her out to Ram's Island, to see the garden of the fruit-trees and the Round Tower. And he brought her to Toome Bridge, where

his own bleaching-greens were, and whither the men from Rathlin Island, off the Giant's Causeway, came with kelp for the bleaching—great swinging men, with their island cobs, and their Gaelic was like a song. He showed her the remains of the old iron-works—two hundred years old, they were—founded by the Salters' Company of London.

She seemed always so clean, so fresh. Her dresses were of the linen and cambric of Ulster, or of Dublin-woven silk. There was always about her some quiet quality like the magic hour on Lough Neagh's shore when day faded into darkness and the only sounds were of the herons' wings flapping and of the trout rising in the lake. Her eyes had the calm quality of lake water at day's close. Always her hands were still, but her head was thrown up like a challenge. There was such youth in her step. And when she stood still Garrett felt that she could unfold wings and fly.

He knew that the counties of Down and Antrim wished them to marry, and for that reason he distrusted the match. None had said a word to him, but young Dillon was no fool. The girl, too, must know it, he felt. And he decided to avoid meeting her. But after one trial he gave up the idea. He missed her quiet silence, her rich, slow voice. So when he was invited down to Dundalk for a week's hunting he went, knowing she would be there. And like a fool, he told himself later, he blundered into it.

"I suppose you've noticed," he told her at Ravensdale Park—they were staying with the Fortescues—"that every one is trying to throw us together."

"It would be difficult not to see that," she answered.

"I suppose you understand why," he went on.

"I would rather not talk about it," she said, and a

frightened look came into her eyes. "Please, I don't know what you mean." A hound gave its joyous music, and "Gone away!" the huntsman blew. The hunt came crashing past. "Please go on," Jocelyn said hurriedly; "you will miss the run." And feeling very much like a fool, he went after them, hitting Whitefoot an unnecessary welt as the cunning hunter went for a double bank. Though he kept up with the huntsmen, he remembered little of the run, so uncomfortable was he at having made a fool of himself. For a long time afterward she seemed to avoid him, but at Christmas he met her again at the Ferrards' place, on the banks of Six Mile Water. All the month since he had seen her in Louth he had been looking forward to meeting her, and when she came up and greeted him like an old friend, the memory of his awkward sentence gone, his heart rose. At the ball on Christmas night he was the only man to whom she gave four dances. She told him where she had been since he saw her last, visiting here, visiting there.

"I wonder," he was thinking aloud to himself. Since he had come to his majority he had been living alone but for servants, at Derrymore Manor. And though he was out with factors and bailiffs and gamekeepers all day, yet the evenings were long to him.

"You wonder what, Garry?" She looked at him keenly. He seldom thought aloud; she knew him better than he thought she did.

"I was wondering," he said, "which of us is in the worse case—you who have no home at all, or myself who have a big home which is empty."

Again that strange look of fear came into her eyes, and her head was raised like the head of a doe about to flee.

"I am in no evil case at all," she said. "All," her voice was nervous, "all is well with me." And making some excuse of a button lost from her glove, she left him.

"There you go," he said as he watched her pass swiftly through the room, "there you go. And be damned to you!"

He did not see her again until March, when he was fishing in the Bann. She was staying again at Shane's Castle and came across with one of the O'Neill girls to where he was after a big springer in a pool. He had marked where the fish was wringing after its journey from the sea, its silver belly shining in the water. And very gently he was swinging a prawn on a bait rod and working it past the cock salmon's nose. But the afternoon blazed into glory, and the fish was sulky. And when the two women came along he gave the rod to his gillie.

"May I try your rod, Garry?" Noreen O'Neill asked.

"You may if you're able," Dillon told her. The muscular Ulsterwoman smiled, and, taking the sixteen-foot rod, began shooting the waxed hempen line over the water, dropping the prawn in with a gentle plunk. "Off with the two of you," she said, "and leave me in peace until I kill my fish."

He moved up-river with Jocelyn. About them, under the spring sun, the earth seemed to move with fecundity. The sally bushes were gay with green, and everywhere the gorse was breaking into great sheets of gold. Daffodils nodded on the banks, swans moved proudly down-river, startled occasionally by the leap of a salmon in a pool. The iris peeped among the rushes. They came round a bend of the river, to a grove where old ash-trees

rose out of golden moss, and a kingfisher flashed along the bank toward his nest by the river, a miracle of blue light against the green dark water. Jocelyn stopped talking and walked in silence.

Though he had always thought her lovely, he had never seen so much wistful beauty in her face. Her side face was toward him, and the smooth brow and black eyebrow, small straight nose and tilted chin, had something exotic about them. Her skin had the clear coloring of a camellia. The lashes of her eyes were curling and perfect. There was so little Scot in her face. But then he remembered her descent from the Black Baron of Foulis and Fraser of Lovat, through ancestors who had fought on the Continent with Swedish kings and kings of France. . . .

"I think long," she said, turning to him, "until the swallows come."

He did not answer her, but kept looking at her, as though he were in some sort of trance, his eyes looking into her eyes. And suddenly a flush of color came over her face, spreading from cheek to dark hair, from cheek to white neck. And before he knew what he was doing, he had stepped forward, and had her in his arms and had kissed her. She lay quietly an instant, and then tried to get away.

"Be still," he told her in a strained voice.

From his shoulder he could hear her speaking in queer, muffled tones:

"So the old folks have had their way."

"Not they!" he answered. "It's our own way we have."

She wished to go away, but he held her close. "I shall come back," she said, and he freed her. She looked at

him, with a little fear in her eyes. "You are a loyal man," she said, "and I am a rebel. You will not try to make me think your way?"

"God forbid!" he promised. "Each must think as he sees!"

"Yes," she said, "I knew you would feel that, that each must think as he feels. There's something else I must tell you." She smiled a little. "Garry, I don't know if you know, but I am all but a dowerless girl."

"Oh, that!" he said. "I didn't know. I never thought of it. But I am glad."

"I'll come back now," she said.

She rested against his shoulder again. He did not dare stir, lest she should be disturbed. He heard her murmur.

"What are you saying?" he whispered.

"Just this: 'Dear God, all is well with Jocelyn.'"

CHAPTER VIII

I

HE did not write to her, or make any plea to her to come back. He threw himself with a fury into making Derrymore the model estate of Ulster, of its size, working factors to skin and bone. The country-side knew very well what had happened, but with Northern tact said nothing; only Lord Londonderry shook his head mournfully. News came through from London. Mr. Fox's overtures to Napoleon had fallen through. The Batavian Republic had been dissolved, and the Kingdom of Holland proclaimed, over which Napoleon set his brother Louis. A little later came the news that the Corsican had formed a Rhine state against Austria. Sir John Stuart defeated the French at the point of the bayonet in Maida and chased Napoleon's brother, King Joseph of Naples, out of his new capital. Sir Home Popham and General Baird had conquered the Dutch colony at the Cape of Good Hope, and the city of Buenos Aires had been captured by General Beresford. The "delicate investigation" of the Princess of Wales's chastity had been concluded and it was found that she had not been criminal, only indiscreet, but her levity had called reproof from the judges, and the King had censured her. Mr. Fox had succeeded in getting both houses to pass a condemnation of the slave-trade, which in the newly conquered colonies was amounting to a

world scandal and was very dangerous with Napoleon preaching freedom. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval were harrying the Government from the Opposition benches. The star of England seemed high, and Garrett saw himself condemned to long inactivity at Derrymore.

The kindly, ceremonious house began to despair strangely in her absence. The servants were neat as ever, it seemed to him, but they lacked fire and interest, and every day the same sort of flowers filled exactly the same place. The garden, it seemed to Garrett, was becoming stodgy, the gardeners reverting to the traditions of their grandfathers—formal box borders, and arches with rambler roses and old yew walks—and planting the gaudy York and Lancaster roses. When she was here she had managed to give the place a sense of light and beauty. His old nurse, who had become housekeeper, never seemed to have any sense of time, so that meals were anyhow and unvaried in routine. And here and there was a little dust in the drawing-room, which in her time would have been unthinkable. And half-consumed candles marred the luncheon table, which Jocelyn would never have allowed. Discordance grew in the servants' quarters. In his year of married life everything had run smoothly. He had ascribed it to luck and the loyalty of his serving people. Now he knew it was the graceful hand. Only her own room, which he had locked when he returned, had grace and light. Very occasionally, when there were no servants about, he opened the door and looked in. There was her small four-poster with its canopy of Lurgan cambric, the polished tables, the well-blacked grate. About the room was the odor of verbena, and through the window could be seen

the top of the great copper beech that seemed more alive than any other tree in Derrymore. She had only left one thing behind, and that was a white nightgown, which one of the servants had placed on her pillow, and that gave Garrett a heartache. Once one of his dogs, a golden setter, followed him into her room, and whined piteously at the foot of the bed, looking from it to Garrett, as if it knew something was wrong. "Come out!" Garrett ordered him. He never went into the room after that.

When not superintending the work of Derrymore, he was out fishing or hunting or shooting. With his old gillie, Simon McCreesh, he fished all the rivers, trying the flies that that old genius made for him with exotic ingredients: the feathers of kingfishers, ostriches, and parrakeets, of peacocks and cock pheasants and mallards; wrens' tails; worsteds from the remnants of Turkey carpetings; patches of the skin of brown and black bears, of sable and marten; ears of the hare; roots of barberry trees for dyeing, and bark of the crab-tree. The old man used to get the skin and feathers of foreign birds from James Sheridan, landlord of the Barley Mow Tavern in Belfast, who had been a seafaring man, and to whom sea-captains were partial. There was also otter-hunting with some of the Pakenhams, who had otter-hounds, bred from the Southern harrier and rough-coated water-spaniel, with a touch of the bull breed. Often when the hay was cut and the flax pulled he would go out badger-hunting alone by moonlight, with a couple of rough terriers. But even hunting seemed to have lost its savor. There was none but servants to welcome him on his return home.

At the point-to-point races in the surrounding counties

Garrett won a few notable victories with Saracen and Koppaleen, with young Col O'Hagen up, but there was no thrill to them as there would have been were Jocelyn there to watch. Nor was there any excitement on him when he started out for the cock grouse of Slemish in August. News from London was unsatisfactory. Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Perceval were still hammering at the Whig Cabinet. Mr. Fox was in bad health, Lord Londonderry reported. He was ill of dropsy at the Duke of Devonshire's house at Chiswick. He seemed very cheerful, though, and had refused a peerage. Lord Londonderry asked had Garrett heard any news from the Isle of Man, and being told no, shook his kindly head. In September Mr. Fox died. In October Parliament was dissolved, for the political expedient of strengthening the Ministry. Lord Londonderry, shrewd old politician, prophesied an end of the Whig Government by spring. He offered to go across to the Isle of Man to see Jocelyn. Garrett thanked him coldly and refused his offices. Lord Londonderry seemed relieved.

Summer passed. Autumn came. With the shortening of the days the great lake seemed like a sheet of polished steel. The barley came down in great swathes and the cider-presses were being overhauled. Lord Londonderry came oftener to Derrymore. He half feared that his son was about to lose Garrett: the inaction and loneliness of life at Derrymore might be too much for the young man. Garrett thought the old man's devotion to Castlereagh pathetic. He knew now that from comparative riches Lord Londonderry was reduced to straitened ways over the first Downshire election. It had cost him seventy thousand

pounds sterling to put his son in. His comments against the Whig Government were savage. They had undone the work of his son. General Beresford had surrendered in Buenos Aires, and the country stood pledged to the abolition of slavery, which was good for humanity but bad for the empire. Lord Castlereagh had had in mind a swoop on Mexico, on the Caracas and Buenos Aires, those most fertile countries. But they were so thinly populated that they would be of no value as colonies were the slave-trade abolished. That demagogue Fox (God rest him! one mustn't speak ill of a dead man!) had ruined everything. However, Robert would find a way round that. If the slave-trade were abolished for one country it would be abolished for all. Revolution could be fomented in New Spain against the mother country, and the trade of those colonies (fifteen million pounds per annum, it was worth) diverted to England. Garrett was surprised to hear how coldly this old man, who was loved in the country-side for his charity and liberal views, could regard revolution and slavery and commerce. . . . In November of the fogs word came that Napoleon had smashed the Prussians at Jena and Auerstädt as he had done the Austrians at Austerlitz. Napoleon at Jena, it was said, had exposed himself to all manner of danger and nearly been killed by one of his own sentries. He had acted in an emergency as the most insignificant artillery officer. Everywhere were stories of his gallantry. Lord Morpeth, the British Ambassador to Prussia, had done everything in his power to urge on the Prussian court with words and subsidies, and was practically in the lines at Jena, only escaping by offering sixty guineas for a horse. The hero of the day

was Marshal Davoust at Auerstädt, who—deserted by Bernadotte, who kept his whole corps out of the engagement—smashed through the Prussian lines and pursued them with dreadful havoc: of the army Great Frederick had founded, thirty to forty thousand prisoners of war were taken and three hundred pieces of cannon. Twenty thousand were killed. Thirty generals were captured. The French dead on the field of battle were little more than a thousand men. There had been talk of court-martialing Bernadotte and shooting him, but Napoleon had accepted the wily general's explanation. Certain folk in London wondered whether he had bought his life at the expense of valuable secrets.

But the greatest blow to Prussian pride was yet to come. At Potsdam the Corsican had walked into the apartments of Great Frederick, which had been left untouched since his death. The Corsican's hand was the first to open the great king's books. On leaving Potsdam, as trophies of war the Corsican took with him Frederick's sword, the sash he had worn in the Seven Years' War, and his Cross of the Black Eagle. When the Corsican leaned over the dead king's tomb, and drew the dead sword from its scabbard, a young officer of the guard had said that the huge casket moved in the shadows. . . .

The decree for the blockade of the British Isles struck Britain like a hammer. All commerce between England and the Continent was forbidden. All English subjects found in countries held by French troops were to be considered prisoners of war. All merchandise of British owners, all articles of British manufacture were to be confiscated. There was also intelligence that Napoleon

was working hand in hand with Turkey and with the Shah of Persia, ostensibly against the Russians but really with the aim of capturing India from the English. Pondicherry for some reason was dear to him. England saw itself isolated from the rest of the world. There was a feeling of panic in the air. But Lord Londonderry was satisfied.

"There is one man can save England," Londonderry said. Garrett knew he was speaking of his son. Later he told Garrett that in reply to the protests of English traders that some market must be provided for their goods, the Government were making another effort to capture South America, that General Whitelocke would be in command. And Lord Londonderry smiled.

"They could not have made a better choice," said Castlereagh's father.

"He will win?" Garrett asked.

"He will lose." The old man was pleased.

"And then?"

"And then they must send for Robert," said the father of Castlereagh.

II

Garrett had thought, now that winter was setting in, of giving up his whole life as he knew it: of going to see Jocelyn and telling her he would leave Ireland, as so many of his countrymen were doing, and go to America, and start a new life and a new line. The *Rover* of Philadelphia, George Bray master, plied to and from Derry, and many gentlemen and their wives were going out to seek fortune in the new land. Some of Joceyln's uncle's friends were

out there—Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of the unfortunate Robert—and she would be at home there, breathing the freedom of the virgin continent. Somewhere in New England, he thought, he could settle, and with what money he had buy an estate and work it as he had worked Derrymore. Ireland was fading—that he knew. And, from the looks of it, England also. For in spite of Lord Londonderry's love for his son, Garrett could not see how one small island could hold out against the soldier who had conquered the Continent. The traders would soon be crying for an ignoble peace; and—by God!—Garrett thought, the peace terms Napoleon would dictate to England would be the most ignoble of all.

But as yet he could not go. Since his father died, he had been so beholden to the kindness of the Londonderrys that he could not hurt the old man by deserting his son. And, moreover, he knew the loneliness of Castlereagh's life—the bitterness of it, his giddy if not worse lady, his enemies. To Garrett, Castlereagh was a lonely maniac, obsessed with the greatness of the British Empire and the danger of Napoleon. The cold Castlereagh prayed every night for strength and wisdom to help his country, as England now was. Also, in his cold way, he loved Garrett and depended on him.

Jocelyn had called Castlereagh a vampire, and told her husband that he was preying on his youth and honesty, but Jocelyn was wrong. What Castlereagh really loved was Ireland, and now that his name was hated in Ireland, that men spat where he had walked, he could no longer be at peace there. But Garrett brought him a sight of the green fields of Down, of the blue range of the Mourne

Mountains toward the sea, the clipped Ulster speech, the quiet humor of Ulster. Garrett, too, had sailed on Strangford Lough, where Castlereagh had been nearly drowned in a bog; had been for a time at the same school, the Royal School founded by Charles the First at Armagh, and had slipped off, as Castlereagh had done, to the Blackwater to fish; knew the little river Callan, and the bleach greens near Castle-Dillon; the great fort outside Armagh, the royal residence of the Danish kings of Ulster, and the headquarters of the Red Branch Knights. Castlereagh had loved the red-marble town, founded by Saint Patrick, with its quiet of a cathedral city.

His eyes lost their weariness when he spoke of his Ulster boyhood, and for a while the man seemed young. . . . So much virtue have the memory and air of the world one knew as a child. "*Chigin na dheeny lena hyaila*," went the Ulster old word, "*agh ha jigín na hone no na slaitya*; men meet, but rivers and mountains never." The quiet of Whitehall could never be invaded by the blue giants of the Mourne Mountains, Slievemeelmore and Slievemeelbeg, Slievecorragh and Slievenaglogh; Slieve Camedagh, the mountain of watching; Slievenaman, the mountain of young goats; their little place names: "the rugged place of holly," "the hare's gap," "the glen of white thistles," "the foxes' lake." Slieve Donard's self, greatest of Ulster mountains, with its Alpine plants, the cowberry, the club-mosses, and the small willow; with its ruined oratory on the summit where each Sunday morning, so the peasants say, Saint Donard, Patrick's disciple, says his mass according to the Celtic rite, and his congregation are the hares and the foxes, the peregrine falcon and the

crowing grouse, all attentive to his small mass bell. The commercial Thames with the coarse fish hucksters caught with paste and worm, the pike, dace, and gudgeon, would never take the place for Castlereagh of the little rivers of Ulster, Blackwater, Mourne and Baun and Lagan, where the silver-bellied salmon come with a rush, the salmon that can jump as high as a hunter; the rivers of the beautiful brown trout with golden and rosy stars, of the sea-trout that come up in August, game as Tom Cribb.

Castlereagh would go down to Downshire no more, now that it renounced him as Parliamentary representative, and he loved the place. But Garrett was the door through which he could escape from the mist of intrigue and the thunder of battle into a fairyland of Irish boyhood, where each quiet mountain lake may hold the wonder of the water-horse, or each clearing of the river may show you the master otter surrounded by his court, and where by fairy forts you may hear the small pipers piping their fairy airs, martial tunes like "Lifting the Cattle," or that merriest of hornpipes: "I buried my wife and I danced on the top of her." Or under the hedge-rows you may hear the tap-tap-tap of the leprechaun's hammer as he cobbles the small folk's buckled shoes. A golden world where there comes never a cloud over the heart.

Moreover, he was so valuable to the great Ulsterman. He was comparatively rich, unambitious, and of county gentry. He could go on delicate missions, such as seeing the French emigrés, persuading Lady Hamilton, where an official of the Government might compromise himself. After all, he was only a King's Messenger. The other messengers as a rule were brave but sorry fellows. They

would kill horses and half kill themselves, carrying despatches, or die rather than let escape their political prisoners. Many of them left with despatches and never returned, and only a surmise of how they died could be arrived at. But with their wretched pay and allowances, there was always a little sordid work of cooking accounts with the librarian of the Foreign Office. They were not the men to be used by Castlereagh and his associates in the more delicate sort of affair. Garrett knew that were he to desert Castlereagh he would give the harassed man one of the worst blows of his life; but deserting him was unthinkable. He had passed his word. . . .

Winter came on. The fox-hunting that season was poor, so many of the local gentry had gone to London, now that Dublin was only a provincial capital. Also there was fear that Bonaparte might land troops in Ireland, and who knew if there would not be another reign of terror, as in France? It was only three years since Robert Emmet had made his attempt, and there was rumor that the Danish fleet might be sold to Napoleon. So London was a safer place. But there was always now a wisp of snipe in the bogs. At night one could hear the wild note of the barnacle geese as they flew overhead. Flights of woodcock came with the winter fogs. Never was such a season for duck, pintail, and goldeneye, frolicsome widgeon, and the beautiful teal. The wild swans came southward from the arctic lands, trumpeting as to battle. And on moonlight nights Garrett had long stalks to the feeding-ground of the wild geese, trying to elude the acute ear of the sentinel.

So passed the long winter of despair. Napoleon had

gone into Poland, and was threatening the Czar. Turkey had declared war on Russia, and when Austria had shown signs of drawing the sword again the Corsican quietly threatened to make her an example to nations and Austria relapsed into quietness. The Whig Government in England had allowed the naval and military establishments to fall below their former standards. News came of a terrible engagement between Napoleon and the Russian troops at the village of Preussisch-Eylau. The battle had taken place between the two armies, both maddened with starvation and cold. The earth was frozen like pewter and great rifts of snow covered the hills. Piercing winds and snow-like flecks of steel swept over the terrain. The battle was drawn, but the carnage was terrible. Frozen bodies covered the ground under a bleak arctic moon. Of General d'Hautpoul's regiment of cuirassiers only eighteen men were left alive. Twelve of the French eagles were lost. Six thousand Russians were killed, twenty thousand wounded. Of the French three thousand were killed and fifteen thousand wounded. The plight of the wounded was terrible, for little could be done for them in that nightmare land. Russia, Sweden, and what remained of Prussia now saw a prospect of victory. The Czar sent a request to England for the loan of six million pounds, but all Grenville would allow him was a dole of half a million. The allowance to Prussia was contemptible, and when Sweden asked for troops to be sent to the island of Rügen, none were forthcoming.

The situation in England was tense. The Ministry saw nothing for it but to organize all sections of thought for the common emergency. A bill was drafted throwing open

the higher offices in both army and navy to Roman Catholics and Dissenters. But the King suddenly sent for his ministers and told them he would have none of it. He was the Protestant king of a Protestant country, he said, and they must promise him that during his reign they would never mention the project again. The aged monarch seemed saner than he had been for years. The Ministry protested that they could do nothing of the kind. The King dismissed them like a pack of scullions.

Before the first rush of the spring salmon was over, when the wild hyacinths were beginning their blue dawn in Derrymore, Lord Londonderry drove over to tell Garrett that he must go again to London. A new Ministry had been formed. Lord Londonderry's father-in-law was President of the Council. The Duke of Portland was First Lord of the Treasury; Mr. Perceval, Chancellor of the Exchequer; Mr. Canning, Foreign Secretary; and Lord Castlereagh back at his old post, War and the Colonies.

"You must go at once, Garrett," Lord Londonderry told him. "You are needed."

He was not sorry to leave Derrymore, though the country-side was wearing its bravest of green and gold; great swathes of golden gorse were everywhere. But it seemed such a shell of a place, so empty now, and curiously he felt it was worse leaving it without seeing Jocelyn, than seeing her angry at the door. There was nothing in Derrymore any longer for him. And posting to Lisburn, a queer notion took him, to go to Slieve Donard, to the peak of it, where he could see in the east the Isle of Man, like a brown gull in the water. Noreen O'Neill had told him, though he had received the news with coldness, that

Jocelyn was still there with her aged uncle. "She looks younger than ever, Garrett, and there is a pain shining in her eyes. I suppose you know she loves you?"

"I haven't thought about it, Noreen."

"But what a liar you are!" O'Neill's daughter told him plainly. "If any man had lived with Jocelyn for a year he could not forget it in centuries. Why don't you forsake these wretched politics and go to her?"

"No."

"I suppose the truth is that the Castlereagh woman has pushed you into some low intrigue with one of those soppy English girls who are always mad for men. Whores, I call them." And she looked him squarely in the eye.

"Now God damn you, Noreen O'Neill! If I hadn't known you all my life since we were both no higher than greyhounds, I should never speak to you again. There is no woman."

"Then you are only a stubborn idiot. Jocelyn is too good for you. I wish I'd married you myself. I'd have kept you in order. Will you write to her?"

"No."

"I suppose there's more in it than meets my eye. Frankly, Garry, I'm damned, if I loved a man, if politics would keep me from him." And she whistled to the hounds she was walking. . . .

He hacked from Lisburn to Castlewellan, and leaving his mount at Newcastle, where Lord Annesley was proposing to build a great inn, he commenced the ascent of Slieve Donard. So fine and clear a spring day he had seldom seen. The remains of the Magennis stronghold on the Shimna, "the river of rushes," was gray and drowsy be-

side the garishness of Lord Annesley's lodge in the pine woods. He left the Glen River with its cascades and pushed on toward the summit through a tangle of golden gorse and heather and mountain myrtle, now and then coming on some deep pool of the stream where the sand showed like marble through the deep green water. He skirted the Eagle Rock, and, taking the old pilgrims' path, he made straight for the summit. To the right of him Slieve Comedagh dropped into the depths of Pullgarve. He did not wish to look back yet on the sea. He passed the small cairn and made the sharp ascent to the summit, where, in quiet among the heather in the high air, Slainge, the second son of Parthelon, was buried in the year of the world two thousand, five hundred and thirty-three, and there he sleeps. The slim African warrior and the gentle Irish Saint, Donard, are the only denizens. . . .

He looked about him; the green field of the Deers' Meadow caught his eye, and farther east and north he could see, right away in Derry, Slieve Gallion Braes, and farther still the blue hills of Donegal. Everywhere were small white houses, like dolls' houses, and the River of Rushes below was a thin trickling line of silver. It was hard to believe that men had fought battles in its ford. Southward and westward the mountains rose threateningly—Slieve Bearnagh with its wolf's teeth, the Dog's Mountain, and the Mountain of the Foxes' Lake. Over there was the azure line of the Carlingfords, and the brown mass of Slievegullion, who has a magic lake on her summit. He could even see the Sugar Loaves of Wicklow, away past Dublin town. A sort of dizziness came on him, that one could see so much of the Irish

world, and for an instant a fleeting fear. It was so high here, so lonely; so clear was the air, so unearthly. There was nothing to be heard but the cry of the plover and the rustle of a stoat in the heather, and a moment of panic, that here, high in the air, away from the kindly things he knew, the silken horses, the bleaching-greens of linen, the watchful patient dogs, the shape of the African king's son might not walk out of his burial mound, with brown exotic features and tragic homesick eyes; and stanch Protestant though he was, Garry thanked God that the gentle Irish saint slept close by him, with his little bell to ring against demons and against heretics and the excommunicate. . . . He turned his back on the cairn and looked eastward and saw what he had come to see.

There in the blue sea which flows between Ireland and England he could see the brown shapes that were Man and its little Calf, that island raised by a necromancer out of the deep, the island of Mananaan MacLear, king of the sea. He looked at it until his eyes ached, trying to envision Peeltown, where Jocelyn was. The island had always the quality of romance for Irish people. It was so like in speech, and there, also, no snakes or poisonous vermin lived. Its people were very simple, very independent, and before the Union, claret was always being smuggled into Ireland from Douglas and Ramsay. Also it was a refuge for Irish bankrupts. When one was in trouble in Ireland one fled to the Isle of Man. But Garrett had never been there. Somewhere in that soft brown island Jocelyn was. Somewhere in Peel, near the great battlements, or about the old cathedral, or by the clean fishing villages, she walked with her child's head, her child's face,

her grave woman's eyes, her body that had so much flight in it. To some one, perhaps, she was speaking with her clear voice that had the echo of a little bell.

He had come up here high in the air, to take a farewell of her, for now he was going to put her out of his mind altogether. A word of O'Neill's daughter, that no politics would keep her away from the man she loved, had stirred him. And it had seemed to Garrett that her point was natural. A man could not give up his views for a woman, any more than he could for money or a place, else he were no man. But it was clear to him now that she had not loved him. She had been lonely for a space, and had taken love where it was offered, but he had not had the strength to bind her, so she had gone. Other women could not take her place. He had only his work now.

The truth was, he pondered, that she, like so many of the young women of her day, had a picture in her mind of Lord Edward Fitzgerald or of Mr. Robert Emmet, and saw in those tragic romantic men a pattern of chivalry. They had both of them failed, Fitzgerald before he had struck one blow; and Emmet's rebellion had resulted in the murder of a kindly old man and some sordid looting. And because of their deaths they were the lovers of young women's dreams, and the other men, who faced a white and weary road of life instead of a leap into the cool waters of death, were only poor louts. It was so easy, too, for an Irishman to die, seeing that the next world was as close to him as the next turn in the lane, and so long as one did not go by one's own hand, death was never unwelcome. An early death which makes people seem immortal, and the glory of defeat, which is more to the

Irish than the glory of victory, had given these men such undeserved laurels. . . . He had no fine words to fling like an arrow into the sun, Garrett thought; also he had too cold and bitter a sense of fighting ever to admit defeat, so he would never be a hero. Also he felt loyal to the King, though he wasted no love on the King's son. The old blind King—so honest, so ascetic, so loved by the people, so wrong often but so sincere about it, so vastly courageous—was a figure to revere. No, he was not the sort who deserted, Garrett felt in his bones. He was of a loyal race. There was nothing of the romantic rebel in him.

Well, it was over. To-morrow he would be on the road to England to join in the desperate battle which Lord Castlereagh would wage. And now on the top of this high mountain he was taking farewell of that year in his life that had been so much like a dream. He was glad it had not been in later years; it would have left too deep a mark. He could remember her in the stilly evenings by the lake, quiet as the lake's self, wise with thinking. He could remember her when they went together to the ball of the county, always the loveliest young woman there. No other woman competed with her, so much affection did they have for Jocelyn. Even now, he thought, every woman of Ulster would stand up in her defense. He remembered her in the maze of flowers at Derrymore, herself like some tall dark flower. He remembered her sleeping, her breath coming gently like hushed music, her dark head on the white pillow like some great rare jewel, her lovely arm outstretched, her hand curled like a sleeping child's. . . .

Well, he would remember her no more, by God! he said. He had thought to live happily with her, tending his patrimony, fearing God, honoring his king, loving his country, doing his duty. But when he was called to give help unto his Majesty, for a picture, for a romantic idea, she had left him. Well, he said again, he was damned if he was going to bother any more about a girl who cared nothing for him.

A little sea haze had arisen and now Man of the Magic and its Calf were hidden. She had put a mantle of invisibility about herself, as the early monks of Man always said she did when invaders came. Though Garrett could still see the blue spears of the Sugar Loaves in far-off Wicklow, yet try as he would he could not see Jocelyn's island. He decided to return to the inn where his horse was and post on to Belfast. He must be in London as quickly as possible, where Lord Castlereagh awaited him. He seemed to have removed a weight from himself since he came up here. . . . He looked again to see if Man would show itself, but it remained invisible. His hand flashed up in salute to the dead African warrior and the dead Irish saint in their cairn, and he turned down toward the sea, his feet swinging as to fifes and drums.

Near the pine woods on his downward path he came on a cottage where a red-haired girl was weaving linen at a spinning-wheel. She was sitting outside the door, her brown bare feet driving the wheel with its little purr. Garrett was about to say, "God bless the work!" and pass on, when she began singing:

"Up came Munro's sister, she was well-dressed in green,
With his sword by her side that was once bright and keen,

And she said to the brave men who with her did go:
Come, we'll have revenge for General Munro!"

His heart seemed to take a step backward at the forbidden rebel song. He had been thinking of Jocelyn as a girl only, and not as one of the gallant, mad Munros. She was at heart one with her uncle the general, and with her Aunt Ishbel, who had fought, herself, and had to be smuggled out of the country with a price on her head. He felt like stepping forward and thanking the girl, but he knew she would be frightened, fearing that he was some guest of the Annesleys. The brutality shown by Lord Annesley to the aged clergyman Samuel Barber, when he arrested him and flung him into a dungeon, had made him a bogie to his tenants. So he had better keep quiet.

"Ye true men who listen, just think of the fate
Of the brave men who died in the year ninety-eight."

He could listen no more. His throat choked. He had so often heard Jocelyn sing that in their house of happiness.

CHAPTER IX

FROM the window of her room in her uncle's house, looking out, she could see under the spring moon the little houses of Peel, brown as rabbits, slumbering under the moon. The solid bulk of Peel Castle was gentle as some huge dog. Everywhere came to her the keen smell of the sea and the soft nostalgic odor of peat smoke. In their two scents was the breath of Gaeldom. But for the sparse sentries with their muskets, trying to keep awake in the soft night, all the island was asleep. All were at peace. The fairy lights of the Curragh showed not, this April night, and the Dueling Ghosts of the Tynwald had laid aside their small swords. All was at peace—except her.

With bound hair and in nightgown of snowy linen she knelt at the open window looking out at the waters glistening under full of the moon. It had been a trying day. Her grand-uncle this morning had preached what she felt was his last sermon. He had his text from the closing words of the second epistle of John: "Little children, keep yourselves from idols." He had inveighed against riches, and honors, and even, it seemed, the King's self. Though there was not one word in it all that was not sterling religion, yet Jocelyn feared that the Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man might find cause in it to remove the aged preacher from his cure of souls. She feared for the old man, for

pathetic as is a flock without a shepherd, a shepherd without a flock is more pathetic still. She wished she had Garrett—a little twist of pain came across her face—to advise her in case the bishop took action. But perhaps, she thought, the burly port-drinking bishop would be too late. Grand-uncle's body was so frail, so tired, that he might leave it any moment. He had recently taken to riding on his old pony around the western part of the island, as though taking farewell of it all. And in the evenings he would sit looking at the peat fire in the stove as though in the orange-colored depths he could see visions. And he would murmur quotations. Only that night, as he looked at the crimson peat turning yellow, Jocelyn had asked him what he saw.

“Behold, a white cloud, and upon the cloud one sat,” she had to lean closer to hear him, “‘having on his head a golden crown, and in his hand a sharp sickle.’”

“How does he seem, Grand-uncle? What are his looks?”

But the old man paid no heed to her.

“‘And he that sat on the cloud thrust in his sickle on the earth; and the earth was reaped.’”

The old man's white locks and burning eyes reminded her strangely of the stories she had heard in her youth of Peden the Prophet's visit to Ulster, when he had foretold the coming days. A chill came over her heart. She remembered a saying of her uncle's, out of Amos, when he insisted that whatever was to arrive in the world the wise men knew: “‘Surely the Lord God will do nothing, but he revealeth his secret unto his servants the prophets.’” She was suddenly afraid.

“‘And the winepress was trodden without the city,’”

he chanted in a low voice, "'and blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles, the space of a thousand and six hundred furlongs.'"

"Grand-uncle, wake!" she cried.

"Eh! Have I been sleeping, child? Come, you must go to bed."

"When you are in yours, my very dear."

It seemed to her that the old man's visions by the fire must come true, for the figure with the golden crown and sharp sickle could only be the Emperor of the French. And even in dreaming Man the roll of the recruiting sergeant's drum was sounding, and his red sash and ribbons and pocketful of shillings were luring the fisher-boys from their nets, and the turf-cutters in the Curragh were throwing down their loys, dreaming of taken cities, and prize-money, and the full-breasted girls of France. . . . Oh, God! more war! "And blood came out of the winepress, even unto the horse bridles"!

But a few days ago she had seen an Irish serving-girl on Peel pier looking toward Ireland in the west, and singing a heartbreaking song in the Irish tongue.

*"Mo slan go deo leat, a bhaile non gerann,
Is le gach baile eile raibh mo thriall ann,
'S iomaidh bealach fliuch salach agus boireen cam,
Eadar mise agus an baile bhfuil mo stor geal ann."*

"My farewell for ever with you, O Townland of the Trees, and to every townland that my wanderings were in. 'Tis many's the wet muddy highway and the crooked little road between me and the townland where my shining lover is!" The poor girl's Townland of the Trees reminded Jocelyn that she, too, had one, had had one, Derrymore of

the oak forest, and between her and the shining lover was the wet highway of the sea. . . . Her eyes were in tears in the moonlight and she looked for a handkerchief, but she had only her nightgown on, and she dashed the drops away with the back of her hand.

However she filled her days, whatever cares she took on herself, her mind was always full of her young husband. Even now she was terrified for him. She knew that he would be in London, helping Lord Castlereagh, and she was wondering what was becoming of him. He would not be at the wars—Lord Castlereagh held privily that battle was for plowboys—and on a staff he would be of no use. He would be with the clever men who were using armies as pawns. And there, she felt, his peril was greater than in the field. And it was her fault, too, she moaned: though she could not help it, it was her fault. . . . A wife's place was by her husband. She should be in London with him, but her heart rebelled. It did more than rebel. It forbade her to go. The blood that kept it pulsing was the same blood as had flowed in the veins of Munro. And when she was only a dark dreaming child, she had sat on the knees of William Orr, and laughed with Henry Joy with stale whisky on his breath, and warped, yellow McCracken. They were all dead, and hangman hands had defiled their clean bodies. But their souls were freed. And not so much was it a feeling of treachery to the glorious dead that kept her from London, but a feeling that it would defile her to be among the red-coated soldier-folk, who carried out some men's orders, and drew their pay and thought it fine to become cruel as animals, without the animals' chivalry. And worse than the soldiers—for soldiers were only pris-

oners, having sold body and mind into servitude, their red coats being their prison cells—were the sly, hypocritical statesmen, who deprecated this and deprecated that. “But it is for the good of the state,” went their parrot cry. How was it for the good of the state that clean men should pass by the dirty hands of an unshaven hangman for the crime of having loved their country: that poor Indians should be sweated of their gold: that the Irish prisoners of ninety-eight should be sold to the King of Prussia for use in his salt-mines: that in Jamaica poor black men should be driven among the sugar-cane by the overseer’s whip? If this were for the good of the state, then what a foul thing the state must be!

To be anywhere with Garrett, she had always thought, was to be in a musical, fitting place. But to be in England, among the masked, tortuous statesmen, her soul told her—that one place was barred to her. She knew how each statesman would refer to her as the niece of the unfortunate General Munro, and use her as an instance of how the Union was a success, she being there. And while they flattered her, and were most courteous, they would think in their heart of hearts that she was untrue to the memory of the dead. Also she knew she would have the sympathy of Englishwomen, and that would be horrible. They would be kind to her about her uncle and her childhood’s heroes, and then try to get details of their executions. There was something terribly morbid about Englishwomen, from duchess down to dairymaid. They loved executions, finding some vicarious delight in the descriptions of them; whether they thought of themselves as the hanged or the hangman she did not know, but it was horrible.

"Dear God, forgive me! Dear Garrett, forgive me! I could not go!"

Chill came through the window. The moon was well over the Irish Sea. It would be shining on Derrymore, on the Lake of Herons, now, and all would be quiet there but for the whistling otter, or the plunge of the poaching stoat. What hour it was she did not know, but to-morrow she would have to be about her gentle accustomed duties, visiting the sick, and helping her old grand-uncle. She rose from the window and went toward her bed, across which the moonlight now threw a beam. She knelt down.

"*Ar n Athair, tá or neamh*—Our Father, which art in heaven," she prayed, "Hallowed be Thy name . . ." She prayed through the Lord's Prayer. She said "*A Mhuire, Réalt na Mara*," the Manx fisher-folks' prayer—"Mary, Star of the Sea!" And then she said the prayer of the Irish children, "*Brat Bhride fa mo chionn!*"—The mantle of Bright be under my head!" That finished her formal prayers, but still she did not rise.

"Dear God," she cried suddenly, "keep him as I knew him, honest and clean and true. Don't let the dreadful, cynical men of Whitehall change him from the clean lake-side boy I knew. Dear God, if the world is going to spoil him, take him out of the world." She sobbed into the counterpane. "Don't let cunning come into his lake-blue eyes.

"Keep him clean as I knew him, dear Lord. Clean in body, as when on summer mornings he swam in the great lake, clean in mind as when in Antrim evenings he took me in his arms.

"Dear God, let him not lose his love of the quiet, health-

ful things, the riding of horses, the taking of the salmon, the stalking of the wild geese. Don't let him stay too long on the barren flags of London without going where the breath of the mountains gives pride and vigor. Dear God, don't let him forget Derrymore.

"Dear God, don't let him be too hard in his heart against Jocelyn. She could not help it. And when he puts me away—a bad wife—as he must for the sake of his home and his name, let him not be bitter. Dear God! Let him understand I loved him, love him still.

"Dear God, let him keep his courteous demeanor and ceremony. Don't let London and the men of London allure him to put on vulgarity, or the swagger of the cheap gamesters of London. Dear God, keep him from all evil men.

"And when he comes to the taking of a new wife, dear Lord, make her kindly, and simple in her heart, a woman with a beautiful merry face, and a firm fertile body, dear God! and an equable mind. Don't make her like Jocelyn—" She broke down completely and cried aloud. A verse of the song the poor serving-maid had sung came to her:

"Mas ag imtheacht tá tú anois, a voureen, go villa tú slón!"

"If it is departing you are now, my dear one, may you return safe.

It is certain that you have slain the heart within my breast.
I have no coracle I could put out in after you, nor little boat.
The deep is in its flood between us, and I cannot swim."

"Agas ní héal domh snámh," she sobbed. "I have no power of swimming. . . . *Agas ní héal domh snámh!"*

PART III

INTRODUCTION

THE very, very old ghost wandering around Saint Mark's would cower into the shades at every hoarse call of the French sentry. He had been so old and worn when he died, so bowed with trouble, that he was as frail in his spiritual state as he had been bodily. There was some place where the dead went, he knew, he could find it with the directional sense of birds, but each time he had adventured on the road there had been so many going thither, men with blood running into their eyes, men with the grime of battle on their cheeks, riders on shadowy horses, sailors with cutlasses, and with seaweed in their dark hair, such wind and rain and shuddering thunder of cannon, that each time he had come back to where his mortal body lay, in quiet Santa Maria agli Scalzi, the church of the Shoeless Friars.

For a long time he had not known he was dead. He had thought himself in some dreadful delirium, brought on by the terrible days. The last thing he remembered was assembling the aged Senate and dissolving them. The sound of the entering French could be heard in the room of the Council of Ten. He had handed his Doge's cap to an attendant, saying: "Take it away. It will not be needed again." After that he remembered nothing. He had dreams—terrible dreams of a pale young man in Saint Mark's Square, a man with burning eyes and bitter mouth, while

the populace shouted "*Viva la Liberta!*" and a tricolor floated where once Saint Mark's lion had faced the breeze. The heat of summer passed; the bora blew; winter came. There were high waters, and Saint Mark's Square was filled from the lagoons, and froze. The doves lay dead about the Campanile, their red feet brittle as small sticks. Then the old Doge began to understand it was no dream.

He sought everywhere for the four Corinthian horses that were Venice's pride, and for the Lion of Saint Mark that was Venice's glory, but he could find them nowhere. None saluted him as he walked through the streets, until one day a man leered at him, a man with a dreadful, evil face, great eyebrows and massive broken nose, with the cheeks scarred and the ear notched from sword-strokes. The old Doge recognized him for a notorious whoremaster and card cheat and cutthroat.

"So you have escaped from the Leads, fellow."

"Yes, I have escaped from the Leads." The man was insolent.

"Back to the Leads you must go." And the Doge looked around for the guard. But the man answered, "How can they put back in the Leads one who is dead?" And only then the old Doge noticed the thin red line about his neck, where the ax had passed.

But the old Doge was not afraid.

"So the dead are free!" The old patrician's face set in anger. "But is it permitted to an executed felon, even when dead, to speak to the Doge of Venice so?"

"But you are not Doge of Venice now," the man sneered. "You are only a poor dead man like myself." And he walked off, laughing a horrible soundless laugh. The old

Doge put up his thin, beautiful hand to his quivering mouth, and standing on the Paglia, the Bridge of Straw, tried to understand. A drunken gondolier, floundering along, instead of avoiding the Doge, walked straight through him. Then the old man knew he was dead.

He must have dropped lifeless, he decided, the moment he had handed over his Doge's cap. Well, it was no wonder. The strain had been terrible. When the French were approaching he had appealed to Austria for help, but Austria, he knew bitterly, was expecting a slice of the spoils for herself. He had tried appealing to the Directory in France, who were jealous of the young general's growing power. But General Bonaparte had intercepted his letter, he was told. He had also said with a grimace, "Their Republic has been."

The tragedy of it all, the last Doge thought, was that he was so old when the rape of the republic had taken place—a man of ninety years, with brown blotches on his gray face. Had he been half a century younger, how he would have faced this officer with his rabble of looters who dared to preach liberty in Venice! What a blasphemy! Venice was established and happy when Cassiodorus, Theodoric the Great's secretary, wrote to the Maritime Tribunes that in the islands of Venice, spread like the Cyclades, rich and poor live in equality; they flee from the vice of envy, to which the whole world is enslaved. When the East and the West were aflame, Lombards in the West and the Byzantine Empire in the East, quiet and peaceful strong Venice lived. Was not Venice first to prohibit traffic in slaves, when the pashas of the East were offering untold gold for Russian and Circassian girls? Was

not Venice the only state in Europe that challenged the feudal system of Otho II—challenged and survived? And when chivalry was spoken of, what name outshone that of Enrico Dandolo, the old blind Doge, who reduced Constantinople?

In the shadow of the Friars' Church, the shadowy ruler murmured over the things he might have said to the young firebrand of France. The barefoot monks muttered their mass, from *Introibo ad altare Dei* to *Ite, missa est*, while the voice of the frail ghost rose from a murmur to thunder. Ho! they might inveigh against rulers, but what did a Doge see written before his ducal seat in Saint Mark's?

Love justice, give all men their rights: let the poor and the widow, the ward and the orphan, O Doge, hope for a guardian in thee. Be compassionate toward all: let not fear nor hate nor love nor gold betray thee. Thou shalt perish as a flower: thou shalt become dust, and as thy deeds have been, so after death shall be thy reward.

And Messer il Doge was held to that. When Marino Faliero plotted against the liberties of the republic, his head paid forfeit. Of the great families from which the doges were chosen—Contarini, Loredani, Michieli, Morosini, Tiepolo, Dandolo, Cornari—which ever elevated itself permanently? What fortified castle did they have? They dwelt in houses lapped by the sea, each by another's side in amity. What banditti did they keep, like the ruffing swordsmen of the Sforzas? If they became masters of the republic, it was by being the republic's servants. They might have been merciless to rivals and opponents, but they were very gentle to the people, prudent in finance,

furthering civilization. If Venice was rich it was because Venice was honest. The ducat of fine gold that for centuries had been the standard of Europe was of Venetian coinage. What was written on the apse of San Giacomo di Rialto, around which the commerce of the lagoon empire was centered? "*Hoc circa templum sit jus mercatoribus aequum*—around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, his covenants faithful."

The last Doge's shade would remember that in speaking so loud he must disturb the faithful at their prayers and the friars at their offices. But as he peered through the shadows of the church he saw they paid no attention to him. They only heard the little mass-bell and bowed their heads as the priest said the secret prayers. And the old man would remember that he was a ghost, and his voice only less than the shadow of a voice, and he would be silent with the fearful mystery of it all.

But the shadow of his mind went on, and the shadow of his voice would follow, extolling the Venice that he loved, the Venice that for thirteen hundred years had been untrodden by conqueror. Neither Odoacer nor Charlemagne had been empowered to touch it. Surely it must be a dreadful mistake that this pale young soldier had conquered. He did not seem a soldier; nothing like the great soldiers the Venetians knew—the burly Carlo Zeno, the huge Carmagnola, the iron-thewed Bartolommeo Colleoni. Why did he come? To advance civilization? In the city where Petrarch wrote and Titian painted, forsooth! To distil freedom? On the fingers of both hands could be counted the years since Admiral Angelo Emo had humbled the Bey and cleaned the seas of the Algerine pirates.

To put down vice? It was twenty years since the Ridotto, the public gaming-hall, was suppressed. The Council of Ten had thought of seeking new members of the Great Council among provincial families. That was not the action of a tyrant, he added fiercely, standing aside to let the mass priest and his little acolyte pass into the sacristy. . . . The church emptied, and Messer il Doge was alone again with his heavy tomb.

Dark crept up from the east like a stalking cat. The last rays of the sun fell on the bell-towers of Venice, on the campanile of Saint Mark, of the Frari, of Saint George of the Sclavonians, of Saint George of the Greeks, of Saint George the Greater, of Santa Maria of the Miracles, of Santa Maria the Mother of the Lord, of Saint John, of the Redeemer. Of old, in the rising sun the bell-towers had been threatening spears to the west, in the setting sun the bared blades of sentries guarding the great republic, Sparta's sister. But now the world knew they were only things of cardboard, theatrical properties. The Queen of Cities was deflowered, a jest to every upstart nation in the West. A conqueror had come with the words of a prophet and the gesture of a thief.

He had gone now, this Napoleon, a brigand of the type Venice had known in and stamped out of Corfu and Cyprus and Crete, and with him he had taken the bronze horses that were Trajan's, and Saint Mark and the Lion, and he had rifled Saint Mark's treasury and the churches of their pictures, and the library of its rare books. He had gone, and the old Doge thought he had better go, too. The last time he had ventured on the highway of shadows, it had seemed to him that people were looking for him. Over

the dreadful traffic of the way, over the plumed commander who, with drawn sword, was shouting, "*En avant, camarades!*" to a squadron which was not there, past the Russian cavalry flogging their shaggy ponies as they rode, past the gunners who walked on with their battle-grimed faces set and the gun-swabs clutched in their bloody hands, past the dank men who had arisen from the sea, he had seen the worried faces of Venetian men who were evidently seeking him. Ducal servants clad in the fashion of centuries before were crying, "Messer il Doge!" and he recognized the face of a girl he had known—Great God! seventy years ago, seventy, seventy years ago! And he had crept through the shadowy hordes, back to the quiet church. But now he would go, he told himself. The men who were seeking him would lead him to where God sat in state, and before the Judgment Seat he would claim justice for the rape of the republic. He would claim justice from God against this Napoleon.

The lapping of water against the mooring piles of Venice came to him, and he remembered the gleaming Venetian sea, to wed whom with a ring he had sailed to the Lido in the great galley called the *Bucentoro*. The cry of the gondolier through broad canal and narrow rio came into the church of the Shoeless Friars. It was like the cry of a heartbroken lover, the cry of the city bewailing its greatness gone. The last Doge drew himself up. He would not depart, and be with Christ, which is far better. He would stay by his city. Until the horses came back to the cathedral, and the Lion of Saint Mark was replaced in the Piazzetta, he would stay. By God in heaven, and by God on that altar, he would remain at his post. . . .

CHAPTER X

I

GARRETT found Castlereagh looking younger than he had ever seen him. The cheery Canning had imposed some of his own irresponsible gaiety into the dour Northerner. The Secretary for War told Garrett that already they had begun to move. A hundred thousand pounds sterling, in gold, and twice that amount of value in provisions had been sent to the King of Prussia. A courier had just arrived with the news that a treaty had been signed at Bartenstein between Prussia and the Czar that neither should make peace without the other. Castlereagh had in mind the sending of twenty thousand troops to coöperate with the Swedes. The Swedish contingent was to be raised to eighteen thousand strong and taken into English pay. The Czar would be a little hard to handle. He openly insisted he had been betrayed by England; no help, no subsidies had been given to him the winter before. His request for a loan had been refused. But Castlereagh had maneuvered the treaty between Prussia and the tempestuous Muscovite, and was now making it worth Prussia's while to stay in arms. He offered Prussia one million pounds for the campaign of the coming year, suggesting there would be more to follow. Canning, all for action, was furious that the Whig Government had dismantled

the transport service. The English could not be despatched immediately to the Elbe. Castlereagh was bland. Prussia and Russia would hold the baby, to use a vulgar phrase, until all was ready.

"You are accustomed to deal with politicians and not with men, Castlereagh," Canning had rapped out. "The Czar will not wait."

But Castlereagh only smiled. He turned to Garrett:

"And how is Ireland?"

"Dull, my Lord."

"But peaceful and prosperous."

"Peaceful," Garrett told him. "The Threshers seemed to be quiet. A few tithe proctors have disappeared, but, on the whole, home is fairly peaceful."

"Did you hear anything of recruiting, Garry?"

"In spite of the high bounties offered, my Lord, recruiting is at a standstill. I don't know how these things get about, my Lord, but the country is sure there is going to be an intensive campaign against the French, and the peasant is looking forward to making money out of it, especially in the South. Those who feel like fighting, I am afraid, are going in sloops out of Kinsale, Waterford, and Bantry to take up arms with the French. There's no disloyalty in it, but just that there is a greater chance of advancement under Bonaparte."

"Ireland needs looking after." Castlereagh's face became frozen and mask-like. "But we have a good man as secretary there." He turned quickly to Garrett. "Garrett, what do they think of General Wellesley in Ireland?"

"Not very much, my Lord. They always remember him as the member for Trim, and the street singers remind the

people in their ballads of how he stole a stick from a French gentleman and played the quiz around the Rotunda. They think more of his brother."

"They are wrong," Castlereagh said savagely. "He will be the greatest general in the world. But Ireland is Ireland: no matter to what heights a man may rise, they can always remember the foolish things of his youth." His usually impassive face worked bitterly, and Garrett knew he was thinking of himself. "However—has madame come with you to London?"

"No, my Lord." Garrett was puzzled. He was sure Castlereagh knew Jocelyn was in the Isle of Man.

"She is at Derrymore?"

"No, my Lord."

"Ah! I was wondering, Garrett," Castlereagh's face was like a face of stone, "if there were any way in which I could be of help to you." Garrett knew he was hinting at a divorce.

"There is none, thank you, sir," he said firmly. "And now, my Lord, is there anything you wish done?"

"There is just this little matter, Garrett. Cardinal York, the younger brother of the Young Pretender, is dying—or is dead, probably, now—at Rome. He is styled by the Jacobites Henry the Ninth. There is afoot in France a plan to have the old man bequeath the royal titles of England and Scotland to the King of Sardinia. This seems unimportant, of course. But it is important that every Jacobite officer of military experience should be in the service of his Majesty. Therefore we wish it to be made known, not by public announcement, but privately through ordinary intelligences, that Cardinal York has been, since he

fled to Venice, in receipt of a pension from his Majesty of four thousand pounds a year. That will be in the nature of a shock to our romantic Jacobite friends. The old man has no particular liking for his Majesty, but is dazzled by the Prince of Wales. He will bequeath to the present dynasty of England the crown jewels taken by James the Second out of the country. Can you take care of this, Garrett?"

"Easily, sir." He waited a moment. "My Lord, you are very busy with Parliamentary affairs, and not a military man. Neither am I. But—doesn't Mr. Canning's desire for haste in the matter of sending men to help the Czar seem a reasonable one? My Lord, if Dantzic is taken and later the Czar defeated, Europe is lost."

"Perhaps." Castlereagh smiled. "Mr. Canning is an immediatist, Garrett. I like to play a long, slow game. Perhaps a victorious Czar would be a greater menace to England than Napoleon, for Constantinople would be at his feet and India at his mercy. Our ally the Czar is an ambitious young man. He has a name which makes him dream—Alexander. And he is none too well affected toward this country now."

"But if he is defeated, my Lord, the blockade against English goods will be more severe still."

"Oh, that blockade! Napoleon was the first to infringe it. Sixty-six thousand woolen greatcoats and vests and a quarter-million pairs of boots were sold to him by our merchants recently through Hamburg."

"To fight the Russians in!" Garrett cried.

"Precisely!" Castlereagh smiled. "To fight the Russians in."

II

London this spring was an abode of beauty. The quiet gardens of the Temple were ablaze with flowers. From the top of Fleet Street the turrets and dome of Saint Paul's in the evening light were like a mirage seen in a desert. From Blackfriars Bridge the Houses of Parliament rose from the waterside with a strange subdued loveliness.

After the quiet of Derrymore the din and bustle of the streets were a relief to Garrett. The carriages with liveried outriders followed by the donkey carts of gipsies; the barges and wherries of the river; the bustle of Covent Garden with its wilderness of stage wagons, vans, hacks and cabs, trucks and drays; the riders in Hyde Park; the islets of Saint James's Park, with their chatter of water-fowl, the jingle and hum of the coffee-houses, reminded him that this city was the center of the world. He drove through Richmond Park with Lord Moira's party—small deer galloping through the maze of beech-trees and rhododendrons—to the Epsom meeting, where he saw the beautiful filly Briseis win the Oaks, the younger Sam Chiffney sending her past the post in that rush of his that made him a greater rider than his father. . . . So as to be out in the country, Garrett took on himself the carrying of despatches to Windsor, passing along the quiet Thames, by the groves of oak and willow, past the fields where the Eton boys were throwing off their red coats to play cricket. The grim old building of Windsor was barer within than his own house at Derrymore. But from the battlements the green fields were like silken banners, and the rich elms and great tufted oaks gave the land an air of richness that

Ireland never had. An equerry presented Garrett to his Majesty, but the old man could hardly see him and could not hear him at all. So that the occasion was embarrassing. The old King was very gentle, it seemed to Garrett, but he could not understand how this wraith of royalty still ruled the strong and supple Ministry. Beneath the King's brow he could see the wear and tear of his reign—an old man with tragedy in his all but sightless eyes.

Summer went on in the quiet English fashion. Swans moved with their vast dignity over the Thames, their broods of cygnets avoiding somehow the raids of stoats and water-rats. The nightingales filled Surrey with a rushing river of song.

Garrett went to Moulsey Hurst to see Dutch Sam fight Tom Belcher, for two hundred guineas a side. It was thought that his beautiful boxing and advantage of two stone in weight would give Belcher the victory over the terrific slogging of the Whitechapel Jew, particularly as Dutch Sam boasted he trained on gin. But the game East-sider hammered his opponent mercilessly, taking all the Bristol man could give him. In the thirty-fourth round Belcher fell, and a blow of Sam's, having been loosed before he dropped, struck him when he was on his knees. Amid cries of foul, Gentleman Jackson entered the ring and declared the blow perfectly fair, but the umpire, Berkeley Craven, Lord Craven's son, and Captain Barclay decided to refer the point to Lord Saye and Sele. An unsatisfactory ending. Garrett thought Dutch Sam had been robbed.

There was a great deal to be done at the War Office. General Wellesley came across from Ireland post-haste,

twice, and there were long consultations. The Irish Viceroy, the Duke of Richmond, complained bitterly of his secretary's absence, but Castlereagh and Canning soothed him. There was evidently much ado quietly, and Garrett caught the words "Denmark" and "Copenhagen" mentioned very often. General Wellesley was very different from what Garrett had imagined him to be. Men who had been members of the old Irish Parliament had spoken of the member for Trim as an irresponsible light-weight, but Garrett found an iron strain in this sallow, grim man. "You're from Ireland, young Dillon. A nation of cut-throats. If Napoleon could get a fleet and invade it, England would lose it to-morrow."

"But Napoleon won't get a fleet." Castlereagh smiled and Wellesley laughed outright. Garrett wondered what was in the air. Mr. Francis Jackson, who had been ambassador in Constantinople, and Minister Plenipotentiary to France after the Peace of Amiens, was on a special mission to Denmark—one of some danger, too, Lord Castlereagh had hinted. At any moment he was expected home. Dantzic fell, taken by Marshal Lefebvre, but, while the merchants of England were perturbed, the Secretary for War was calm. There was criticism of the Government for not having sent troops to help the beleaguered town, but Castlereagh only smiled, and Canning inveighed against the former Government for leaving the office short of transport facilities.

But worse news was to come. The Czar, it seemed, had attacked the French savagely at the Bridge of Platoff; the hetman of the Cossacks had saved the Russian Army from utter destruction. A few days later the Russians were en-

ticed into battle against what seemed a feeble corps on the banks of the Aller. General Benningsen crossed the river westward and only on the morning of the anniversary of Marengo did he discover himself facing the Grand Army, with the Emperor himself in command, and all retreat cut off by the river at his back. The havoc was terrible, the Russians fighting with a dogged fury. But when night fell the great army of the Czar was a broken thing. Fifteen thousand men had been killed, including thirty general officers. On hearing of the disaster, the King of Prussia evacuated Königsberg, which Marshal Soult took, gaining immense stores of provisions, and the one hundred and sixty thousand stand of muskets which Castlereagh had recently sent from England.

And still worse news was to come. Had Friedland been only a defeat, it would have meant that the young Czar and the King of Prussia would have nursed their desire for revenge until the Corsican had grown so bloated and big as to be unable to move, and then they could have struck. But at Tilsit, on the Niemen, a flying bridge had been constructed where Napoleon and the young Czar and the wretched King of Prussia met to talk over peace terms. One would have thought that the Corsican ape, with his rages, his arrogance, his bad taste, would have aroused hell in the bosoms of the Russian and Prussian monarchs. But by something only short of magic, the little fat man won over the Russian bear, was dignified and kind, after a time, to the Prussian King. From Lords Leveson Gower and Hutchinson, and from Sir George Jackson, came unbelievable accounts of the doings at Tilsit. The Czar Alexander and Napoleon were walking arm in arm, embracing

each other as they met and when they took leave. The King of Prussia dined with Napoleon. A soldier of the Russian Imperial Guard was presented to Bonaparte and received the Golden Eagle of the Legion of Honor. Bonaparte himself was decorated with the Russian Order of Saint Andrew. Napoleon's Guards treated the Life Guards of the enemy monarchs to a banquet, after which they exchanged uniforms. It was all so mad. On the soil where Russian and Prussian and Frenchman had been fighting to the death for years, now they were fraternizing as though they had been reared on the same mother's milk. England could not understand it.

But England understood very quickly when George Canning received the articles of the peace. Prussia, her old stand-by in Europe, was reduced to a second-class power. The western provinces of Prussia were added to other German acquisitions to make a Kingdom of Westphalia for Jerome Bonaparte. Joseph Bonaparte's Kingdom of Naples, and Louis Bonaparte's Kingdom of Holland were recognized officially by Russia. Berlin and other great Prussian fortresses were to remain in the hands of the French until an exorbitant indemnity was paid. The future amity of Napoleon with the Czar was to depend on Alexander's enmity to England. The British blockade was imposed upon Prussia and adopted by the new monarchy. It was said that Napoleon had secretly agreed with Alexander that Alexander should be permitted the conquest of European Turkey and the Swedish province of Finland, in return for which Alexander promised not to interfere with Napoleon in the appropriation of Spain, Portugal, and England.

There was all but a panic in England now. But quietly, as though Bonaparte were a small monarch at the end of the world, public business went on. The Czar of the Russias offered to mediate between Napoleon and England, but with a great show of nobility George Canning refused the offer. And quietly, and with a smile at the corner of his merry eyes, Canning kept closeted with Brook Taylor, a descendant of the mathematician and one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office. Garrett was asked for a messenger to ride to Lord Spencer's seat at Haselbeach and he gave Canning Basilio. Mr. Jackson, on request, traveled eighty miles in eleven hours with a coach and four horses. That Mr. Jackson was in town was to be kept secret.

In the office of the Secretary for War, Admiral Gambier and Lord Cathcart came and went, and the shriveled, yellow-looking Arthur Wellesley. The brother of the Indian Viceroy stopped to observe to Garrett that he had left Ireland. "There are none remaining there but blackguards," he said bitterly. "Of course one can only speak of the people one meets," Garrett told him dryly. And the Indian general looked at him with cold malice. But Castle-reagh, coming in, smiled.

"Garry, you mustn't quarrel with General Wellesley. It speaks well enough for England that we three Irish are here."

"Bloody rebel!" Garry thought he heard Wellesley say as he moved into the secretary's private room. But Castle-reagh laughed his gentle, modulated laugh.

A few days later he noticed a quiet smile on Castle-reagh's white face.

"You look happy, my Lord."

"I am pleased," Castlereagh admitted. "In a week from now Bonaparte will be furious." And again he smiled.

"Are we attacking him?"

"Yes," Castlereagh admitted. "That is, indirectly of course. Garrett, will you tell Mr. Canning that he and I and Mr. Jackson should have a talk before Mr. Jackson sails?"

CHAPTER XI

I

THE Danish Prince Royal was a heavy-boned, uncouth man, whose clothes did not fit him. Indeed, Mr. F. E. Jackson, sitting opposite to him in his Highness's quarters at Kiel, looked more the aristocrat than the Prince. The Prince tugged at his straggling mustache, and had the look in his eyes of an animal about to charge in panic he knew not what. Mr. Jackson's suave face had a look of amiability about it, but his blue eye was cold and determined.

"Do I understand you to say," the Prince asked, "that you demand the junction of the Danish and English fleets?"

"Exactly that, your Royal Highness."

"You ask—no, demand—a neutral country to join you in your way against the French. This is the most shameful request I have ever heard. On the part of my father, the King, I refuse."

"Your Royal Highness does not quite understand the situation. If the junction of the fleets is refused, it is the determination of his Britannic Majesty to enforce it."

"You mean the English will attack the unfortified town of Copenhagen and the Danish fleet."

"It is the sincere hope of his Majesty's Government that such a step will prove unnecessary."

"When Count Bernstorff told me yesterday of your interview with him, Mr. Jackson, I could not believe my ears. I had to hear it from your own lips. By God, man!" The Dane was shaking with rage, but by a vast effort he controlled himself. "Are you in your right senses, Mr. Jackson?"

Mr. Jackson flushed. Accusations like this were not in the tone of diplomacy. "Your Royal Highness," he said a little sharply, "is permitting yourself expressions which in a cooler moment you cannot but regret. I will tell your Royal Highness what I told Count Bernstorff yesterday. It has come to the knowledge of his Majesty's Government that the *soi-disant* Emperor of the French intends exactly the step we are seeking to avoid—an attack on the Danish kingdom."

"Your apprehensions are groundless, Mr. Jackson. No notification has been made by the French that they intend invading Holstein. Moreover, why should they? The emperor Napoleon has no excuse for attacking Denmark. We are far removed from the intrigues of Europe. We are happy here. Our people are happy. Our people are not crying for liberty; they possess it. There is no tyranny to break, in Denmark. I ask you: what excuse would Napoleon have for attacking us?"

"Political expediency."

"And what excuse have you?"

"The saving of Denmark," said Mr. Jackson.

"Mr. Jackson, you strongly tempt me to ally myself with the Emperor of the French."

"Your Royal Highness is late for that. Admiral Gambier, Lord Cathcart, and Sir Arthur Wellesley are lying

off Copenhagen with their instructions from his Majesty's Government," Mr. Jackson uttered dryly.

"You mean you are going to attack a neutral and Christian country without one shadow of excuse. With a fleet that has been victorious at Trafalgar and with troops inured to fighting in the American and Indian campaigns, you are going to attack a small, peaceful country."

"His Majesty's Government is assured the situation will not arise, that your Royal Highness will see that it is in the best interests of Denmark—"

"But it will arise," the Prince Royal thundered. Mr. Jackson noticed a change in the slouching Dane. He stood up. His shoulders were back. His head high. His Norse eyes were blazing. Mr. Jackson wondered what the Prince Royal reminded him of. Ah, yes. Take off those ill-fitting modern garments, and put him in mail and with a winged helmet on his head, and he might have been one of those Vikings out of old time—Harold Blue-tooth, or Sven Forkbeard, or Earl Thorkil the High.

"Mr. Jackson, we are a very old country, very free. We have always loved justice. When we were lords of England, we brought a civilization to it. If we had desired a continual warfare, we might have been as rich now as England is. But in one thing we do hold ourselves rich, and that is honor. If the Emperor of the French were to invade us to-morrow, I would do what I am going to do now, against your invasion. I would put myself at the head of what troops we have and defend my country against a piratical invasion, even though we die to the last man. It will be a shock to your employers, Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, that there are peoples who can be neither

bought nor terrified. You can go now and tell your admirals and generals to attack. They may not find Copenhagen as easy to take as they imagine. And one word more, Mr. Jackson: in England you still point out in your cathedral cities the skins of Danes nailed to the doors of some of your churches as a quaint and amusing relic of old days. By the glory of the Face of God, you may find the skins of Englishmen on Danish doors henceforward!"

Mr. Jackson was furious. But his diplomatic training stood him in good stead. Not for nothing was he called *l'aimable Jackson*.

"Your Royal Highness is naturally put about. I am instructed by Mr. Canning to give you eight days to consider the matter."

"Not eight seconds, Mr. Jackson."

"Nevertheless, I shall go to Copenhagen for your answer—if I am permitted."

"Of course you are permitted. In Copenhagen you will be received with every courtesy. But you will not see me."

"Your Royal Highness is not going to Copenhagen?"

"By God, I am! I shall be in Copenhagen, but at the head of my troops!"

II

Lord Cathcart admitted to himself that he didn't care much for his job. He looked at the snug, smug Danish city from the quarter-deck of the *Prince of Wales*, old Gambier's flag-ship, and decided that attacking it would be as though Jem Mace the pugilist were to go for some fat citizen who kept a haberdasher's shop. He wondered how

a quiet, respectable people like the Danes could ever have conquered Scotland—England he could understand.

This Mr. Jackson, too, the Scots general could not abide. He was perfectly certain that the man had mucked his business. Called himself a diplomat, too. "Damn me!" swore the general, "a diplomat represents his king to other kings, and should be a gentleman." This Johnson—no, Jackson!—was a gentlemanly fellow, but not a gentleman. His people were respectable bodies, clergymen and schoolmasters, but clergymen he always found had a great streak of vanity in them, and schoolmasters were nearly always bullies. There was more religion in old Gambier than in the whole Bench of Bishops. Old Gambier could pray sincerely for the souls of his enemies while he was banging hell out of them. No, he couldn't stand this Robinson or Jackson at all. Lord Cathcart was certain that if he'd been talking to the Prince Royal, he could have made the man see sense. The King of Denmark was a lunatic, just like the King of England, but the Prince Regent was no lunatic. But man! these things had to be handled delicately. None of your clergyman stock revolting against their patrons, or schoolmasters talking to a cornered gentleman as though he were a snotty-nosed school-boy.

This second in command, too, Wellesley, he didn't care much for. A cruel, ruthless man. Hated his country, Ireland. Guid God! there must be something uncommon dirty in a man to feel like that. The Scots accent of his youth, that Eton had not conquered, came out in the general when he was excited. A good commander, Castlereagh had told him, that smooth devil. Ay, but was he a good soldier? He had done well in India, where his brother was

Viceroy. But would he have done so well had he been in the wars in which Lord Cathcart had taken part? If he had been in the storming of Forts Clintock and Montgomery against the stout American rebels, or at the battle of Monmouth Court House, or again in Ireland fighting against the Irish pikemen mad with love of country and poverty? Or at Büren in Germany, where Lord Cathcart had stopped the enemy advance with a single brigade? Well, time would tell, said the Scots general. In the meantime, orders were orders. He must take this town. Besides, if he and Gambier got the ships, there would be a quarter-million pounds sterling to be divided between them, and after the war times would be hard, and he had his boys' careers to think of. But he was going to give the Danes time to think it over. Mr. Jackson had told him that the water-supply of Copenhagen, he had found out, could be cut off with ease. Just the sort of thing Mr. Jackson would discover. Mr. Jackson didn't seem to understand when Lord Cathcart said he would do the Danes the courtesy of fighting them.

With great dignity Lord Cathcart landed his army ten miles north of Copenhagen. The garrison of the Danish town consisted, his reports told him, of four thousand regular troops, and the *landwehr*, a mere armed rabble. No guns were mounted on the ramparts, no embrasures cut. All the Danes did was to bring out some *proams* and floating batteries against the fleet and to cut away the buoys. A despatch from Admiral Gambier told Lord Cathcart that he was afraid that Mr. Jackson had decided to go on a trip to Sweden before the firing began. Mr.

Jackson had said: "*Je ne suis pas payé pour cela*. I am not paid for that sort of thing." Lord Cathcart smiled.

The opposing general was M. de Peumann, an old man of seventy, and Lord Cathcart was eager to give him a chance to surrender. He sent out a small body of horse, who took nine hundred men prisoners and captured a magazine of gunpowder. The Danes shelled the ships containing the German legion, for two hours without effect. Gambier captured a Danish West Indiaman, and on the twenty-fifth of August loosed a terrific cannonade for five hours, more to frighten than destroy. A thirty-six-gun frigate was captured by the sloop *Canopus*, without the loss to the British of a single man.

Lord Cathcart erected his batteries, but put off the bombardment from day to day. He sent in an urgent summons to surrender before he began firing. With four thousand men General Wellesley fought a Danish corps, killing and wounding nine hundred men and making fifteen hundred prisoners, among them a general officer. The poor devils wore woolen jackets, striped red and green, and wooden clogs. After the first fire they threw away their weapons and ran. It was rumored that the Prince Royal had given orders to destroy the fleet. The garrison of Copenhagen burned down the suburbs.

On the second of September, Lord Cathcart threw two thousand shells into the town, and Admiral Gambier kept firing at it all through the night. Catamaran rockets vied with shells in the work of destruction and soon the town was on fire in three places. In spite of repeated requests for surrender the seventy-year-old Danish general replied

he must defend to the last. The wind was high, flames spread with incredible voracity. The principal church took flame and the spire became a burning pyramid before it crashed in a fountain of sparks. At five miles' distance Admiral Gambier could read despatches on his quarter-deck by the light of the burning city.

On the seventh of September, Copenhagen capitulated. Over three hundred houses were in ashes. The university and cathedral were total ruins. Seventeen ships of the line were delivered to Admiral Gambier, with twelve frigates and thirty-five gunboats, all valued at two million pounds sterling. The loss of life in Copenhagen was not computed.

As a reward for the taking of Copenhagen, three hundred thousand pounds were divided between Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier. Lord Cathcart, tenth Baron Cathcart in the peerage of Scotland, was made an English viscount. The praying admiral was raised to the peerage, and all other flag and general officers were made baronets. The poor mad King was brought to his death-bed by the shock. The incensed Prince Royal made an alliance with Napoleon, after which his Majesty's Government were reluctantly compelled to declare war on Denmark.

III

The news of the bombardment of Copenhagen struck Garrett, as it had struck half England, with horror. That the matter had been planned carefully for months before was beyond doubt. The secret visit of Mr. Jackson to Denmark in early summer seemed a piece of unwarrant-

able treachery. The envoy had been such friends with the Danish minister, Count Bernstorff, and with his younger brother, Count Joachim Bernstorff, that from them he must have extracted much valuable information. It seemed as foul a piece of work as he had ever heard of. Mr. Canning was exultant. Beneath Castlereagh's cold mask Garrett could read satisfaction. But regarding the bombardment Garrett said nothing. The Secretary for War was the first to mention it.

"I take it, Garrett, that you do not approve of the capture of the Danish fleet."

"I do not, my Lord."

"No more do I, Garrett," Castlereagh said calmly, "and yet it was necessary."

"As how, sir?"

"If we had not taken it, Bonaparte would."

"I don't see that a contemplated piracy of General Bonaparte's excuses an actual piracy by us, my Lord."

"My dear Garrett, at Tilsit, Bonaparte and the Czar agreed to call on Denmark, Sweden, and Portugal to close their ports against England and to declare war on her. In case of their refusal they were to be treated as enemies."

"But Sweden has not closed her ports."

"Sweden is being attacked. So you see we were right."

"I see we were wrong, my Lord. For if the Prince Royal of Denmark fought us so valiantly, he would have been just as valiant against the French."

"But the French would have won, Garrett, and Napoleon would have had the ships before we could help. Now we have the ships, and the Sound, and the Czar of Russia is held in the Baltic like a rat in a corner."

"Nevertheless, my Lord, it was a wrong thing."

A little spot of red was burning on either cheek of Castlereagh's marble face. He snapped the quill between his fingers and threw it away.

"If any one was wrong, it was Mr. Canning, for never was a piece of diplomacy so botched. I thought that Denmark would be an easy prey to the French. So it would. But I also thought that a show of force would have been enough without the actual use of it." He passed his hand across his forehead. "Great God!" he cried, "it seems to be my fate that wherever my finger touches, blood flows! And every corpse in Europe seems blamed on me. Except for those to whom I am useful, I am avoided as though I were the wretched barber who hangs men for the gaol fee. I except you, Garrett." He had become so bitter that young Dillon felt a surge of pity for the man. "Do you know, when I was young, I was a member of the United Irishmen; I even founded a society for the study of the Irish tongue; I dreamed of freedom, as young Irishmen dream. I gave all that up for this. I impoverished my family to save a king who loathes me, to work with men who hate me, to save a people who will spit on my grave when I am dead."

"My Lord, you are overwrought with the strain of it all. You imagine these things."

"Do I?" Castlereagh's smile was terrible. "Garrett, were I to leave public service to-morrow and retire, to get peace and strength from the Irish hills, would I be welcomed? What hunt would be proud to have me? Do you think I could be at ease on the Ards of Down, watching the little ships come in, with a hundred hating eyes like

knives stabbing into my back? Do you think I could venture fishing without a body-guard? I have given up my country for them, and I tell you, when I am dead they will cheer." He walked across to the window and shook his fist terribly at the passers-by. "Damn you! Damn you! Damn you all!"

"Easy, my Lord." Garrett went across and took his arm, and let him back to his chair. He was afraid for a minute that the minister had gone mad. "You are very tired, sir. That is evident."

"I suppose you will want to go home, after the Copenhagen affair, if you feel that way, Garrett."

"I, my Lord? Of course not," Garrett lied. He would not leave Castlereagh now. There was no doubt about it that the man had been on the verge of madness for a minute. "There will be other Trafalgars to make up for this."

"There will be no more Trafalgars, Garry." Castlereagh shook his head. "But we will soon fight Napoleon on his own ground."

"Sir, is there anything you wish me to do?"

"Yes." The Secretary for War rustled among his papers. "I wish you to go down to Gosfield and see the Comte de Lille—"

"The King of France, my Lord?"

"The Comte de Lille, Garrett. Until he is actually King of France, he is the Comte de Lille to us. He will ask you why England is doing nothing against Bonaparte. He has a shrewd idea he will be one day on the throne again, but before he is on his throne again he will cede to England the colonies of Tobago, St. Lucia, Île de France, Rodri-

guez Island, and the Seychelles, leave Malta and her dependencies to us, and hand over the Ionian Islands. He himself will bring the conversation as to what quid pro quo his Majesty's Government will expect in case of a restoration. You can be quite blunt about it."

"To the King of France, sir?"

"To the fat sponge in the lent house in Essex. And Garrett!"

"Yes, my Lord."

"Didn't your wife have an uncle or grand-uncle a canon in the Isle of Man, a Reverend Mr. Munro?"

"She is staying with him there, my Lord."

The Secretary picked up the "Morning Post" from his desk. "I am afraid," he said quietly, "that the poor old gentleman is dead."

A footman came in to the library on slithering, servile feet. "General Sir Arthur Wellesley to see your Lordship."

"Show him in," Castlereagh said, and before Garrett's eyes Lord Castlereagh put over his features of a tortured Irishman the cold, inscrutable mask of his Majesty's Secretary for War.

IV

Garrett had thought the letter to his wife would be very difficult to write, but, once started, the packed thought of years came on to paper with extraordinary ease:

I have only heard from the journal of the death of your grand-uncle [he wrote]. And from what I have heard of him, from you and from those Manxmen with whom I have come in contact, this late and appalling century was vouchsafed a

saint and prophet. I am sorry for your sake and for his parishioners. But when one has reached his years the body becomes so worn that it is useless. A man in winter with a threadbare coat. He earned his translation. . . . I hope you will not think I am meddling in the affairs of your family if I interest myself in the refilling of the vacant parish. Both churches, of England and Ireland, have become in hazardous wartime a bag of spoils for politicians, and if I did not meddle God knows whose secretary or what lady's chaplain might not get the post. For what work I am doing for this Government I have asked neither honors nor money, so that his Majesty's ministers are under some obligation to me. I shall make it my affair to see that your grand-uncle's successor is a man of whom he would have approved. His flock shall not be abandoned. I promise you that.

And now for a bout of plain speaking, Jocelyn. I wish you to return to Derrymore at once and to take up the reins of government there. I will explain myself. You spoke of my getting a bill of divorce through Parliament for myself. I have always felt strongly against it. It seems to me so un-Irish. I cling to my people's belief in one birth, one marriage, one death. If a marriage turns out unfortunate, put up with it, that is all. Whether or not our union has turned out unfortunate, I do not know. We had a year of great happiness. We still retain an affection and a respect for each other, which is vastly more than many other people do after a year. The only excuse for my marrying again would be to have children to follow me at Derrymore. If I married for that reason and were disappointed, it would be abysmal tragedy. I feel also assured of this, that if children were to come, they would have come in our year of marriage. You know [he wrote honestly], the Dillons of Derrymore are not in the habit of having numerous progeny. Perhaps in this generation the fertility has come to an end. If it be that be the case, as to me seems more than probable, it is you who are robbed.

Another matter that may occur to you—you will pardon me for mentioning it—is whether I should not at a later date feel impelled to marry because of attraction. Our family has never kept mistresses; that is a tradition. Without being pious, I can say that one of the few prophecies that admit of logical belief is “Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.” Even if

I were impelled toward women, I'm damned if I would risk our melodious Irish heaven for half-hours in the stews. Were, however, the very improbable to happen, an attraction to form between myself and some other woman, I would stamp it out ruthlessly, as any man of honor would. You will pardon me for mentioning this, but I think it better you should know.

Now, as to material things, Derrymore, by my testamentary disposition, goes to you, as does all my personal estate. Nothing would make me alter that. When you threw in your lot with mine, for better, for worse, that naturally came to you. Apart from you being you, I feel that the family of General Munro should have some part of Ireland. Though I am in the special employ of this Government, yet I feel, as do many people in this country, that Henry Munro was a martyr. As you know, Jocelyn, I think his cause was wrong. That does not subtract from his gallant life and bloody martyrdom. I am becoming more convinced than ever that only in union with England does Ireland's future lie. I have seen much in my years here. Republicanism is an ideal that will not be respected by the ambitions of autocrats. The Batavian republic which Bonaparte founded was quickly turned into a kingdom for his brother. And the Italian republics about which the so-called Emperor was so fulsome are now a kingdom governed by him with an iron hand. Though Prussia is now an ally of France, the Irish prisoners of '98 are still toiling in the King's salt-mines. England is ringed with enemies, and when she falls Ireland falls too, a prey to any Continental power to whom the French may allot it. Even the Czar Alexander may conquer France and England, and what mercy would his Cossacks show to our poor starving peasantry? Moreover, Jocelyn, from a standpoint of common sense we need England. Greater than the cattle, food, and linen we export, we export brains, art, and military genius. It is a simple matter of supply and demand. England has few of these things, and we are glutted with them. We are poor. England is rich. Believe me, my dear, we get the best of the bargain. So you see I stand much more firmly than I did before on my political opinions.

As to Derrymore, we both love that house, the kindly oak woods, and the quiet lake. When I was there last the place had a deserted look—I don't know why, except it was this:

that sufficient love and attention were not bestowed upon it. After all, a house has a personality. It does not occur. Into every stone and aspect of it some one has put thought and hope. Gardens have been laid out by brides long dead, and the house's self has been solemnized by births, by marriage nights, by deaths. Rooms and staircases have absorbed the laughter and the weeping of little children. One should no more think of leaving a house to the limited and material mind of servants than of turning an old nurse out among strangers. I may never see Derrymore again, but I should love to think that my boyhood's fairyland was prospering. It is your house. Return and give it some of your graciousness. Don't be sensitive as to what people say. Very few of our Ulster folk will say anything. Our own people at Derrymore have affection for us both. What outsiders think matters nothing, for they are outside.

So the gist of it all is this: I wish you to remain my wife. I have no designs on your privacy, mental or physical. I should be unhappy to think of you seeking employment—some job of teaching children, perhaps. To the minds of your employers not quite servant and not quite gentlewoman. A great humiliation to it, and I know you think, as I think, that death is preferable to humiliation. If you were to touch politics, you would have to be dependent on party funds. A professed politician's life is a hard one. You haven't anything of the hypocrite in you. No! Then you will fail. Go back to Derrymore, Jocelyn, my dear, and let me feel you are in safety, and that the house my fathers builded and my mothers tended is receiving its meed of love and grace. It will not be ungrateful—Derrymore. God bless you.

GARRETT MCCARTHY DILLON OF DERRYMORE.

CHAPTER XII

I

THE King of France was fat, unwieldy, bloated as a frog. He could hardly walk, so much did the gout impede him. Garrett had never seen a more cold, a more selfish eye. With him was his favorite the Comte D'Avary, a man evidently dying of consumption but cold and haughty as the King. The house itself was gloomy, and the wretched French court tremendously depleted now, since so many had gone over to Napoleon, de Périgords, Mercy-Argenteaus, de Rohans, names that had figured at the courts of the Valois. There were pretty ladies shivering in furs, and looking out over bleak Essex and heavy Suffolk with eyes in which one could read, "Paris is worth a Napoleon." Garrett wondered if Castlereagh's profound political wisdom were not for once at fault. Surely these frail puppets and this bloated frog king would never again reign in France.

"I suspect time hangs heavily on your hands, monseigneur," Garrett suggested.

"I write madrigals and I read Horace," the King replied.

The King was wroth at his reception in England. The Prince of Wales had wished him to be received as King of France, but the Ministry had overruled him. "I think a

street-sweeper in England has more power than the English royal family, is it not?"

"Very possibly, monseigneur." Garrett felt very little sympathy with the fat émigré who was living at the expense of the country. "United street-sweepers can depose a king."

"They offered me Holyrood in Scotland to live in." The King grimaced. "Colder than Essex, is it not?"

"Very much so, monseigneur."

The closed windows, the blazing fires, the smell of musk and stale body linen disgusted Garrett. He wished to get away as quickly as possible, but he was forced to stay to luncheon, an honor at which the courtiers were astounded but with which he was not impressed. The conversation at table was in French, which he could not follow, but he had the impression it was scabrous. The women present—Countess of This, Duchess of That—had fine eyes, but one of them, the Comtesse de Gontaut, Garrett caught the name, had wretched teeth. The sad meal was punctuated by the favorite's hacking cough. At each repetition of it the table murmured sympathetically, and there was a general search to find the current of air.

"It is queer," the King was determined to be rude, "that the Government should send the King of France an envoy who has not a title."

"But I am not an envoy of the Government, monseigneur, I am a private messenger of Lord Castlereagh's. And I did not come to see the King of France, I came to see the Comte de Lille." Garrett smiled.

"But a peer—it would have been more courteous."

"So many of our peers, monseigneur, are new and

come from nothing. I, at any rate, am of a very old if unimportant family."

"But you have no title, no? Why?"

"They do these things so much better in France." Garrett bowed.

But for all his conversation about titles, the King was no fool. Seated with him and the Comte d'Avary later, the King made a shrewd remark. "I think," he said slowly, "that your very, very cunning Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning are only using us as a threat against Bonaparte, and to hold the French Royalists together. As to the King of France and the royal family, *ils s'en foutent, n'est-ce pas?*"

"I don't understand you, monseigneur."

"They don't care for us, yes?"

"I am not in the confidence of the Ministry to the extent of knowing whether they do or not, sir," Garrett answered dryly.

He broached bluntly the suggestion of Castlereagh, and the King's face brightened. He turned to the favorite with a complacent smile. "So shrewd a politician as Milord Castlereagh considers our returning to Paris, Monsieur le Comte. But surely, monsieur," he turned to Garrett, "these are matters to be discussed at length, with chancellors, men versed in the arts of diplomacy. One does not ask a king blunt questions like this, as though it were a commercial transaction."

"But it is a commercial transaction, monseigneur."

"Let us see," the King purred. "If the traitor Bonaparte is defeated by the English—an event which is not certain, Mr. Dillon, for, in spite of all, Bonaparte is a

Frenchman—but if he be, it follows logically that I shall return to the throne of France without any conditions.”

“Monseigneur, it does not follow at all. Lord Castlereagh may decide to leave the French a republic, or he may decide on another candidate. Monseigneur will pardon me, but the family of Monseigneur seems hardly popular in France.”

“But, my God!” the King was heated, “does this Castlereagh consider he has the right to dispose of France as he thinks fit?”

“Evidently, monseigneur.”

The Comte d’Avary was coughing terribly. Garrett could not but notice that his handkerchief was stained with blood as he took it from his mouth. The King glanced at the favorite. The favorite nodded.

“I see no alternative, Mr. Dillon, all things considered, but to agree to the stipulation of Lord Castlereagh.”

“Then I will inform him of that, monseigneur.”

“You will inform him of that. And Mr. Dillon, since you seem to carry through negotiations of weight, you might draw Lord Castlereagh’s attention to the discrepancy between the amounts allowed me by the Government and the amounts allowed to, say, Monsieur de Chateaubriand. Monsieur de Chateaubriand is a nobleman, a man of letters, and doubtless a most competent spy, but I am King of France.”

“Monseigneur, I know nothing about the moneys. But Monsieur de Chateaubriand has only been helped as a man of letters, out of the Royal Literary Fund.”

“But what a wonderful name for it!” The King of France smiled sardonically. “Now when I return to

France I too must be a patron of letters. Royal Literary Fund." He rolled the words on his palate. "It sounds so much better than police money. Now, how many of your English men of letters have been aided from the Royal Literary Fund!"

Garrett reddened.

"I'm afraid I have little interest in literature, mon-seigneur."

"And so, I'll warrant, has your Government," chuckled the King of France.

When he got into the saddle Garrett broke his mount into a gallop. The groom beside him remonstrated. "Hif you don't mind my saying so, sir, you'll 'ave the 'oss blown in a mile."

"That's all right, Jobson; I just want a bit of fresh air in my lungs, that's all. I'll breeze him out for a couple of furlongs."

"I understand, sir. Furriners is smelly, furriners is."

Garrett had the impression from the King of France that the last thing he cared about was his country. A man so selfish that outside himself nothing existed. The turmoil of the revolution meant only a personal insult to himself, which he felt he must avenge. His brother's execution and the fate of the unhappy Marie Antoinette had produced no impression on that shallow, egoistic mind. He was so unhealthy, his favorite was so unhealthy, and the women of the court! The whores of Vauxhall were healthier and more kindly. They lived in an atmosphere of soiled bed-linen. The loves of Napoleon and the intrigues of Josephine seemed their staple diet of conversation. That and the ingratitude of the families

who had thrown in their fate with the eagles of Bonaparte. Garrett had mentioned General Moreau, one of the Emperor's rivals, who was known to be Royalist at heart. "He will be useful," Monseigneur had said. "But he has been a Republican, one must never forget that he has been a Republican." So much for gratitude. "Napoleon," Garrett said aloud, "is the better man."

"Was you speaking of Napoleon, sir?" the groom asked. "'E's a proper swine, 'e is. Makes me fair sick, 'e does."

"He'll probably make you sicker, Jobson, when you have to fight against his Imperial Guard."

"But we won't 'ave to fight, sir. 'Aven't we got Germans and Scotch and Hirish and Welsh to fight?"

"But these may give out, my good Jobson." Garrett laughed at the serious face of the groom.

II

Garrett was surprised to find, at the Castlereagh dinner party, that George Canning was absent. For some time he had noticed that there was growing a difference between the two chiefs. There was Castlereagh, more pleasant than he had ever seen him. There was Lady Castlereagh, with her complexion of a Dresden doll, her sly eyes, her tongue's tip continually evident on her already too moist lips. There was Sir Arthur Wellesley, with his iron face, dominating the lower end of the table. On Lady Castlereagh's right and beside Garrett was the strangest figure, Garrett thought, of all the strange figures who visited Castlereagh.

He was a tall, gaunt man, with beautiful white hair and

the most rugged face Garrett had ever seen. It was very much in repose, but for the eyes, which searched everywhere, particularly watching General Wellesley. There was an air of asceticism and great power about the man, and his hands were whiter and more beautifully kept than any woman's there. His English was perfect, and the English of courtliness. On his right hand a great episcopal ring flashed. Garrett knew he was a Spaniard, and from the appellation of "monseigneur" gathered he was a Romanist cardinal. Lady Castlereagh made an effort to charm him, but her charms were valueless against that granite face. She fished for information as to the Queen of Spain and her infamous paramour Godoy, but the Spanish cardinal replied that matters of this kind were so alien to the life he lived that he took little interest in them, and so could give Milady no help in the matter. His tone was bland, but whatever it was she saw in his eyes her face became pale and troubled and she turned to speak to the guest on her left, in quick, nervous tones.

For the first time since he had known him Garrett heard Castlereagh boast a little—or if not quite boast, speak with complacency of his part in affairs of the day. Now he was among friends, he spoke darkly of the Czar of Russia. His Imperial Majesty, it seemed, seeing Copenhagen in English hands and the Baltic corked like a bottle of wine, feared for his own port of Cronstadt, and was not unwilling to throw in his lot with England as against the Emperor of the French, but the moment had not yet come. Taking example from England, Napoleon had decided to seize the Portuguese fleet, despatching General Junot from Bayonne to Lisbon, but, with the help of

Admiral Sir Sidney Smith, the Portuguese fleet was fitted out quickly, and, taking the household of the Prince Regent of Portugal on board, set out for Brazil. Not only was Napoleon disappointed, but the great principality of Brazil was opened to English trade. The Spanish cardinal listened with great attention to Lord Castle-reagh, but of all the company he did not applaud.

He spoke to Garrett much, discovering he was Irish, talking about the fate of the Spaniards of the great Armada who had landed in Ireland.

"You come from the North of Ireland, do you not, young man? When prisoners were brought from O'Donnell's country—that is, Donegal—to Newry, two escaped who were supposed to be dead, Don Garcia de Avila, and Don Diego de Guzman. You never heard of any family in the North of Ireland with Spanish blood?"

"No, monseigneur."

"It is more terrible than an assured death not to know what has become of one's countrymen in a strange land. You are not of my faith, are you?"

"No, monseigneur. I am of the Church of Ireland."

"By law established," smiled the cardinal. "We have many Irish in Spain. General Count de Lacy and General Count O'Mahony, and General the O'Reilly. Your name is very Irish. Why are you of the Church of Ireland?"

"There are so many of us, monseigneur. It's a matter of liberty of thought. I frankly think a great section of a liberty-loving people were turned away by the Inquisition."

"In medieval times, my son, civilization was founded on a unity of culture, and the culture was the Church. Any-

thing that threatened civilization had to be disciplined, as obtains to-day."

"But burning a heretic at the stake, monseigneur—"

"Was mild," said the Spanish cardinal, "compared with the law against poisoners in the Eighth Henry's time. They were boiled alive in caldrons." The cardinal sipped a glass of water. "Heresy was an offense against the Church, and the Church was a super-state."

"You fail to convince me, monseigneur."

Lord Castlereagh, at the end of the table, at the request of one of his guests, was relating the vision of the Radiant Boy which he had seen as a young man. The Spanish cardinal listened with vast gravity.

"I was on a visit to a gentleman in the North of Ireland about fifteen years ago," the Secretary for War said in his precise voice, "a very old house with antique appointments." Garrett thought he was referring to the Earl of Antrim's gaunt place on the Irish coast. "The apartment which I was given as bedchamber had a great width of chimney, like the opening of a tomb. Complicated and heavy draperies closed the windows. The bed was like a hearse with funereal trappings. I made an examination of the room, with its pictures of grim men and stern-faced women, and, dismissing my valet, I retired for the night. The candles had hardly been extinguished when I perceived a light gleaming in the draperies of the canopy of the bed. As there was no fire in the grate and all the candles had been extinguished, I supposed some other guest had accidentally entered my room. Turning around to the side from which the light proceeded, I saw, not any human visitor but a young

naked boy, from whose slender form a glow came, as from the moon. The light emanating from him made near objects visible. The spirit stood at some distance from the side of my bed. Certain that my faculties were not deceiving me, and suspecting that some of the other guests were indulging in a jest at my expense, I proceeded toward the figure. It retreated before me into the vast chimney and slowly sank into the earth. I returned to bed but not to rest. I was harassed and suspicious. Was it an imposture? Was it a trick of my imagination? Was it real?

"I decided not to mention the subject in the morning, certain that if deception had been practised the perpetrators would soon betray themselves, unable to conceal the vanity of their triumph. Conscious looks, concealed smiles between the conspirators. But of that there was nothing. Everything went its accustomed course. At last I felt compelled to acquaint my host with the occurrence of the night. For a while he seemed perturbed, but at length he told me that the Radiant Boy was a tradition in his family. 'You have seen the Radiant Boy, Mr. Stewart. Be content. It is an omen of prosperous fortunes. I would rather that this subject should no more be mentioned.'"

A chorus of "ohs" and "ahs" and "how wonderfals" greeted the anecdote. But the Spanish cardinal went ahead peeling a peach, and looking steadily at the narrator. And suddenly his very cold, very clear voice broke through the murmurs:

"And did you make a good bargain with him, my Lord?"

The guests looked at him inquiringly, stupidly, until General Wellesley gave his harsh laugh.

"Begad, Castlereagh! his Eminence thinks you've sold your soul to the devil."

Lady Castlereagh looked frightened, and the Secretary for War's white face showed a dash of scarlet at the cheekbones. The Irish general continued his grating laugh. The Spanish prelate said nothing more; went ahead eating his peach daintily. For the first time in his life Garrett felt afraid. . . .

CHAPTER XIII

JOCELYN was so thankful when she saw the oaks in the woods at Ballinderry, saw the low manor-house, saw the green-gray lake with the swans, that she could have gone down on her knees and cried in thankfulness. Each little moss-covered bridge, crossing the burns that emptied themselves into the lake, seemed like an old tried friend. And her heart stood still as the carriage came up the drive. The screaming and barking dogs, the running maid-servants, and the old housekeeper who threw her arms around her, crying: "Oh, pulse of my heart, 'tis long you've been gone from us," all but made her break down before them. But she managed herself. Only when she was alone in her own quiet room did the tears come. Och, it was douce to be home again, she said. "Dear Derrymore," she looked through the window at the woods, "and I thought I should never see you again." It seemed to her that the oak leaves rustled with the small lake wind, saying: "Och, child! Have sense! Whaur should you come but to your ain house?"

She had no idea that she was so much a girl of Ulster until she came back to the Northeast. The strange Ulster dialect was like music in her ears; there were words she had not heard for so long that they brought a little laughter of delight to her lips and a moisture to her eyes:

"Daffydowndillies" for daffodils; "curwheeble" for an evasion; "beverage" for the kiss given on wearing a new frock for the first time; "whitrit" for stoat; "slantendicular" for sloped; "rahkin" for a streel of a man; "hynat" for a clever fellow; "gowk" for cuckoo. The language was unique; not Scots, not English. And somehow thick and homy. But when they spoke Gaelic they spoke a precious, beautifully inflected, slenderly pronounced tongue, dainty as a sea-trout fly. In Man they spoke English, and when they talked in Manx, it was like a slovenly Gaelic. The dim island of Mananaan, son of Lear, faded from her as though she had never been there. Nothing remained but the memory of the uncle who had been saint and seer, and of whom her husband had written so beautifully, and who had taught her so much. Oh, she was so glad to be home, she told herself, and the house needed looking after so much. The servants had done their best, poor souls, but the house had been surly, had not appreciated their efforts. Well, it would not be long until it was the gracious dwelling it had been before she left. Oh, Garry's generosity should be repaid. No housekeeper would ever work as she would work.

She had been, but a week before, sitting in her uncle's house in Man, waiting for the new incumbent of the parish to arrive, and winding up her kinsman's slender affairs. When he died his complete estate consisted of less than five pounds, so much had he given to the poor. Though she had no expectations from him, yet his was a roof-tree, and what she would do, now he was gone, she did not know. That most terrible of all adventures for a proud woman, the seeking of employment, lay before

her. She shuddered before it. What a dreadful word "employment" was! And then Garry's letter had come. There was a tone in it she had not recognized in him before, a note of mature command, and she had found herself obeying before she thought. Of course she could not accept Derrymore, but to take care of it would be her chief joy. There in the strange island in the Irish Sea she thought of how happy she had been in her husband's home. Though wife and lover, she had led a white, maidenly existence, feeling the sister of all Irish life. The harsh and healthy winter of the garnered hazelnuts and red apples she loved, the trumpeting of wild swans, and the white triangle of the geese high up in the air; and spring coming with daffodils blithe and yellow as canaries; and in early summer the foam of wild hyacinth; and when summer came with its heat and bees she would so often in the cool warm morning go down to a sheltered glade in the great lake, with the three blue Irish terriers, terrible fighting-dogs, and, stepping out of frock and body-linen and leaving the terriers on guard, go swimming in the great lake. Beneath her she could see the sedge and water-grass in the water, clear as crystal, and near to her sometimes the salmon would leap in sheer exuberance, or a great sea-trout spring in the air in a flash of silver, or a school of pollan move away in panic at the sight of her white body. Opening her eyes under water, she would try to find the spires and rotundas of the buried cities below, of which the peasants spoke, following the old legend that is universal—that once the Sons of God wed the daughters of men, and God flooded the fair valley, and the waters came over their castles and palaces, so that

their story should not be known. . . . She had always felt as if she had no body, floating in the soft lake water, and coming back to the glade and dressing, it had seemed to her that she was one of Diana's maidens with the dogs on watch. By the lake each day one could see spring growing into manhood, into the maturity of summer, into wise and mellow autumn. The ferns and bracken which began as tender, appealing plants rose into lustiness as the year went by, until they were high as a high man—higher, for here rebels had hidden while all the King's horses and all the King's men sought them in troublous times. . . .

Though she said she would never again be Garrett's lover, yet his letter made her heart rejoice. She had feared that his closeness to Castlereagh would spoil him, imbue him with something of the statesman's sweet but sickening charm, but no! the tone of his letter was that of a man firm in masculinity, as different from Castlereagh as an eagle from a cormorant. Also, she thanked God for what he had said about women. If he had made himself cheap with the cheapness of London, she could never have come back.

The servants about the house asked her for news of him. "And is himself coming back soon?" She answered, no; that he was busy with his duties at Whitehall. "And isn't it a great comfort, now, for the King of England to have Master Garry with him, and the troubled times that are in it!" Jocelyn replied that she was sure his Majesty appreciated her husband's comfort and good.

"Begod! then! he'd be the fool of the world if he didn't!"

"And would your Ladyship be expecting himself home on a short holiday?"

Jocelyn said she didn't know.

"Ah, well. God is good!"

Her first night at home found her so excited that she could not sleep, and, slipping down, she opened the great door and moved out on the lawn. The night was crackling with stars, and in the west the faint shade of the new moon was setting over the lake. "*Slan fuair tu sinn agas slan go bhfaguidh tu sinn*," the Gaelic invocation, came to her lips; "whole you found us, and whole may you leave us!" Turning, she came in, and though there was none to see, she looked around quickly before she kissed the wall and lintel of Derrymore. "Dear house," she whispered. "All is well. Jocelyn is here." Going up the wide oak stairs with her taper in hand, she paused before Garrett's room, and, turning the handle, went in. She must see that his fishing-rods were overhauled and his guns oiled and the spare riding-boots filled with oats to keep them supple and in shape. She moved here and there through the clean masculinity of the room, and so happy was she to be at home again that she was singing a song of the peasantry:

"*Ta a fhios ag Iosa Criost—*

I swear before Christ, that if the need be,
I will sell the coif from off my head,
The skirt from my back, the shoe from my foot,
The gear within the house, the brown mare's silver bridle,
And spend it all to cross the seas to you—"

The knowledge of what she was singing came to her, and in the darkness of the room she felt herself flushing. " 'Tis only an old song," said she to herself, "and my heart that is full and thankful."

PART IV

INTRODUCTION

THE bowed old figure, walking in the Piazza di Spagna in the gay Roman sunshine, was, so to speak, invisible. That is, with the retinues of prelates, with the monks in pictorial frocks, with the gay French and Papal officers, even with Italian citizen and peasant with their strongly marked, passionate faces, you would never have noticed him. Or if you had, by knocking against him, as you strode past in your vigorous Western way, after a word of apology you would never have given him a second thought. His shabby green coat with buttons manifestly brass, his clean but threadbare linen, his old brocade waistcoat with the flowers worn off, his clean knee-breeches and darned hose, denoted self-respecting poverty. There was a calm, philosophic look in his green eyes, which showed that he feared neither poverty nor the affronts which attend it. The old citizen—for you could see in his face that he was no countryman—was treated with scant ceremony by the passers-by. He had to move out of the way of a clanking cavalryman with heavy dragoon's sword, and a burly monk, reeking with the odor of sanctity, all but knocked the old citizen down as he went his rushing round for alms. Yet an occasional general officer eyed him with fear, as the old citizen dragged old dry bones in the glowing Italian day, and an Eminence, surrounded by chaplains

and minor clergy, greeted him with a slight, sly smile.

The truth was that the shabby citizen exercised more power than any field-marshal with brigades, divisions and corps, than any cardinal with alb and chasuble, with miter and buskins. Shabby royalties are eyed with romantic respect, as that King of Corsica who, for all the English respect for royalty, died, imprisoned for debt, in an English sponging-house; as that last Plantagenet, straight in succession from the loins of the Lionheart, whose butcher's shop in an English shire was not a success; as the last O'Neill of the line of the battle-acclaimed kings of Ulster, who was glad of the commission to make a few paupers' coffins in Cork. The dynasty of the shabby citizen could be traced back through Maître Jacques Molay to Maître Hugues de Payens, who was initiated by the patriarch Theocles, sixth in succession to St. John the Apostle, who held the mysteries and hierarchic order through J.C., who had them in direct line from Moses, who received them in Egypt. This dynasty of revolt may be as apocryphal as the dynasty of royalty; in the stupid country house of a certain royalty there hangs a parchment showing that the head of the house is descended, just as Christ was, from David, King of Israel, and the occasional perusal of this may help Majesty to suffer in these modern days the humiliation of wearing a bowler hat like any racing tout's, and underwear to his ankles like any shabby clerk's. But whence ever his line sprang, from the architect of Babel, from the chief builder of the Great Pyramid, from the Grand Master of the Guilds of Rome, there was no doubt as to his power. His—or, rather, his order's—revenues were vast: his power greater than any

monarch's. For here was a mystery: The monarch sitting on his throne, with scepter and orb, might think that the minister in sash and order before him was his servant, but in reality the minister might owe allegiance to the shabby citizen. The kings had orders to bestow—Garter and Golden Fleece, Golden Spear and Holy Ghost—but he had degrees: Rosy-cross, Prussian Knight, Royal Axe, Black-and-White Eagle, Brazen Serpent, Commander of the Royal Secret. In his invisible kingdom he had subjects more devoted than any king had; he had even kings and cardinals among them, all pledged to inviolable secrecy—that whatever was communicated to them, they would always conceal and never reveal; that they would neither write it, nor indite it, stamp, stain, or engrave it, nor cause it so to be done, on paper, parchment, leaf, bark, stick, stone, or anything, so that it might be known. From his own principality of the *Alta Vendita*, or the *Haute Vente Romaine*, the shabby citizen had alliances just as monarchs had. He was allied with the Lodge of Melchizedek in Frankfurt; with the Rite of Perfection in America; with the Hungarian Johannites; with the United Irishmen in Ulster; with the Strict Observance in Germany; with the Grand Lodge of Cairo; even with the society of the Druses in the Lebanon. The moneys paid in dues by Entered Apprentice and Fellow Craft would make any monarch's eyes glisten with envy. Moreover, there were gifts. And if the world thought that King Philippe le Bel had known all the Templar wealth, the world was much mistaken. Here, there, everywhere, the funds of the allied orders were spawning like salmon.

Orders might wander the orb over, meander from ex-

perience to experience, and in the end know nothing of life in the world. But the *Maestro Grande* could see all life and the whole world in one small room. He saw all people divided into two classes, the weak and the strong. There were those who depended on God and those who depended on themselves. Sin and repentance, weakness, folly—for them the Grand Master had no sympathy. The weak, who were always weeping, and dancing, and praying, must disappear, and a new race, mentally and spiritually impregnable, take their place. Of an existence to come, and of a God other than some mathematical formula, the *Maestro Grande* took no care, the case being unproven. Of faith he had nothing, faith being to him as much a weakness as prayer.

Indeed, in the *Maestro Grande* there seemed no weakness whatsoever. Born poor, he had remained poor. Money, titles, power had no appeal for him. Even now in his fifth-and-seventieth year, he still eked out his existence by giving lessons in Latin to the young, and, being such a dear old man, explaining Ariosto and Petrarch to the daughters of the nobility. Indeed, in his work he felt he understood why people desired God and the life to come, seeing such promise of beauty and passion in the young. They could not understand how grace and fire could die. When they were old, with brittle bones and a failing memory, they would elect, perhaps, instead of a life of eternal glory, the quietness of sleep.

The *Maestro Grande* had seen in this religion of revolt a curious analogy to other creeds. Each creed called for a Messiah—and only in the Christian one had the Messiah been successful. The Jews had never done their religion

greater disservice than when they had crucified the prophet from Nazareth. Had they let him live, he would have fizzled out like other Messiahs. Their own Messiah, that Certain Person of Smyrna, after having led thousands into danger, had turned Moslem. And now the Messiah of Revolt, Napoleon, had betrayed Revolt, had gone soft and bourgeois like any middle-class citizen. . . . And they had been working for Napoleon for so many years, drilling through the little states of Italy and undermining the fabric of empires, as the insect Sharmah might have done, leading peasant and prince up the Winding Stair, weighing, considering. The leaders and rulers had all been men of philosophic training and great brain power—Weissaupt, Cloots, Voltaire, and many of more secret fame. But never once had they found the man of action who would put their plans into being with cold ruthlessness. Until General Paoli, the Corsican rebel, had brought Bonaparte to their notice.

They had weighed him, considered him, and, sure of finding their Messiah at last, had told him of preparations in Italy and Austria for the day. And Italy and Austria had crumbled before him. Then they had taken him in hand and taught him out of the wisdom of centuries and the brains of old thinking men how a new warfare might be waged with a success unknown to old commanders. Until the advent of the French Revolution, warfare had been a chess game of dynasties. Princes maneuvered in summer, went into winter quarters, besieged cities with the exactness of a dueling code. When an opponent was touched he withdrew courteously. The rights of the civil population were jealously guarded. So

jealously, indeed, that it was absurd. In the lowlands of Holland the Austrians actually paid rent to the owners of the fields in which they camped. At Jena the Prussians, starving and frozen, could not touch the civil population's piles of felled wood. But Bonaparte had been told to live on the country which he invaded, and be damned to civil rights. Also the education which the secret societies had given the various states had aroused a national spirit, and whatever chivalry princes and dynasties might have, countries had none. When an opponent was down, a country wished to kick it senseless and rob it. So that behind Napoleon was ruthlessness. He had, also, two tremendous weapons. The conscription law of 1798 gave him unlimited supplies of troops. Every womb in France was working for him. Not Hannibal or Gustavus Adolphus or Turenne or Cæsar's self had had such an advantage. He could expend three million men in a year. And as to communications, he had the exclusive use of Chappé's invention, the telegraph, which kept him always in close touch with Paris. He had done wonders, had Napoleon, but with such advantages the *Maestro Grande* wondered he had not done more. . . . When he had the world at his feet, the Frenchman must become utterly French. He wanted a decoration, so he became emperor; wanted to keep everything in the family, so he made his brothers kings. Liked to keep well in with the Church, so, after insulting the Pope, made friends with him, assuring him he considered himself a new Charlemagne. Wanted to divorce the Beauharnais woman, and marry some thick Teutonic princess, so as to have issue to which he could bequeath his grandeur.

In the old days, the *Maestro Grande* thought, for betraying his trust Napoleon would have been brought before the Master of the Chair, sitting in judgment with bared sword and branch of willow by his side, with the Holy Judges of the Secret Tribunal about him, and his end would have been terrible. But in these modern days all the traditionals would do would be to stand aside and let him fall to hell. They would leave him naked to his greatest enemy, and his greatest enemy was England. In England was a tradition of government strong and cunning as the tradition of revolt. Against Napoleon's hordes England would marshal its armies of gold. Some men would put honor before life; and more, life before honor; but nearly all would put property before life, seeing that every day folk risked their lives for gold. So gold must prevail. From the East and the West Indies England extracted it, and by subtle taxation from the grumbling but quiescent citizen at home. And gold did not die of sickness and cold, and bullets and bayonets did not kill it. A human body was frail compared with a coin of gold. And gold begat gold. There was no barren mating there. Nothing was so fertile as guineas. Apart from power, the English were cunning. They had a little while ago, only a hundred years—less, indeed—blocked the work of the lodges as prettily as you would wish. When it suited the Secret Powers to reëstablish the Stuart dynasty, and in the lodges of England and France Jerusalem stood for London and the murder of Hiram represented the execution of Charles, the English Government founded an order supposed to derive from Mother Kilwinning to uphold the Government, law, and order. A eunuch order,

thoroughly middle-class, under the thumb of the Hanoverian kings, where neither masons nor architects were invited to have prominent part. It was clever, extremely clever, and it suited the English temperament, just as the meeting-place suited them, the Goose and the Gridiron in Saint Paul's Churchyard, and the sane, safe, mediocre Mister Anthony Sayer suited them as Master. But how Cromwell's Levelers must have turned in their graves!

Ah, well, to return to Bonaparte, the *Maestro Grande* thought, he had done good work. He had destroyed feudalism in Europe. The Secret Powers had evoked nationalism to aid him, and they had hoped that Bonaparte would destroy nationalism in its turn. But they must wait for that—how long none knew. . . . The *Maestro Grande* turned into a *trattoria*, and whilst ordering his coffee talked quietly to the waiter, who knew him only as a schoolmaster and respected him only as a lettered man. The waiter complained that his feet were hurting him. Ah, the long hours, the hard pavement, *signore!* The *Maestro Grande* recommended him to powder them as ladies powdered their faces. When the waiter had gone for the coffee, the *Maestro Grande* fumbled in the skirts of his green coat and fished out a pair of spectacles, a worn copy of Horace, and a parcel of crumbs for the birds. The doves evidently recognized him, for they came to him, with their beautiful heads, their thundering wings, their dainty feet. And the pretty ladies, passing the morning away at their café, murmured out of their mouths, colored like the doves' feet, with their voices throbbing like doves' voices: "*Oh, com' è bello! com' è bello!*"

CHAPTER XIV

I

IT seemed to Garrett, now that the summer of 1809 was blazing into brilliance, that in England each party and individual was at odds with the others. Though it was evident that war with America was set aside for the present, and that the expeditionary force into the Peninsula was doing as well as could be expected, yet Garrett could not but notice that Lord Castlereagh was in bad odor with most of his colleagues. George Canning—witty, vitriolic, not a little vain—was beginning to nurse a grudge against the quiet, deadly man, who, though hardly able to utter a coherent phrase in public, yet thought with a cold quality that made one shiver. Garrett heard many criticisms of the Secretary for War. They were already saying that he was responsible for a government within a government, ringing himself round with a clique of relatives and politician friends. His brother had an important command in the expeditionary force to the Peninsula. But what irritated Canning more than anything was the close alliance between Castlereagh and the Wellesleys. Lord Wellesley was ambassador in Spain; General Wellesley, all knew, was the secretary's choice to lead the Peninsular expedition, but for him Castlereagh could only obtain the office of fourth in command. Another Wellesley was on the mission to Portugal. In fact, Canning thought,

Castlereagh considered the battle between England and France as a personal contest between himself and the Emperor. Garrett had heard it said that the real difference between the two men arose from a criticism of Castlereagh's on Canning's poem "Ulm and Trafalgar." Most people who knew of the criticism thought it improbable that a man of Canning's power should harbor resentment for a criticism of literary effort, but Garrett said nothing. He knew his countrymen. An Irishman would listen with composure to a devastating attack on his policy, from an opponent, and in the end agree with him, but he would kill a man for a criticism of his waistcoat. Such is the Gael!

But if military affairs on the Continent were in a state of balance, those at home were anything but well. The scandals surrounding the office of the commander-in-chief, the Duke of York, had served to lose the confidence of the public. When his Royal Highness had been appointed in 1793, he had instituted many reforms. Under the system in force before his advent, corruption in the army had risen to ridiculous heights. Boys at school were receiving full pay as army officers. These the Duke wiped off. But the old system of obtaining command by purchasing commissions still obtained. The commander-in-chief had succeeded in seducing the wife of a builder, the daughter of a proof-reader, a vivacious, plump little cockney called Mary Ann Clarke. The Duke was both parsimonious and poor, so to keep up the establishment necessary to his comfort Mrs. Clarke's home became like an army broker's office. The expenses of the woman were enormous, the amount paid by the Duke was utterly in-

adequate. Mrs. Clarke made no secret of the fact that she was able to secure military promotions. Indeed, for a whim, she had his Royal Highness sign a commission for the footman who waited on him at her table, one Sam Carter, and when he joined his regiment, complete with belt and feather and gorget, sword and sash and sword-knot, the disgust was beyond description. When, after three years' devotion, the Duke of York left the woman, she was all but destitute. A Colonel Wardle, formerly of Sir Watkin Wynne's regiment of Ancient Britons, preferred charges against the commander-in-chief before the House of Commons. The evidence was damning. Either the commander-in-chief was living with a woman kept by other lovers or she was receiving money for the promotions she asked him to sign. Indeed, it was proved that when the Duke was requested to sign a commission, he would ask Mrs. Clarke about the applicant. "How does he behave to you, darling?" the formula went. The Duke having declared on the honor of a prince that he was not privy to Mrs. Clarke's exactions, the House could not convict him of receiving moneys. His resignation as commander-in-chief was accepted by the King. Mrs. Clarke, who by the Duke's word was now shown to be an adventuress of the worst type, was on the point of publishing the Duke's letters to her. The whole court circle knew that Sir Herbert Taylor was offering her on behalf of the Duke a £400 annuity and £5,000 down. The matter was explained away as a Jacobin conspiracy against the House of Brunswick.

At the Horse Guards, Sir David Dundas took over command. As a quartermaster-general he had achieved a

splendid reputation. Also, he would be quite willing to slip out of the way for the Duke of York when the scandal had blown over. In the meantime, while matters in the Peninsula were still in balance, it was felt that the lack of progress was due to politics. Garrett, who saw from the inside the drama played by the Secretary for War, was surprised that they went as well as they did. There was no doubt of one thing: that Castlereagh felt that his political future was bound up with the Wellesleys. He would not give complete confidence to any but Sir Arthur Wellesley. Indeed, the stalemate in Spain after the first Peninsula campaign might be laid to Castlereagh. He risked nothing by his dilatoriness, but until Arthur Wellesley was in chief command there he would not give the order to go ahead.

In spite of his friendship for Garrett, there were plans which he never disclosed to the young Irishman, knowing how his father's ward had little patience for politics. But a great deal of what went on beneath the surface Garrett was acute enough to feel. At the outbreak of the first campaign in the Peninsula, Sir Arthur Wellesley had a contingent of ruffians ready at Cork, ostensibly for a raid upon the Caracas, but that project had been abandoned long before. When the Horse Guards refused permission for him to be commander-in-chief, Castlereagh had been disappointed. After the fight at Vimeiro, when Wellesley had defeated Junot's troops, command was taken from him by Sir Harry Burrard, who was later superseded by Sir Hew Dalrymple. Wellesley had wanted to pursue the French, but General Burrard was against it, claiming that

the object of the expedition, the evacuation of Portugal by the French, had been achieved. A convention was signed at Cintra with General Kellermann, and Wellesley returned home. He had written that it was "quite impossible for me to continue any longer with this army." The inference was that he was hampered in his victorious movement by the elder generals. At a court of inquiry held at Chelsea, against the three generals, Wellesley was completely exonerated for having signed the convention. So were the other officers. But neither Sir Harry nor Sir Hew obtained other commands. The impression left was that the war in Portugal was a contest not between British and French troops but between the Horse Guards and the Secretary for War.

While the investigation was going forward Sir John Moore was in command in Portugal. The tall, graceful general, whose body was riddled with wounds, was adored by his officers and men, but was no favorite of Lord Castlereagh's. Indeed, the Secretary for War had sent him on the undignified and painful mission of assisting the Swedish King. The fourth Adolphus wished him to fight the Russians, and when the Scots officer refused he was ordered not to leave the capital, and only by disguising himself as a peasant did he manage to escape to Göttenburg. The straightforward Moore told Castlereagh quite firmly that he was sent off out of the way for some party purpose, but the bland Castlereagh told him nothing could have been farther from his thoughts. He was thunderstruck when sent out without option to serve under two other officers, one of whom had never been employed

as a general in the field. On orders, Moore left Lisbon, and, proceeding into Spain, reached Salamanca. He was promised every support by the Spaniards, but found their promises meant nothing. He wrote to Sir Charles Stewart, Castlereagh's brother, at Madrid, saying he had no money, and that funds must be raised, even at a hundred per cent. Sir Charles Stewart's answer was that he must come to Madrid. While the correspondence was taking place, the Prince of Castelfranco and Don Toniás Morla were negotiating with the French to deliver up the city. Suddenly, without money, with troops only twenty-nine thousand strong, Moore found himself facing Napoleon and three hundred thousand men. There was nothing for it but to retreat on Corunna.

The winter was terrible. The roads abominable. The army under Moore, unaccustomed to hardship, became demoralized. Drunkenness was rampant. Men dropped in their tracks and died, cursing the day they had ever taken the King's shilling. The women camp followers gave birth to children in the open, in the sleet and snow, and died while being delivered. Dead horses impeded the gun limbers. Money, material of war, arms were cast away lest the French should capture them. The sick and wounded were abandoned. When they reached Corunna, instead of the bay being full of transports, only a few melancholy fishing-boats were seen. They had marched two hundred and fifty miles of hell with bleeding feet, to be faced with this. They were caught between the sea and the French.

On the morning of the fifteenth of January the trans-

ports appeared and all day long General Moore made preparations for embarking his sick and wounded. On the sixteenth the French appeared in four columns of twenty thousand men each. Moore was addressing his Highlanders when a grape-shot struck him from his horse. The thoughtfulness for his men, which had characterized his whole life, continued to the last. In his last moments of consciousness he hoped that England would consider he had done his duty. At evening he died. It was decided to bury him in the citadel. Some soldiers of the Ninth Foot having dug his grave at midnight, he was hastily buried as the French artillery on the heights opened fire with dawn. The same day the army sailed for England.

A strong attempt was made to force on the public Lord Castlereagh's brother as hero of the retreat. Sir Charles and his Hussars had had a few *mêlées* with the French troops, and been invaluable in rounding up drunken stragglers, but as hero of the retreat to Corunna the public would have none of him. Marshal Soult's self gave Moore unstinted admiration, and even Napoleon said that his talents and firmness alone saved the British army in Spain. In the meantime, Sir Arthur Wellesley was awarded the thanks of Parliament for his conduct at Roliça and Vimeiro, and addresses were engineered for him from Limerick and Londonderry. The pæan was interrupted by some troublesome fellows who questioned the propriety of his holding office as Irish Chief Secretary and drawing pay for it while continually absent from his post, and who tried to force his resignation of this lucra-

tive post. . . . Far from it all, in his unmarked, all but forgotten foreign grave, mourned silently by his men and admired generously by his enemies, no longer harried by the jealousies at the Horse Guards or by the Secretary for War's humiliating intrigues, Sir John Moore slept.

CHAPTER XV

FOR the first time in her life now, Jocelyn began to feel uneasy. Derrymore was beautiful, but somehow now it was becoming a woman's house, so long had it been since a man was in it. Garrett's rooms, for all their fishing-tackle and oiled guns, what with feminine care were beginning to have an air of rooms a young girl would imagine for the man she loved but was not yet married to. There was lacking the odor of worn leather, and small things bothered her. Dogs that Garrett had had as pups, and which a year before had romped around his room with squeals of joy, had forgotten the scent of him. Springs went by too fast. The dim blue violets and shining blue hyacinth came, disappeared, and came again so quickly. The bogs of Montiagh were purple with heather and then black and then purple again. In spring and autumn the salmon came up the rivers with great silver bellies and slipped back in their appointed time, brown wraiths of what they had been, and Garrett never came. So quickly did the year pass, so rapidly went by the moons that it all but terrified her. Life was going so quickly. Herself, every one told her, seemed younger than ever, but that was only from the soft Irish air, from long swims in the lake, from riding, from walks through the oak-trees with the dogs. But she said to herself in panic: "At all but twenty-four I am growing old."

She had thought, when she came back from Man, that the quiet life of Derrymore would be all her portion for ever, that she had dissociated herself in love from her husband, and kept on in friendship. But in times of thinking by the wise lake she saw now that was impossible. She knew that when they came together she would love him—something of nature outside her will forcing her to it. For one thing, never in her life had she been afraid before, but now she was; though of what, she did not know. Not of anything material, but, in a way, of life itself. When Garrett was near she was afraid of nothing. The quiet depths of the woods were just quiet depths to her, but now they were mysterious recesses, and when the dogs whimpered in the dark of them, as dogs will do, she herself was not unmoved by fear. At Hallowe'en, when the ærial host had power, and all the Irish demonology held sway, from the snorting Pooka to squat Robert Artisson, she shivered over her lonely meal in the candle-light. Virgins they could not touch, and wives were protected, but what was she? In the servants' quarters there was merriment. The pipes were compelling to square Irish dances. There were apples and ale and laughter, and company about a great fire. But when she dismissed the maid, and slipped into her great lonely bed, she was afraid. Walking by the river, she had seen the silver cock salmon come up from the sea, accompanied by his demure mate, and in the small heather, walking at eventide, she had flushed the paired grouse. And with a wry smile she had said to herself: "Nothing is alone, Jocelyn, but you." It had seemed so easy in Man, such a refuge, and now she found Derrymore an island in a sea of lone-

liness. . . . She was dissatisfied with herself. Also it seemed to her that Ireland was changing so much. The glory of old patriots no longer glittered like stars of gold in the heavens. Dust, as of an untended house, covered the jewels. She had come to believe that there was more in Lord Edward Fitzgerald's rebellion than met the eye: what had he been promised for his revolt in France when he married the Duke of Orleans's itching daughter? And the taste of Emmet became a little sour in her mouth. It was so futile, so theatrical. And it was so mixed up with the Curran girl, who was married now. Her father, John Philpot, was so shrewd a politician. The old man had been a great advocate of freedom once, but now, as Master of the Rolls, he was a fawning creature of the Duke of Richmond and Lennox, the most stupid of Irish viceroys. But the majors of the North—Orr and her uncle Munro, and Henry John MacCracken—were still the heroes of her youth. She had to acknowledge to herself that she was glad they were dead. Their hearts would have been broken. The men of the South were not worth fighting for, she thought. Much as she loved her country, she could see that they had no fire, no vigor. Irish historians were always blaming the discovery of the potato for the low standard of living in Ireland, but that could not be utterly true. What of Scotland? In Scotland they had not descended to the level of the beasts. And now in prosperity—for the peasantry were making money selling food supplies to England—they were reckless and extravagant, so that when the war was over they would be in a worse plight than before.

The main thing England was to blame for, Jocelyn

thought, was her destruction of the Irish Church. England had handed out Irish bishoprics and livings for the meaner sort of political services. The glory of the Irish Church, which had been purer in thought, sacrament, and dogma than the Church of England, had become a center of corruption. So that the men of the North were turning to the bleak ways of Presbyterianism, and the South was being lulled by the musical fatalism of the Romanists. In the land the Orange lodges were thriving, becoming stronger and stronger, for men were becoming afraid. Protestants were increasing in the ratio of two to five compared with the Romanists, and under their young leader O'Connell the North was beginning to foresee a time of danger when the poverty-impelled hordes must seize the property of their provident neighbors or die. It was all England's fault, Jocelyn thought bitterly. But for the destruction of the Church, all Ireland might have been in its bosom.

Much as she feared for her country, little as she saw hope in its future, her hatred of the English Government was not abated by it. The alliance of the Wellesleys and Castlereagh struck her as the coldest and most callous in the history of politics. Occasionally she saw Lord Londonderry, and, forgetting her hatred of his son, the harassed old man spoke bitterly of his political opponents. There was talk of Quintin Dick, the member for Cashel, having paid Castlereagh for his seat. The money, it was averred, had been handed to Castlereagh by the Hon. Henry Wellesley. The dreadful thing was that people were believing this, Lord Londonderry said.

"But why not, my Lord?" Jocelyn said quietly. "Is it

incredible that a man who bombarded Copenhagen should hesitate at accepting some thousands of pounds?"

Lord Londonderry grew very old before her eyes.

"You have always hated Robert."

"As most of my countrymen and countrywomen do, my Lord."

The yellow-faced old man looked at the radiant young woman, and there was hatred in his eyes.

"But you have reason to," he said maliciously. "Robert took your husband from you."

The atmosphere was electrically uncomfortable. The guests around looked at both of them. The Viceroy, who had come North for the grouse, stared at the young woman who, he felt, was too beautiful to be one of those damned rebels.

"My husband, my dear Lord," Jocelyn said quietly, "is not one to be kept or to be taken away. He is what neither you nor your son have much traffic with—a gentleman." The old baron's face grew white as a sheet from the insult, but Jocelyn was pitiless. "I'll warrant you that my husband stays by your son more from pity than loyalty. He has his country's love for losing fights, and the Ulsterman's damned obstinacy in not admitting when he is wrong."

Jocelyn ought to have felt sorry for insulting the old politician, but instead she gloried in her cruelty. She was sick of politics, and she was beginning to resent her husband's absence. For all the beauty of Ulster, the quiet waters of Neagh, the harvested sheaves of gold, the winging wild duck and drake, she was beginning to feel, were not sufficient to a life. Though she was—she hesitated to

use the word beautiful—the same as before in feature, but that her eyes seemed deeper; though her body was still flower-graceful, had still the quality of wings, yet she feared. Time went on like those Alpine glaciers which are merciless in their advance. Time frightened her. And if Garrett did not come back to her or she go to him, what would happen? Death, she did not fear. Death had for her the quiet of an enchanted summer night, with the lake water glimmering under the moon, and the red deer coming down to drink at their pools; but fifteen or twenty years from now, life frightened her. She could see herself in a gentlewoman's withdrawing-room, sitting by the too tidy hearth, and the small music of the cricket calling up a survey of her unfulfilled life; and when, to escape from that, she would go out into the night, she would be faced by something more terrifying still—the inexorable pacing of the stars.

CHAPTER XVI

I

IT seemed to Garrett, now that summer was well in, that affairs of government were more complicated than ever. Though he had spoken to Lord Castlereagh of Canning's growing antagonism, yet the secretary passed it off with a phrase. Garrett's own position in London was peculiar. Every one recognized in him the confidant of Castlereagh; although what confidence there was, Garrett did not know. The War Minister said little to him of plans, but Garrett's presence seemed to give him confidence, and of all Castlereagh's friends and relatives, Garrett was the only one before whom he dropped his mask. The messengers, of whom Ross and Basilio were the chiefs under him, all respected him, and in his department he saw there was discipline and fair-play for all. The terrible crises of nerves, which Castlereagh concealed from every one, Garrett saw, and his own common sense seemed to steady the secretary. Some of these came when he heard from Reynolds the informer, who was now living in Wales, and was, Garrett knew, systematically blackmailing Castlereagh. What secret the former United Irishman held over the former Irish Secretary, Garrett could only guess. That it was a personal one, he knew, for Reynolds could have no political secret that the Government was unaware of. The foppishness of

Castlereagh, his use of scent, gave rise in London to the abominable and groundless assertion of effeminacy. Indeed, some opponents were cruel enough to talk of undue friendship between him and his former secretary, Alexander Knox, the theological writer. This was abominable. Garrett sensed that Reynolds's secret was connected with money, possibly the dispensation of Pitt's secret-service funds. When Reynolds appeared on the scene, Garrett feared for Castlereagh's sanity. Also, at the time when it was sought to connect him with Parliamentary corruption over the sale of seats, the secretary's gloom was awful. Though in the House he was haughty and arrogant, yet by himself he seemed to be thinking of suicide. On occasions like these Garrett kept close to him, disregarding all hints to leave.

Garrett had heard that Canning had insisted with the Prime Minister, the aged and feeble Duke of Portland, that Castlereagh should be removed. But calmly Castlereagh went ahead, planning his war against Bonaparte, and when Garrett spoke to him of the rumors he stigmatized them as gossip.

"Sir, won't you speak to Mr. Canning about it?"

"The relations are so strained between myself and Mr. Canning that private conversations are out of the question."

"Well, then, to Mr. Perceval."

"Dear Garrett, do you consider it likely that one so friendly with me, and one whose political fortunes are so bound up with mine, should conceal a vital thing like this from me?"

"I consider it damned likely, my Lord."

"But why?"

"I distrust professed politicians."

"But I too am a professed politician."

"But you play it for the game and from a sense of duty, not for the money."

Castlereagh only sighed. "Wait until Sir Arthur Wellesley gets under way," he said; "we shall have the Cabinet eating out of our hand."

"Shall we?" thought Garrett. He did not share his chief's high esteem of Wellesley as a soldier. The sallow man's arrogance, his contempt for his officers and men, seemed no great earnest of success. Garrett knew that though he hated Irish officers, he considered English ones stupid. His troops, he made no secret of admitting, he considered the scum of the earth. They had only joined for drinks, Wellesley believed. He bemoaned the fact that with this scum he was supposed to fight troops drawn by conscription from all classes—gentlemen, solid burghers, muscular peasantry. He had a contempt for the Emperor as a man; he was no gentleman, Wellesley said. Great God! Garrett thought, what in hell did Wellesley know about gentlemanly conduct? Making a damned fool of himself after a painted hussy! Letting down his superiors! Taking money for an office which he did not fill!

"I think you dislike Sir Arthur Wellesley, Garrett?" Castlereagh smiled.

"By God, but I do that!" Garrett replied honestly.

II

It seemed to Garrett that the only one really interested in this war was Castlereagh. But, then, English ways were

alien to him. Behind the pose of indifference, these Saxons might be taking the matter very seriously indeed. Every one seemed more interested in the misfortunes of the actor Kemble than in the tragic retreat and heroic death of Sir John Moore. Though Bonaparte hovered like a hawk in Europe, the clown Grimaldi held the public eye. The trumpets and kettledrums of the Grand Army might crash into the Marseillaise, but London hummed the airs from "Don Giovanni" as sung by the Catalani. Though Wellesley complained about the condition of the army he was to command, yet he had done nothing to remedy it, preferring to hang around the prostitute Harriet Wilson until he was sent to Lisbon to supersede Sir John Cradock, the Archbishop of Dublin's son. What Garrett could not understand was the apathy of the English people. Another nation would have revolted against the Government for so mismanaging affairs, but the English seemed rather to like the situation than anything else. They applauded the Prince of Wales for a fine English sportsman, as he sauntered along Piccadilly with George Brummell. There was a feeling that the prince-bishop, the Duke of York, had been badly treated, though honest men could not but see that he was an utter rascal. The decenter, apparently, of the family was the Duke of Kent, but he was disliked because he had sought to put down drinking in the army. Quietly, on the other side of the Step of Calais, Bonaparte was consolidating his position in France. A new code of laws, to supersede the old feudal system, was being drawn up, and the Emperor attended the commission like any private individual. A great triumphal arch was erected at the Louvre, bringing to mind

that of Septimus Severus at Rome, and was surmounted by the four famous bronze steeds from Venice. A great stone bridge, called the Bridge of Jena, was being built to replace the wooden Bridge of Sèvres. The stupendous roads of Simplon and Mont Cenis were being finished. An alliance had been made with the Jewish Sanhedrim, who were now convoked in Paris. Garrett shook his head at the news. France, prosperous and happy under Napoleon, could not be defeated.

"It cannot be done, my Lord," he told Castlereagh.

"Oh, but it can."

"As how, sir?"

"By killing Frenchmen."

"But conscription gives him so many to draw from, my Lord."

"Ah, yes," Castlereagh said. "But mark this: when one of our soldiers dies, he is no consequence. That is the best of having the riffraff of the streets, and the scourings of prisons. But Napoleon's are drawn from every class—noble and burgher and peasant, people whose families remember and resent. Turn the women against him, and Bonaparte is done. I confide that in a few years' time the Emperor will have more enemies in France than in England and Austria."

"This business of war, my Lord," Garrett said quietly, "is a very dirty thing."

"Does any one know that more than I?"

III

The Earl of Chatham was a tall, forbidding man, with a small head, a tight mouth, hawk's eyes. Indeed, he

looked so much like his father, the elder Pitt, that one might have thought the Great Commoner had come out of his tomb, to lay aside statesmanship for the sword. Nothing more cold, more aloof could be imagined. One could not help thinking that here was the man Castlereagh should have selected as his ace of trumps against the Corsican, instead of the sallow, querulous Wellesley. Indeed, Lord Chatham felt that himself, for he was distinctly cold to the Secretary for War. It was evident that Lord Castlereagh had none of the liking for the earl that he had had for his brother, the younger Pitt. It was also evident that the secretary would not have had him for command in an important expedition but that the earl had been forced upon him by the Canning faction.

Calmly, blandly, the Secretary for War explained the situation to the noble lord. The sudden revolt against Napoleon in southern Germany, brought about by the machinations of the secret Tugendbund, and by the minister Stein, who was refuged in Austria, came at an opportune moment. The situation was delicate. The Austrians had asked for an expedition to be sent to the mouth of the Elbe. The expedition could not be sent until peace with Austria was signed, as Austria was still at war with England. However, a quarter-million pounds in bullion had been sent to Trieste to help them, and a small expedition as a feint had been despatched against Naples. The main thing was for everything to be in readiness as soon as peace was signed. Did his Lordship understand? The Earl of Chatham unbent sufficiently to bow.

Well, then, the Secretary for War went on, here were

the details. He had in mind the despatching of the greatest armament that had ever left English shores. Napoleon had supplied Antwerp with new docks, and now that the Scheldt had been reopened, Antwerp threatened to become the commercial rival of London. The town was completely unprepared, and a blow there would hurt France enormously and gain England a great national advantage. Lord Castlereagh's instructions were now these: to capture or destroy all French vessels either building or afloat at Antwerp, or in the Scheldt; to destroy the arsenals and dockyards at Antwerp, Terneuzen, and Flushing; to occupy the island of Walcheren; to render the Scheldt no longer navigable to ships of war. These things were to be accomplished in the order of instruction. Did Lord Chatham understand? The forbidding soldier with hands clasped around the hilt of his saber, nodded, and regarded the minister with coolly inimical eyes. A qualm of terror ran through Castlereagh. Did this officer intend following instructions? He was, before all things, the King's friend. If only Sir John Moore had lived, Castlereagh thought! But Sir John Moore had been sacrificed in Spain.

But whatever fears possessed him, Lord Castlereagh concealed them from his auditor. He became even more courtly and bland than before. He congratulated his dear Lordship on command of such an expedition. Forty thousand troops, two battering trains, a complete apparatus of military stores. He would be assisted by thirty-five ships of the line, with swarms of smaller vessels and transports, under the command of Sir Richard Strachan, the gallant naval officer who had pursued the four French

battle-ships under Admiral Dumanoir which had escaped from Trafalgar, and captured them. Did his Lordship know the admiral? The Master of the Ordnance growled out of his cold turtle's mouth that he did not. There were so many sailors. Castlereagh passed over his remark. He finished by wishing Lord Chatham and Sir Richard Strachan as many prizes as had fallen to Lord Cathcart and Admiral Gambier at Copenhagen. He only regretted that his Majesty refused permission to coöperate with Austria until peace had been signed with that gallant country, as every minute counted. Lord Chatham replied severely that his Majesty was best judge of his own counsels. Diplomatic tradition and usage must be observed, if they did not wish to descend to the level of Napoleon.

"His level shows an astounding number of victories, my Lord." Castlereagh bowed.

But while Austrian and English diplomats were discussing their protocols, the Archduke Charles moved against the princes of the Rhenish federation. With a swiftness that was nearly supernatural Napoleon struck. With Davoust on his left and Masséna on his right, the Emperor went through the Austrians like a thunderbolt. At Freising the Fifty-seventh Regiment, under Colonel Charrière, defeated in succession six Austrian regiments. At Abensberg himself and his marshals trapped the Archduke Charles. Napoleon attacked them in front, Davoust on their right flank, while Masséna appeared at the rear. The Archduke fled in terror from the field. At Eckmühl the Austrians were defeated with a loss of twenty thousand prisoners and all their artillery. The

French armies seemed less like troops than like the exact parts of some wonderful machine. At Ratisbon the Emperor was wounded in the foot by a musket ball, but rode on, complimenting the Tyrolese sharpshooters on their aim at such a distance. The heroic Marshal Lannes, Duke of Montebello, placed the first ladder with his own hands against the walls. "I will show you," he shouted, "that your general is still a grenadier!" They proceeded to Vienna, which refused to surrender. After a bombardment of two days the Austrian general O'Reilly capitulated. In the midst of a hostile country it was necessary for the Emperor to inflict an exemplary defeat. He decided to attack. The Archduke Charles had rallied an army of two hundred thousand men. At Essling, Napoleon was forced to retire to the island of Lobau in the Danube. At Essling, too, the heroic Lannes died in his Emperor's arms, telling Napoleon that he was losing his best friend. The Emperor wept. There also died another old friend and gallant officer, General Saint-Hilaire. Though the Austrian losses were enormous, the French dead, it was computed, were little short of twenty thousand men.

The Austrians thought they had him caught like a rat in a trap. The rising Danube swept his bridges away. But suddenly, throwing a light bridge across and turning the enemy's flank, the Emperor assailed the Austrians on the table-land of Wagram. Even then the Austrians had great hopes of success. They had entrenched and fortified themselves, and were waiting, licking their lips, for the glinting bayonets of the Grand Army. Their Tyrolese sharpshooters, their grape-shot, their hot cannon-balls

were ready to mow down the mad, shouting Frenchmen. But the dragoons and cuirassiers remained quietly back, and the bayonets of the Guard were not seen. Instead, it seemed as if the iron doors of hell were burst asunder, and the very furnace of hell rained hell-fire upon them. Their own artillery barked back, coughed, died. The fat man on the white horse was commanding, it seemed to them, the numberless legions of the damned. And recognizing there was nothing human in this, the Austrians fled from the dreadful odor of powder and blood, from the horrible screaming of mauled horses and stricken men. And suddenly there were the brazen tones of trumpet and through the smoke of battle they could see the drawn swords of the galloping dragoons, the bayonets of the charging infantry. The terrible French were on them. They could see their battle-grimed faces, their gleaming eyes, their set, shining teeth. Dropping gunswab and sword and musket, they turned and ran. Their officers implored them to remember their country, but "To hell with our country!" they sobbed, and to a plea not to forget their wives and children, they cursed their wives and children. They fled, blinded by smoke and terror. In Bohemia there were forests where the French could not find them, caves in the mountains where a man might hide. Foot-soldiers seized the bridles of general officers and beat them from their horses, and, clambering into the saddle, rode on, blindly, anywhere to get away from the unloosed cohorts of hell. . . .

The Emperor of the French had slept through part of the battle, and now that it was over, rode about the field. On the terrain were twenty-four thousand dead, a

sickening butchery, but he could not have afforded to use the bayonet. As it was, he had lost fewer than two thousand men, but that was too many, too many by far. At home the conscripts were grumbling. He felt a little fearful. An aide told him that most of the French officers in Austrian service had been killed on the field of battle, but the Emperor did not exult. Peace! he must have peace! As he distributed honors to the men, raised Marmont, Oudinot, Macdonald to the rank of marshals, he was received with cries, with adoration. Lukewarm friends assured him that now he was impregnable, victor of Europe, great as Alexander, the darling of his people. But he had lost old Lannes and he felt lonely. Yes, he had distributed so many decorations, had taken such care of his men, that it was but natural they should be grateful to him. Also each battle won was glory and prosperity to France. But had he a real disinterested friend in the world? he wondered. A vision of his black-eyed, narrow-eyed, shriveled Corsican mother, like some sybil of old Rome, came to him, but in her face was the same suspicion as was in his own heart, and he heard her oft-repeated phrase: "*Si cela dure!* If it lasts!" He shook his head, as though to shake disturbing thoughts from his brain, and took a grip with his knees on his white charger. He must find some way to make it last.

CHAPTER XVII

THEY had thought they were ill led when forced to march and countermarch under the orders of gruff German commanders and the sneers of nail-gnawing French refugee officers; the lash and the triangle had seemed terrible things to them. But here on this dreadful island they had no marching; the German commanders were silent, the French refugee officers afraid. All they saw were the silly Dutch windmills revolving behind bare dunes. All they heard were the muffled drums that announced funerals. The sun had no power to warm them. Under its brightest rays they trembled with ague. And when night came—or, rather, the sun went down behind the monotonous sand-dunes—they were enveloped by foul mists that were like wraiths coming from the ground. They could almost imagine clawing talons in the mist-white, demoniacal eyes.

They looked at one another, wondering if each himself was as ridiculous as the other seemed, with emaciated face, and eyes blackened as by blows, and uniform hanging as on a scarecrow. And their conversations were conducted in voices like a raven's croak, horrible, fearsome as the croaking of ravens. "'Ave you 'eard?" "Naw, I ain't 'eard nuffink." "Bill, 'e's gone." And though Bill had been the best of friends for years before, his death was greeted with a little laugh of envy. "'E was allus lucky, Bill was! 'E ain't arf well off, Bill ain't!"

Though it had been only some weeks before that they had embarked at Portsmouth, yet it seemed like a century. Bog-trotting Pats with their shuffling quick march, Scots swinging to their pipes, small Celtic Welshmen plodding along to their tune of "Ap Siencyn," while rosy-cheeked, well-fed English troops marched along behind rosy-cheeked, well-fed drummer-boys, the fifes shrilling the Guards' march:

Upon the fields of Flanders,
Our fathers long ago
Did fight like Alexanders,
Under Red Marlboro'. . . .

They had marched down the green Surrey lanes, through the scent of hay being scythed by the chaw-bacons, through the scent of honeysuckle, through the gay music of small English birds. From each ale-house on the route, from the Green Man, from the Shepherd and Flock, each full-lipped, full-bosomed Doll and Lucy would wave to them while their yokels sulked. Going to the Low Countries, they were, as conquering armies had gone before, to the land of Holland's gin and French brandy and easy foreign women, and monstrous rich Dutchmen who could be easily squeezed. Not like Spain, the barren, poverty-stricken land of Spain.

But there had been no glory, no booty, no women. The Earl of Chatham had disregarded Castlereagh's instructions. He fought in the grand traditional manner, in a series of petty maneuvers. He occupied the mouth of the Scheldt, took Batz, proceeded to bombard Flushing, which surrendered. In the meantime Antwerp was put in a state of defense, and the French fleet slipped off from

Flushing to defend it. French and Dutch troops poured down the Scheldt, while Lord Chatham did nothing. Neither did the Emperor's officers. They knew what the climate was like. Company after company sickened, regiment after regiment. In a few weeks, of a force of forty thousand men only twenty-four thousand were effective. Each day the sick-roll grew, and the throbbing kettle-drums of the boys were now muffled for dead marches, until the glowing boys themselves sickened and died. Their staple diet was unripe fruit. Water was poison. From the lowlands came the stench of Dutch dunghills, the sour odor of cheese and the droppings of animals, and out of the dreadful marshes contagion was let loose in a plague.

There was talk of mutiny, of emulating brave Richard Parker at the Nore when he hoisted the red flag, and of going over to Napoleon, but they had not the energy to revolt, and with each night the cold malarial air sucked at them like vampires, possessed them like myriads of tiny spirits out of some demonology. And it came to them that they would never again tread the sanded floor of the Green Man, or the Goat and Compasses, suck at a foaming pot of ale, or hear old gaffer in the corner talk of when the German kings first came to England, or tumble Fanny in the hay. Emaciated with typhoid, shaking with ague, now in dying summer they awaited the pestilential gales of autumn on the accursed swamp of slime and mud, and whimpered in weakness. Afar off they could see the generalissimo strut with sword and glass, and he seemed so well that it was an insult to the shivering ghost-like men. "'E's got physic, 'e 'as,

the big bastard, barrels on it; and pills, boxes on 'em. But there ain't no physic for us poor lousy beggars," they wept. "There ain't nuffink!" And they watched the florid chaplain walk importantly by the side of their high commander. And "Garn!" they sneered horribly, "there ain't no Gawd!"

CHAPTER XVIII

I

WHAT Lady Castlereagh wanted him at her dinner parties for, Garrett could not understand. That she hated him was apparent. He had never shown any interest in her florid beauty. He had evinced a dislike for her conversation. But once, coming home late from Vauxhall with two friends from Ireland, he had seen his chief's wife in a tousled disarray outside the great pleasure place, while a grinning young Italian singer stood in the background. Garrett felt she hated him the more for having discovered her, and was a little afraid of him. He had made a feint of not recognizing her, but after that he had noticed her watching him with haggard, bitter eyes, out of her patched and powdered face. Good God! as though it were any of his business what she did. He disliked the woman intensely, apart from her morals, for her vanity, her little meannesses. To-night, here, with her guests about her, she was rallying, with a note of bitterness, the young Lord Palmerston, for having attended an evening of Amy Wilson's, the eldest sister of the noted family of prostitutes, instead of coming to hers. The young Lord Palmerston was uncomfortable at her mention of his moral youth in Edinburgh and Cambridge, as though it were something to be ashamed of. For every one of her guests she had some design—to advance political

intrigues, to shine in the world of London, to borrow a carriage from. It was all so damned undignified. The seats for her box at the opera, Garrett knew, she had on sale for visitors to London, and she was as keen in a bargain as any fishwife. The Irish poet Moore she had there that evening, who would sing some of his Irish songs, and that was a draw for her. Garrett himself was a curiosity. Canning had described him as the only honest man who had ever come out of Ireland. There was current a tradition that he was able as Castlereagh, eloquent as Burke—because he had never shown any ability, or ever opened his mouth in a speech. Among those also present was Castlereagh's first cousin, the saturnine Lord Yarmouth. There was something tremendously at variance in the face of the Marquess of Hertford's son: all vice and loose living were written on his features, but his eyes were bright and hard as diamonds, and behind the fullness of his mouth there lurked a demon of cruelty. Yarmouth proceeded to bait the poet Thomas Moore on his abortive duel with the critic Jeffrey, on which occasion the Bow Street runners took them both in custody. Yarmouth wished to hear exactly why Mr. Moore had fought—or, rather, attempted to fight. Was it to be in the fashion or to puff those delightful, those rather erotic poems he had written under the pseudonym of Little?

"I had no wish to harm Mr. Jeffrey, me Lord, but I had to uphold the dignity of me profession," the little poet answered.

Garrett could not but feel sorry for the Dubliner. The little man had a hard life in London. He was of value only when he amused. And, for all his shallowness and

facility, he really loved his country. To be pleasant to the men who hated Ireland and despised his religion must have been a torment.

"Now, Mr. Dillon, would you fight a duel?" Lord Yarmouth asked.

"I don't know that I would, my Lord," Garrett thought. He noticed Yarmouth's eyes on him; hard eyes with a sneer in them. "I am afraid Christianity would get the better of me between the insult and the meeting," he said gently, "so that," he added, and the black and bitter bog-water of the Irish soul rose boiling in him, "so that, to be on the safe side, I should blow the insulter's head in there and then." And he answered Yarmouth's look with one hard and dangerous as his own.

"But what truculent friends you have, Robert!" Yarmouth turned to Castlereagh.

"I'm sure he needs them," Lady Castlereagh said tartly, "for I am assured Robert is too proper ever to fight any one."

Lord Yarmouth answered with his cruel laugh, and Garrett was dismayed to see the white teeth and red gums of the man as he laughed. They were so like wolves'!

In a little while Yarmouth and Castlereagh rose, telling the others not to disturb themselves. Mr. Moore was going to sing some of his Irish airs, set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Themselves, they had private business to attend. Lord Yarmouth smiled.

"I am sure," Lady Castlereagh said, "you are going to the house of that horrid woman, Amy Wilson."

"'Pon me honor, we're not," Yarmouth assured her.

"Then you are going to the green room at the Opera House to hang about that dreadful Catalani."

"The Catalani is very charming, but we are not going there, either."

It seemed to Garrett that Castlereagh lingered by him as he said good night.

"Hadn't I better come along, my Lord?" He scented something tense in the air. The cruel gaiety of Yarmouth was significant; though of what, he did not know. But there was something afoot, some devious, devilish work, else Yarmouth would not be in it.

"No, no, Garrett! It's nothing but private business."

"Look, sir: is everything all right?"

"Never more so," Castlereagh said quietly. He put his hand with a small gesture of affection on Garrett's shoulder, and went out.

II

It was so early in the autumn morning that there was little traffic in the London streets as they drove out to Putney. The last of the carts coming to Covent Garden passed them, and though it was only September, yet there was a tang of frost in the air. The day was going to be fine. They crossed the river. Behind them the Houses of Parliament loomed out of the river mist like some figment of an immigrant's dream. On the seat before them, in the fast-moving curricule, Yarmouth's rosewood box was covered by a cloak thrown over it with careful negligence. Castlereagh hummed an air from an opera.

"By Gad! you're a cool one, Robert," Yarmouth conceded.

"I'm a bit of a fatalist," Castlereagh said. "Whatever is going to happen, is going to happen, and there's an end to it."

"What's going to happen is that you're going to kill the bastard," Yarmouth said savagely.

"If I don't, it shan't be for lack of trying," the calm-faced minister replied.

The rising sun had brought a small blue mist out, and was now dispelling it. Over Putney Heath they could see the blue waves of it rolling like heavy smoke toward the Thames. The gorse was breaking into its meager second bloom, and the faint frosts of the last few nights had touched the leaves with rust. They came to Roehampton and, nearing a cottage, Yarmouth poked his coachman in the back. "Here you! Damn you! Here, you!" he said irritably. One would have thought his life was in danger and not his principal's. At a clump of small trees a second carriage was waiting, and a dog-cart with a groom at the horse's head.

"I suppose there's no question of apology," Yarmouth clambered out with the rosewood case.

"Eh?"

"I said I suppose there's no question of apology," Yarmouth's irritability showed itself in his tone.

"Of course not."

"Then I'll tell Ellis," Yarmouth said. "You'd better stay here."

The minister casually watched Canning's surgeon open his case of gleaming instruments and fiddle in a small

black bag; the man was mopping his brow. He was assured that the surgeon had acted in many duels, but surely never in one so important as between two of his Majesty's ministers. A wasp with body striped like a tiger's flew past Castlereagh's white face, and he wondered what would happen were it to bother him at the critical moment. Looking at the gorse, it occurred to him that it had not the odor of nuts which the Irish gorse had. Strange that he should be thinking of Ireland and his youth now! And then he caught sight of George Canning fussing with his second, and his long Ulster face froze into stone.

He hated the man; not so much for going behind his back to the King and insisting that Castlereagh should be dropped from the Cabinet. That was only unworthy; and, moreover, it showed he was afraid of Castlereagh, as indeed—Castlereagh's eyes flickered—they all were. But he hated Canning impersonally as an obstacle in his way. Good God! the man had ruined the greatest expedition ever sent from England, by insisting on Chatham's commanding it! Castlereagh knew his motive now. If the expedition had succeeded, Chatham would have been made First Lord of the Treasury, and behind him Canning would have ruled the Cabinet and the country. A cheap plot, Castlereagh sneered. The man was a fool. He could not intrigue. Before this wretched underhand business with the King, Castlereagh had plotted all around him. The Prince of Wales he had had in his pocket. The Marchioness of Hertfort, Yarmouth's mother, had been his intermediary. The common people thought it was a new love-affair of Prinny's, as though the Prince would

look at a woman who was over fifty, and a grandmother to boot! But had the Walcheren expedition been successful, and Wellesley in Spain successful, what with the Prince of Wales's support, where would the King have been? "Let not the king sin against his servant, against David!"

Yarmouth came up to him.

"Ellis is so damned frightened that he couldn't load his pistol. I had to do it for him, myself. But Canning knows his rights. He's choosing his ground, his back to the sun. I suppose you haven't changed your mind about the distance."

"No!" Castlereagh said. "Thirty-five paces. I can hit him at that."

He took his position as the ground was measured. But for white breeches, Castlereagh was all in black. Black coat, black vest, black stock. Yarmouth put into his hand the pistol with the superbly scrolled lock. It was easy, beautifully balanced. The cock drew back with a melodious muffled click. He stood sideways to his man, presenting the edge of his lean body, like the edge of a board. He saw his opponent grasp his pistol firmly, as though it were a riding-crop, and present his full body. There was a flush of excitement about Canning's face. And Castlereagh thought, "The man's only a rash fool."

"Are you ready, my Lord?" Yarmouth called.

Castlereagh nodded.

"Are you ready, Mr. Canning?"

Mr. Canning said, "Yes."

"Well, then, gentlemen, fire as you please."

Mr. Canning jerked his hand up, and blazed immedi-

ately. There was a spat of fire, a crack, and Lord Castlereagh heard the bullet hum high and to his right with the song of a bee. A pheasant, alarmed at the din, rocketed out of a clump of bushes near by. Lord Castlereagh studied his opponent for the fraction of a second before he raised his arm.

He brought the pistol up very slowly along Canning's left leg. He had an idea that Mr. Canning was trembling, but whether he was or not, he did not budge an inch. Well, he wouldn't tremble much longer, thought Lord Castlereagh, once he could draw a line on his heart. He brought the pistol up past his knee, and then, whether the trigger was too nicely adjusted, or whether he had pressed involuntarily too hard on the butt, the damned thing went off. Mr. Canning was hurled to the ground, doubled up, as though a horse had kicked him. The seconds ran toward him. The surgeon followed; in his excitement he picked up his case, and forceps, probes, and scalpels fell on the grass as he ran; he carried in one hand a three-tailed bandage that swam like a streamer in the air.

Lord Castlereagh stood quiet, looking at the small wisps of smoke coming from the muzzle of his weapon.

"A very unlucky year," he decided.

Lord Yarmouth came hurrying up. He took the pistol from his principal's hand.

"It's a nasty wound, through the fleshy part of his thigh. It will be tedious but not dangerous. Robert, you were too quick. You will never get a chance like that again."

Castlereagh merely looked at him. Out of his eyes the

inner Castlereagh, naked and furious, looked in his second's eyes. And Lord Yarmouth said no more.

III

He felt so sick of it all that he wished to go back to Ireland, go back to Jocelyn. Though that seemed to his mind the logical thing to do, yet something within him prevented it. He had crossed Blackfriars Bridge on to the Surrey side of the river, and looking across he could see London, set in the evening haze like clumps of fire-flies, and it seemed so alien to him. Palace and gin-shop were all lighted, and in neither did any man care about his country. Though he was arrayed against the French, it seemed to him the French were better. They had heroism and chivalry, however ill-directed. The English had strength and common sense. The more he saw of them the less he could understand them. They had each virtue, or each attribute of humanity, packed tidily in a different box as in a chest of drawers. They would pull out patriotism, use it for an hour, put it back and pull out love, put back love and pull out religion. The only drawer they used constantly was that of commerce. They were so unlike the turgid, passionate Irish, who would kill each other for a party cry. The thought rose furiously in him that if it weren't for Irish statesmanship and military talent, and the genius of Jewish merchant adventurers, England would be still a barbarous country.

And yet would it? he wondered. From the cradle it assumed a superiority over all races that the others seemed to accept. Their diplomats were so superior that the op-

ponents felt it was an affable condescension for them to speak at all, and the opponents gave in. They arrogated to themselves the mastery of the seas, not as by right of conquest but as by Heaven's decree. Good God! it was only a few years ago that Admiral Gambier had had omitted from the King's regulations the order to enforce a salute to the King's flag from all foreign ships within the King's seas, an order that had been maintained since the days of the Conqueror. To himself, Garrett, descended from Lochan of the Deluge, some minor official of the Foreign Office under his care, some Smith or Robinson, always assumed a superiority that was galling. The small ill-paid clerk with his hatchet-faced wife in Ealing, with his reedy voice and exuberant Adam's apple, always made the Irish gentleman feel like a bog-trotting rapparee.

Well, that was all beside the question. The point was, what was he going to do now? He would blink the question no longer. He thought Bonaparte was a wiser, kinder, more chivalrous figure than the whole rout of English royalty. The only person for whom he felt affection and respect was the poor mad King. The Princess Amelia was dying at Weymouth, and the sanity of his Majesty would not survive that blow, so much did he love the fair, vivacious child. With her death the curtain would come down for ever on his mind. And the Prince of Wales undoubtedly would become Regent. Every one knew that he was illegally but canonically married to the fair papist Mrs. Fitzherbert. The son was in a college of Jesuits in Baltimore, in America. He would make no claim to the throne, but there you were. It was crooked. It was all right for Lord Castlereagh to say: "What does

it matter what they do? They are paid to do state duty with state money. If they fail, we have always the first Charles as precedent." It was a good business argument, but one needed more than that for respect.

Lord Castlereagh had sent in his resignation with one hand, pulled the strings of politics with another, and had the elder Wellesley recalled from his post as ambassador, to take up the Foreign Office. Castlereagh would still be all-powerful. And during Canning's convalescence he would be sure to ruin him. Garrett felt sick of the damned puppet show of monarch and ministers.

He had wanted to resign, and Castlereagh understood him. But who was to take his place? The corps of messengers and despatch-carriers must be taken care of. If he went, now the Peninsula campaign was in full swing, God knew what would happen. There was enough dirty work in other departments of Whitehall without paralyzing the nerves of the army. He reluctantly decided to stay. He knew, too, that if he went back to Lough Neagh he would regret it all his life. He had taken sides and could not withdraw until "Finis" was written. Though it seemed as if nothing could beat Napoleon now, yet he knew from the English plans it was only a matter of time. The Czar had been once more won over quietly. When Napoleon died, if he died unbeaten, Europe would undergo a hell of rapine, state warring against state and general against general. The French revolution would be the game of children compared with what would happen then. If England conquered Napoleon, she would ride the warring states with a curb. She would see that there was order in Europe, if only for the sake of her own com-

merce. There was no doubt about it, the Little Man was doomed. Himself knew it, else he would not be trying to hedge by marrying the daughter of one of his enemies. Poor Little Man, Garrett thought, without a friend, save his old mother, and the wife he was soon to divorce, and a stray mistress or so, and his old soldiers. Poor Little Man; he thought if he married an Emperor's daughter the Emperor would be his friend, as in an ordinary human family. For all his juggling with kings, the Little Man knew nothing of them. "I am afraid I am becoming a sad republican," Garrett thought.

But no! He was not going back to Ulster with the reputation of a man who had deserted his chiefs. Right or wrong, an Irishman of standards stuck to his party. Causes had been betrayed in Ireland for a title, for money, because of a woman. And people would say he had left Castlereagh because of his wife, and smile—a henpecked husband being every whit as ridiculous as a cuckold. Even Jocelyn would suspect his motives, and that he could not bear. No, he would stand and fight this thing out on his chosen ground.

One thing that added not a little to his depression was this: Before now he could always throw his mind back to Derrymore, see the Montiagh bogs covered with white-headed canavan, the flowering trees of little Ram's Island, the waters of Neagh blue as the blue sky, and among the flowers of the manor-house, through iris and white cistus and columbine, past the blossoming pear- and cherry-trees, see, white as, delicate as, graceful as any flower, the beloved lady. For a long time now he had not been able to see her in night-dream or day-dream. He wondered

if some change had taken place in himself, or whether it was only because he was in the center of the European storm. He was in the middle of the stuffy, callous men who played with armies and kings as with pawns at chess. The center of the storm was calm, but in the circumference were the clatter of horses and the rumble of wheels as the guns were brought up, the din and smoke of battle, and the Guards riding as on parade. And past all this he could not see her face. . . . He remembered one dusk at Derrymore when Jocelyn had discovered a thrush's nest in the hedge-row and the vision had always stayed with him—her parted mouth, her child's eyes, her hands white and beautiful as the hawthorn she was peering through. An evening of white and gold, white hawthorn and the golden laburnum trees, small white clouds and the golden glow of sunset, white swans on the golden lake, and Jocelyn as ethereal, as soft, as lovely as the small birds' breasts. It was coming back to him. There was no sound that evening save the indignant cry of the mother thrush. The evening was so quiet, one felt that, with a little more concentration of listening, one could hear the silver bells of the under-water city of the Lake of Horses. And later there would be a moon. . . .

"Was you lonesome, dee-ah?" A dreadful gin-laden breath purred at his right ear. "Go away!" Garrett said.

"It ain't sensible to be lonesome, dee-ah!" came the viscous wheedle of the woman. He turned round. A dreadful bloated woman from some stews of Southwark was leering at him. Great God! to be confronted with such a monstrous emblem of mortality just as he had attained the land he had all but lost, the Country of the Young.

"Ow! don't be so shy wif the lady, dee-ah!"

"Run away and choke yourself, you bitch!" Garrett turned furiously on her.

"Thinks a lot of yourself, does yer?" The harlot's voice shrilled with contempt. "And you're only a lousy Pat!"

PART V

INTRODUCTION

“**A**LORS,” she laughed, “*je suis cocue!*” The laugh had a lazy, tropical quality in it, like far-off, tired thunder, like the husky note of doves. But tears were near it. In a little while she would cry bitterly and then wipe her eyes and powder her face, to be ready again for a world compounded half of tears and half of laughter.

She had not thought, so little of calculation was in her being, that the divorce would hurt her so. When she had married Napoleon, fourteen years ago, they had nothing. She had debts, which Director Barras, whose mistress she was, would not pay, and Napoleon had some tattered uniforms and a sword. She had not thought it would last a year. Nothing seemed to endure in these days. In the era of revolt one met a man, one liked him—and there you were. She had loved her first husband, Monsieur de Beauharnais, and when he died, there was an end to it. A love like that first one never occurred again. If she were asked, now she was in her forty-seventh year—and still beautiful, she told herself—whom she had loved in her life, if she were wholly untruthful she would say, “Napoleon”; if she were half truthful, she would say, “Nobody.” But if God asked her, “Josephine, whom did you love?” she would have to answer, “Monseigneur, it was Beauharnais.”

When Beauharnais died, leaving her two beautiful chil-

dren and nothing material, she had felt, in the cliché of the woman-writers, that a part of her had died. A silly phrase, silly as the authors' selves, but somehow right. Something within was paralyzed; had vanished; was used up. The terrible beauty that was born of love existed for only one person, and when he died perhaps he took it with him, as evidence for the accused. His death, her loneliness, made her a cynic—a cynic without bitterness, if that were possible. The island of her birth and youth, Martinique, had given her a body like a caryatid of the Parthenon, and a grace and beauty that seemed a mixture of Provence and Castile. But it had exacted for that its tithe of sensuality. When Beauharnais had died by Robespierre's hand—well, there she was. A woman must live and a woman must love. And if the two can be combined—*bon Dié!* what simplicity! It was easy to be sure of God in Martinique; under the smoking summit of Mount Pelée one had to believe in God or flee the island. But in Paris, when the red horde was loosed on the land, and the anointed of the Lord—prince and prelate—looked through the dreadful casemate of the guillotine, and *le bon Dié* of Martinique made never a gesture, one wasn't sure of the existence of the *bon Dié* at all, and one took what one could get. That was all.

There had been men before Barras. There had been men since her marriage with Napoleon. But she had never taken the marriage seriously, as he had. To her it had been a *béguin*. To him, at that time, it had been the greatest thing in the world.

Yet here was the extraordinary thing. About this marriage between the sansculottes commander and herself,

a worthless tart—she told herself—the destiny of Europe had revolved. To Napoleon she had always been the mysterious lady of fashion, no matter to what straits she had been reduced. There had been about her the rarefied atmosphere of caste. Even her accomplishments of a lady, silly as they were—the playing of the harpsichord, the making of tapestry—had for him an outrageous value. She was to him a being on a cloud, even though the cloud were a bedstead. To prove to her that he was of worth he had achieved successes little short of miracles. Passion transformed him from a greasy artillery officer into an Alexander. He was never sure he possessed her. Success must follow success, and triumph, triumph. And yet she always smiled. He was always on parade before her, his chin sunk on his chest with the brooding look of Alexander who studied space for new conquests, with the gesture of Cæsar, his hand thrust into the bosom of his toga. Oh, the funny little Southern Frenchman, of whom she was so fond, whom she all but loved!

He had found the world so hard to conquer, and she had found him so easy. She knew of his infidelities on campaign, but she was as sure of his return to her as of the sun's rising on the morrow. For the other women were not clever. They had no mystery for him. But to him she was always a mystery. She smiled at his passion of a peasant, at his sentimentalism of a school-boy. And her smile had only wrought in him greater passion, exaggerated sentiment.

Why had she loved Beauharnais, who was so much older than she?—such a magnificent, empty man? Some might say that she was impressed, as a child, by his hav-

ing been Governor of her island home. But that was not true. He had the knack of opening her heart, and knew in his finger-tips all the strategy of love. And in her married life with the Emperor why did some simpering worthless loon make her clench her hands, make her knees weak, make her heart sink with desire? He was so much valuable, Napoleon, and so much worthy of love, but it was not in her to love him as she loved other men. Sometimes he was all but beautiful, with his gray eyes and mouth of a lovely girl. He was so generous. He had been so kind to the children, to Eugène and to Hortense. He had shown in public that her word meant more to him than the pleas of the Senate. And yet she could not give him that utter, that oblivious love that was his due, that he was seeking. And if she had, she thought, there would have been no Napoleon. Her carelessness had made him magnificent, her high aloofness had made him gigantic.

She knew now that the little man felt the end coming. He felt that Austerlitz was his last great victory, Vienna his last diplomatic triumph. And to consolidate that he was marrying this stupid Austrian woman. Marrying into royalty—as if a title could make a sow aught but a sow! She could imagine the woman's fat white body, sparse hair, vacuous mind. Herself, a Latin of the Latins, despised all Teutons as boors. A Teutonic royalty was but a successful banditry. Herself, Marie Rose Josephine Tascher de la Pagerie de Beauharnais, had more nobility in her finger-tips than all Teutonic royalty had from thick skull to stub toes. He was not lucky in love, Napoleon; he would not be lucky with Marie-Louise. Great God! if there were no child of the union, what a tragedy for

the Emperor! It would have been better, even though the end was coming, for him to remain with her. For she might have been able to give him in defeat what she had never been able to give him in success, a whole and throbbing heart, also now that tamed age was exorcising the devil the body knew. But his empire had been his life-work, and far be it from her to balk him if he saw even the least possibility of making it a monument more enduring than brass.

Her Majesty thought that had she dignity she would return to Martinique. The *Ile des Revenants*, the Island of Those who Return—even the dead came back there!—was never very far from her thoughts. An island of fireflies and humming-birds. All the women were beautiful; white, métisse, and *chabine*. Like some town out of old Anjou, Fort-de-France lay, its little cafés winking at the Carib sea. The eternal roar of the trade winds on the gun-black sands of the Grande Anse; Saint-Pierre of the red roofs and yellow façades, of the golden orange-trees and the golden moon; Montagne-Pelée with its banner of smoke astrain in the sea-breeze. The laughter of the bare-foot negro women, and their throbbing songs, half Carib and half Castilian.

To go and live there now would be dignified. But her Majesty had no dignity, she told herself. She was never meant to be a tragic figure. She was a merry creole woman. The peace of Martinique was not for her. Live Paris, with cafés and balls, the great sweep of the Champs-Élysées, the Seine flowing gently through Saint-Cloud, the little woods of Garches. What though another woman wore her crown, Paris was still hers. There would be

the crash of orchestra for the dance, young men who adored her mature, sleepy, tropic beauty under yellow candle-light, the thrill and hazard of cards.

So each day must pass wearily until the night came. Wearily, now that the gray Parisian December buffeted the city with harsh winds and great spates of rain. From the windows of Malmaison she could see sodden, scrofulous grass. Little statues that were so gay in gay weather seemed silly now in winter, and one wondered if it were not cruelty to leave them out. But where could one put them? Rain fell on stilted stone walk and gay marble boy, but the marble of the boy seemed more dead than dead flesh. Decayed and noisome brown leaves fell from stripped trees heavily as pebbles fall. Never did the rain stop. The skies were sullen, sullen—sullen as a woman with an unwelcome pregnancy.

And her Majesty shivered with a sudden fear. Her early life was of Martinique, one must remember, where quietly and secretly the Vadoux Papaloi had more power than his Majesty's Governor; where, though the bells of Saint-Pierre might carol by daytime, by night-time the island echoed to the negro drums, Houn, Hountor, and Houn Torgri, and to the great drum Assauntor; where, though there are silver crosses on altars, there were black serpents in secret lodges. It seemed to her Majesty that this dreadful weather was a portent, the winter of herself, the winter of love, the winter of the Emperor's glory. Even the name of her house oppressed her—Malmaison, the Evil Dwelling. . . . Without, the skies of France wept incessantly. And her Majesty wept too.

CHAPTER XIX

I

A LAND of larks, Jocelyn thought; though the poet-owner of the hotel insisted that Holyhead was a land of wrens, the last remnant of Druidism. But everywhere about her larks were singing. They rose from the short sea-grass in light bounds until they achieved the high air. They rose from spinney of gorse and bed of rushes. And from high on air they poured forth such a wealth of golden song that the heaviest heart must be cured by it. And Jocelyn's heart was not heavy any more, for she had her husband once again.

Each morning, while he lay outside the inn on the couch, and the old physician tended his wounded shoulder and broken leg, she would swing off for a walk, until she reached some high peak where the winds from the blue tossing sea bathed her like a cataract from some mountain river. Already, from the Cymric sea and the Cymric sun, beneath her blue-black hair her face was assuming a mask of gold, fitting with the golden gorse and the golden sun and the golden song of larks. But she felt that the more sun and sea air she could get into her possession the more vitality she could give to the white-faced man who had been so close to the portals of death. He was improving now so quickly that the aged physician thought it a miracle of the Welsh land. Soon

he would be able to walk down with her at evenings and watch the primrose-colored sea that stretched from Wales to Ireland, see the homing fisher-boats, and note the tumbling, plum-colored porpoises in the bay. Soon he would be able to ride on one of the sturdy shaggy Welsh ponies up the slopes of the Holy Head and to Mynydd Llanfair, Saint Mary's Mount. On the slopes of the Welsh hills, under the golden sun, it was so easy to feel the reality of the gods of the Druids—Hu the strong and his plow; Wyn ap Nudd, Lord of the Unknown; Bel, King of the Sun. There were Druid wells here, whose water was sweet as wild honey, healing currents from the arteries of the earth. She would bring him up here, and the water of the Druid wells, and the tumult of the Druid trees, and the sight of the blue crags of Snowdon would make him as well as ever he had been. She saw the shadows on the hills shortening, and turned back to the little white town, that was so like a township of the Moors, white under a white sun, perched on the foot of the mountains, on a little height above the clamoring sea.

When news came to Ireland of the duel between Lord Castlereagh and Mr. Canning, all Ireland knew that the Downshire nobleman's cabinet days were ended, and Jocelyn had been in a ferment of wonder as to whether or not her husband would return to Ireland. That he would stay with the Government after the insult to the Minister for War was not to be thought of. But no word came from him. And one morning his estate agent, Mr. Craig, and Wullie John McIntee, his bailiff, had come to her to turn over certain documents. For days before, a certain strut and swagger had shown itself in two of the

farm lads, and one winter evening in the haggard she had seen a lad called Jackson lunging viciously with a saber that had done duty with Schomberg at the Boyne, at a stolid and unoffending haystack. She noticed, also, that young Col McKenna was exercising Prentice Boy, a new hunter which McIntee had bought for Garrett. She watched young Col, with his seat as in an arm-chair and his lovely hands, send the thundering chaser over fuchsia hedge and wall of stone.

"By Gad!" The groom patted the five-year-old's neck. "If he isn't satisfied with you now, he'll be the unhandy difficult man."

"Whom do you mean, McKenna?"

He turned around and looked at her out of gray Irish eyes.

"Who would I be meaning but himself, my Lady?—Mr. Garry." He nodded his head in ecstasy. "He's a darling horse, a darling horse!"

"Who told you Mr. Garry was coming home?"

"Coming home! Sure, who in God's name would say the equal of that, my Lady? Isn't it to Spain he's going, to fight and hunt with General Wellesley, that brought his hounds to India itself?"

"I don't know," Jocelyn said.

"Ah now, my Lady," Col wheedled, "you wouldn't be stopping Mr. Garry, with the nobility of the world after ould Antichrist like the pack after a fox. Sure, his heart would be broke on him."

When Craig and McIntee came to her to explain how Garrett wished things carried on in his absence in the Peninsula, and in case of his death in action, she turned

pale. She acquiesced in all the proposals. When McIntee was dismissed she spoke to the agent:

"Mr. Craig, my husband has not acquainted me with any of his plans. Can you tell me anything?"

The burly, shrewd agent looked troubled.

"To be sure," Craig stumbled, "we all know that you and Mr. Garry are at variance over the rights and wrongs of this war. And no man and no woman can go against their convictions. I should say that Mr. Garry had not told you himself for fear of wounding your feelings. All I know is that he has resigned his post at the Foreign Office and bought a commission in a regiment of horse. He is, I understand, on the point of sailing for Lisbon. I am sure he thought the news would come better from an outsider than from himself."

"He is very tactful, Garrett is," Jocelyn mused. "And yet, I would rather he was risking his life in the field than risking his soul with Lord Castlereagh."

"A very able but a very odious man," Mr. Craig declared. "There is an old saying somewhere that one loves the treason, but one hates the traitor. That's how we all feel about my Lord Castlereagh."

"Mr. Craig," Jocelyn said, "you are a shrewd man of the world. What is to be the outcome of all this?"

"A bad outcome, Miss Jocelyn." The Ulsterman shook his head. "Many of the men who fled to America in the troubles are returning to Ireland from sheer homesickness, and they all are agreed that war between America and England cannot be delayed for long."

"And then what will happen?"

"Then," Craig decided, "they will come hot-foot and apologetic to Lord Castlereagh."

"Great God!" Jocelyn cried, "has England, then, no man who can cope with tragedy but this perfumed Irish gallows-feeder!"

"No man," said Mr. Craig.

II

She felt, unjustly she knew, that he should have told her of his going to the war. There was a convention of the knight riding away, and he should have respected it; had her to London; spoken of the future. Not in such a casual way should the brazen gates of death be approached. Of course he had arranged all his affairs, and left everything to her in case of death. But she brushed that aside as of no account, so much was spleen upmost in her. A portion of her brain told her she was unjust, ungrateful, and the other portion, the dark, passionate side, said it didn't care. "There is a woman somewhere in this," she decided with a vulgarity that astonished herself. And she had a torturing vision of some fair, simpering Englishwoman waving to him as he rode out of London toward Portsmouth with his company while the band crashed into the Irish air "The Young May Moon." Again her inner self told her that Garrett would not enter into a mean intrigue with a woman, but savagely she said: "People change, don't they?"

A terrible winter gripped the lake-land. Unceasing, a moaning run-away wind came out of the north. Rime

changed to ice on the boughs of the young trees, and there was a crackle as of musketry through the night as they broke in the mad, unharnessed gale. Such gaggles of wild geese, both gray lag and barnacle, came southward as had not been seen in living memory. Skulks of foxes roamed the country-side, snarling and barking at men on their raids. And such a thing as had never before been seen in Ulster, owls frozen to death, were found in the woods of Derrymore.

The edges of the lake fed by wells froze. Yea, even the live water froze, as though it were a puddle on the road. The keenest wild-flower would not face the terrible moonlit night. Never were the crows and cows so thin, the trees so sere, the stag so lean. On the roads that were hard and repellent as iron, snow fell in an infinite white misery. It covered the copses of Derrymore like a shroud.

A trading-boat out of Archangel had the autumn before put into Belfast on its way to the Americas, and had offered wares in the city such as the city had never seen before. Strange tea, and sacred pictures, and sturgeon's roes, and furs. Whether from womanly extravagance or some occult instinct of the coming days of corroding cold, Jocelyn had bought of their stores of furs, wondering, when all was bought, at her madness. But now in furred Muscovy boots and great coat and small cap of fur she tramped the desolate land when even the otter shivered, and the dogs with her whined to go back. Some dark anger and dread kept her for ever moving, until one bleak January day a letter out of Spain came to her.

Her heart really for an instant stopped beating and her hands trembled, and she was afraid that she was go-

ing to step out of her body into cool death, as she might step out of her frock to swim in the lake on a sunny summer morning. She looked at the strange writing. And kept twisting the letter round and round in her hands. But a voice within her said, "Have courage." And she opened the letter and glanced through it. That was all right: he wasn't dead.

She felt so faint now that she had to sit down, before she could read it through. It was from Garrett's regimental surgeon in Spain, and told her that Garrett had been wounded at Torres Vedras in a skirmish against Masséna's troops. He had received a bullet in the right shoulder, and, unfortunately, also his horse had been hit, so that the animal, crazy with pain, had reared backward and fallen on him, breaking his left leg. The surgeon, a Mr. O'Flaherty, gave her to understand that the wounds were tedious, grave, and uncomfortable, but at present not dangerous. He was having Garrett brought to Lisbon, but he wished to get him out of Lisbon home at once. "Lisbon is no place for a patient," he said. "The destitution and terror of that city are beyond belief." But he knew that a man of Garrett's influence could achieve that.

Apart from influence, Mr. O'Flaherty said, his popularity and personal charm made everybody eager to help. It was ill luck for Garrett, he said, but Madame Dillon would like to hear that General Picton's self had said that it was ill luck for the army, that, although so young, so valuable and gallant an officer should be lost to the command.

Here Mr. O'Flaherty's letter became embarrassed. He

permitted himself the liberty of saying that he hoped this untoward occurrence would have its bright side. Two young people like themselves must be united. Mr. O'Flaherty had evidently heard they were estranged, Jocelyn thought. Mr. O'Flaherty asked Madame Dillon to believe him, as a medical officer of many years' experience, that there was nothing in life for a woman like a husband and home. There were no difficulties, Mr. O'Flaherty opined, which on consideration, and with some measure of mutual forbearance, could not be adjusted. And other fatuous drivel of the middle class. He remained her obedient servant, Aloysius O'Flaherty. How dreadfully embarrassed Garrett would have been had he seen that letter! She smiled faintly.

The door of the drawing-room opened softly, and through it she could see the company of Irish servants standing in the hall, the maids with their aprons ready to throw over their heads and keen, the men white-faced and gaping. They knew she had received a letter from Spain, and news of Master Garry in it.

"The Master," Jocelyn said, "has been badly but not dangerously wounded in Spain, and is being sent home."

The women wept. They were not to be cheated of their weeping. The men shuffled. "It's ill news," they said, "it's queer and ill news, but thank the Man Above that it's no worse." "He's a darling hero!" the boot-boy exclaimed with pride, "a darling hero." "I would only ask of my God," said an under keeper, who was of repute in the Ulster prize-ring, "to get Bonaparte by himself in a locked room for five minutes." "That's all the news," Jocelyn said. "Now run along."

They looked at her in astonishment. They could not conceive that she wished to be alone. In Ireland, all emotions, joy or sorrow, are shared between high and low.

"Did you hear me?" she said impatiently. "Get out." It was the first intemperate word she had ever addressed to them. They scuttled off like rabbits.

She wrote to Garrett. "My dear, my very dear," she called him, and she asked how could he think that political differences would have held her back from seeing him when he was going off to danger. Surely they who had been so close should not have been apart at that moment. It was cruel of him, she wrote. But of that no more now. They must unite for the purpose of getting him well. Did he remember how she had nursed him when he broke his ribs and collar-bone, in the first winter of their marriage? He must get some one to write her at once when he was coming home. The winter was terrible, but it would break now, she was sure. When might she expect him? When? Oh, when? She inclosed her letter with a covering letter to Lord Castlereagh, asking him to let Garrett have it at once, as she did not know where he was. Her letter began with the formal "My dear Lord," but her sentences were abrupt, peremptory. Within the week a reply came to her in Castlereagh's prim flowing hand. He was shocked, he wrote, at the wound of "our beloved young Garrett." It was against Castlereagh's advice he had gone at all. He had forwarded her letter. And now, he wrote, did Mistress Dillon think it was wise to bring Garrett home? Surely in Ulster he could not have the care and attention he would have in London. He had retained his own physician, Dr. Charles Bankhead—

an Ulsterman himself, by the way—to meet the transport at Portsmouth. They must be governed by the medical man's advice. Also, he might be excused for suggesting that a meeting between Garrett and herself at this minute might give rise to a fever which would retard his progress.

My dear Lord [she replied], I am of a breed which pays little attention to the usages of diplomacy. My place is by my wounded husband's side, and nothing will keep me from it. If Garrett is not sent home, I shall come and bring him. I am supposed to be a calm, restrained woman, but I promise your Lordship and your Lordship's pet physician a very uncomfortable half-hour if I come to London. This letter may shock your Lordship, but I don't care very much whether it does or not.

This ended her correspondence with Castlereagh.

A letter dictated by Garrett's self came to her, thanking her, and making light of his injuries. Dr. Bankhead had insisted on his being at the seaside, while he had wanted to go to Ireland. However, they had arrived at a compromise. He would go to Anglesea in Wales. How much it would mean to him to see her she could imagine—so went his words to the amanuensis. He added he did not feel himself at liberty until the war was over, and when well again he looked for employment from the Government. He felt she should know this.

She brushed that aside. Were he to be employed by the devil himself after convalescence, she would go to him now. Indeed, her feelings toward the Emperor had undergone a brusque reversal for the moment, since he had shot Garrett. She felt a certain fury that any one kin to Munro should be wounded by the French. Of course it was a ridiculous feeling, but there you were!

She posted down to Dublin to take the Holyhead packet, but everything seemed to baffle her. She stayed, as she thought, overnight with the Moiras, but the spring equinox was in full blast, and outside the bay the sea smashed against the rocks of the Kish and rolled into Dublin up the Liffey; great combing waves coming snarling up to Island Bridge, so that the sloop-rigged Holyhead packet could not leave her moorings. Jocelyn was forced to stay in Dublin some days. She could not but acknowledge that since the Union the Dublin streets seemed safer, and cleaner. A great sewer was being dug in Capel Street, and the morass around Sackville Street, the old Drogheda road, was being filled in. But she felt that without the peers and commons of Ireland sitting in College Green, it was a dead city.

Then suddenly, the raging equinoctial over, the sun smiled. Toward Dublin city the purple mountains nodded. She went down to Carlisle Bridge to take the packet. As she stood on the quay she noticed a ballad-singer eying her, and winking to draw her attention. He was a man in a filthy muffler and torn knee-breeches, yet the air of a soldier hung about him. When he saw her eyes on him, he cleared his throat violently, and began the whine of a come-all-ye:

“’Twas then the United Men marched to the town.”

He put a hoarse emphasis on “United”:

“They attacked and they conquered with fame and renown;
The jail they broke open and rescued all there,
And they made full commander of the Rambler from Clare.”

He looked up and down the quay as though fearsome

of listeners. His mottled, bluish face swung from side to side. He kept winking at Jocelyn as though he were doing something most important and secret. His head shot forward and back in the muffler, like a child's toy.

"So now that I'm titled a United Man,
No more can I stay in my own native land;
And off to America I must repair,
And leave all the friends of the Rambler from Clare."

"I wonder why you are making all those signs at me, singer," Jocelyn said quietly. The man shambled up.

"Because I know you, my Lady. Because there isn't one other the equal of you in the orb of the world," he whined. "Weren't you pointed out to me in the streets of Belfast as the sister's child of the martyred Henry Munro—may he be at the right hand o' God this day! Sure I know you, true Northern heroine! beloved daughter of Granya Wale. What the pair of us haven't suffered for Erin, my country!

"My Lady, I'll tell you the truth: I won't tell you a word of lie. I enlisted in the Red Coats in Cootehill town, black hunger scrabbing at me back. We were translated to Cork, my lady, and then only I found out the strategy of the English. We were to be used against the noble French nation, Ireland's darling. But sooner than handle sword or musket against Erin's friends, I sacrificed myself. Look, my Lady!" And he held up his right hand. Index and middle finger were missing. "With a butcher's cleaver I sacrificed my grand right, agile hand, all in the cause of Ireland. And they put me into jail, and were for shooting me, but I escaped, my Lady. Through rocky mountain and treacherous bog I made my way to the

Liberties of Dublin. I only venture out now, my Lady, fearful as a weasel in the day."

He came close to her.

"My Lady," he said, "you'll have a crown piece for a penniless patriotic man." He looked up in appeal, and saw her cold face, her flaring nostrils, her eyes burning with contempt. And he moved down the quay in a rapid shuffle, not even daring to curse. At a safe distance he halted. He noted a British officer, and broke into the patriotic strain of the "Enniskillen Dragoon."

Jocelyn eyed the garish custom-house, the porter-sodden loungers. Her lip curled.

"Dublin!" said she.

III

She said, "But he is not here!"

Her eyes searched the private sitting-room of the little inn. There were small opened windows of leaded panes, through which the sun shone, and through which the carol of larks came. A grate of coal burnt cheerfully, and on the floor were sand and rushes. There was a clean, keen odor of sand and rushes.

"But I am here."

She turned around suddenly and saw on a great couch against the wall a figure with leg in splints and bandages, and arm in a sling.

"You see, I can't get up to welcome you."

She saw what she had never seen before on him—a face so white and so drawn with pain that it was a living reproach to her, she felt. Her heart hurt her suddenly, for she saw gray hairs in the black curls.

"My man-servant placed me in the sun when he went down to meet the packet, but the sun has moved since." There was even a change in his voice. It had still its Irish modulation, but the years of England had made it into a quiet instrument. He had dignity and force. It thrilled her. It filled her heart as with a rich, warm music.

"It was so good of you to come," he said.

"I am a foolish person, surely," she said. "There is so much to say, and I have no words."

"How like you!" The old appealing smile went over his face like sunlight, like golden sunlight. "How you remind me of old days at Derrymore!"

She crossed toward him passionately. With a quick gesture she took off her hat and threw it anywhere. "But I will not have it," she said. "You speak to me as though I were some valued woman friend come to see you—keeping me at a courteous distance. I will not suffer that," she said. "When you were well, though I loved you, I would not move an inch toward you, such an arrogant, stubborn woman am I! but now I have come from the lowlands of Ulster, over the crooked roads and rocky highways to Dublin, and crossed a tempestuous sea to be with you." She knelt down beside him. "I am a poor wife, but your wife, and you cannot deny me." She caught up his left hand and held it to her cheek. "I should like to cry, but I mustn't, I suppose. It would disturb you."

"Is it really you, Jocelyn?"

"Dear God!" she prayed suddenly, "is there something they have not told me? Garrett, you are not blind? My dear one, my dear one, they haven't taken your eyes away in the dreadful war?"

"No," he said, "I see well enough. But I have been so lonely that I am incredulous."

"You will not be lonely any more."

"I wrote you," he told her, "that when I am well I must go back."

"I know," she said. But his gray eyes were on her. She could not evade; so lied. "When you are well, you will go back, if you wish." Her heart said with a savage pride: "He shall never go back." "Garry," she said. Her head was on his left shoulder, her voice muffled, "in the days when you would put your hand on the pommel and vault in the saddle, and your face was brown as autumn bracken, and your wrists supple and strong as your steel-hearted salmon rods, I never cared for you as I do now, when you are white and ailing and frail."

"I suppose I am an awful sight, but it will not endure," he smiled, "now you are here. And you, Jocelyn, are younger and lovelier than ever I have seen you. You have the slender, proud bearing of the rowan-tree, and the face of some young princess become a nun, and you are young as spring."

"Dear God! Am I like that?" she said. "Then I am glad. For your sake I am most glad."

CHAPTER XX

I

WITH her coming, health came. Color crept into the pallid cheeks. Bones knit. The wound in the shoulder itched with healing. The aged Welsh physician, who had forgotten most of what he had learned in London, and had replaced it with the knowledge of herbs and simples, rubbed his frail, wax-like hands with delight. He was a strange old man, like some benevolent Druid of Mona, who practised leechdom before the bands of Suetonius crossed the Menai Strait to the magic-enshrouded isle. He insisted that his patient should each day read Saint Paul on charity, giving as reason for this prescription that the inspired words put the patient's being in harmony to receive the healing elements. He may have been mad, or uncommonly sane, but in Jocelyn's presence and with his ministrations, Garrett got his health in the sea air. He was not lonely any more. Of daytime his soldier and the poet-boots moved him on his couch into the sunshine, where the air was merry with bees. From the boats in the port came the healing odor of tar. When the bitter chill of evening came, she would make him come in, and place him by the window where he could see the evening star burst into golden flame in the still heavens. With the deft fingers of the home-maker she had transformed the bare sitting-room into an abode of happi-

ness. In the evening time, what candles and daffodils and the well-swept hearth meant! An old harper would come in and display the art that had been lost in Ireland, his talon-like fingers drawing from string and sounding-pillar chords that vibrated through one's heart. Neighbors called on the wounded captain, an old Welsh baronet, descended from Owen Glendower, who talked genealogy, tracing his descent back to Llewellyn and the mythical Brutus and claiming to be the last Celtic king. He had two daughters in the fifties, who adored England, but the old man still nursed his Celtic hatred of the Saxon. Another visitor was the captain of coast-guards, a man whom the Government seemed to have forgotten, every subaltern being passed over his head. They all wished to hear of the war in Spain, and of the Spanish people. Garrett told them of the huge, granite-bodied, granite-faced Spanish peasants, and the small, foppish Spanish grantees; of the Spanish beggars who have such dignity and whose request for charity is put in such a way that few dare refuse it: "Little brother, give me a small alms which God will repay you." The Spanish called the English soldiers *rubios*, because of the prevalence of red hair among them. It was a term of opprobrium, as in Spanish art Judas Iscariot is always represented with red hair. A curious detail. Of the troops Garrett said little, except that the Spanish troops were excellent but their officers useless. When pressed by the captain of coast-guards as to a general survey of the campaign, he excused himself, saying he knew so little about warfare. And Jocelyn, fearing he might be tired, would send the company away.

She had taken the whole ground floor of the inn. There

was their sitting-room, and next to that her room, and between her room and the room of the soldier servant Garrett slept. He slept well since her coming. Often in the night she would arise, and, slipping on her dressing-gown of claret-colored silk, smuggled from Lyons into Lough Swilly, she would steal in and listen to him. He slept so peacefully. Outside, the fishermen at their boats sang softly their Welsh melodies, and soon the nightingale would come to join the chorus of the melodious land. Her heart went out to him in the spring night.

In the morning she would wake as the Welsh maid came, and drawing the curtains apart let in the golden flood of day, the newly minted gold of morning, and to Jocelyn it would be an adventure to go in to meet her husband. The soldier servant would have washed and shaved him, and then at breakfast they would sit at the table with its great bunches of narcissus and daffodils, the great brown teapot and the smoking farls, the small brown eggs and butter like primroses. Everything was an adventure—the commonplace thing of going to the quays to see what silver harvest the fishermen had gained in the night, sole and brill and turbot, and perhaps some gleaming cock salmon, rushing God knows whence toward the river of his spawning. The women coming down from the upland farms around the hills, with their high Welsh hats, and no English. "*Dim Saesnag!*" they would say softly, softly as the rustle of leaves. And a sort of courteous wordless conversation would go on between Jocelyn and them, Celt speaking to Celt, with smiling eye and mouth. They had cheeks red as small crab-apples and eyes black as sloes, and their kerchiefs and aprons were spotless and

their buckled shoon gleamed like a frosty road. They were so native: none other could inhabit the withdrawn Celtic land. Each day came more primroses, and under the trees was a whisper of blue: the arrival of the hyacinth. Jocelyn felt she was receiving now what had been the due of childhood and which she had never had: happy playtime. All her early days had been spent under the shadow of tragedy, the revolt of the United Men, the grievous martyrdom of her uncle, and thereafter the waning of the unhappy land. And now was playtime. Her only fear was that some unwelcome event would come, like a disliked governess, and say with a cruel, mirthless smile: "Come in. Play is over."

She had more joy in making their rooms comfortable here than in the regiment of Derrymore. She had sent to Chester for a pianoforte, and when it had come, drawn by heavy shire horses on a great cart, she had been delighted. The old harpist shook his head, saying that new inventions were sounding the knell of harping. But she played "The Blackbird" for him, and his fingers itched to transfer the old Irish melody to the instrument it had been born to. From Chester, too, came a pony basket chair, as for old ladies, and great was Garrett's disgust. "For three seasons," he announced with great bitterness, "I hunted over the stone walls of Galway, blazing hell for leather from check to kill. Isn't it the tragedy of the world to see me reduced to this low degree? Devil a bone o' mine will it ever carry. Sure, 't is only for a child!" "And isn't it only a child is in it?" Jocelyn laughed. "And you wrecked and murdered in the havoc of the Spanish wars!" "I declare to God," he said, "if anybody ever hears of this

in the Western world," for such is Ireland to Irishmen, "I'll never show my face there again, so I won't." "And who could ever tell it," said she, "in the Western world, barring the birds? and there is no known speech of them." So she persuaded him to go abroad.

She was delighted to see him drop, if only for the minute, his courteous gravity of the Foreign Office, and speak the folk speech of Ireland. The surgeon may not have known how near death he had been, but she knew. For in his eyes was the delight of a man who had never expected to see the golden-headed, green-sleeved month of May be reborn. Like a child in a strange garden, he watched the month of thrushes raise her house of green wattles. He watched the curtsying birch-trees as though he had never seen them before. And by a small bridge he watched the mountain stream, clear as crystal now that the spate of April was over, hum its way past the wine-colored willows. The northwest wind blew steadily—the blue-green under wind—and by healing magic, drawn from the sun and beneficent stars, it seemed to wash Garrett, as though he were washed in some blessed well. One day he could walk a little, and though he was tired the next, the day after he could walk more. When he rested, always were the songs of birds for him: at duskfall the evensong of nightingales, in morning the cool notes of the blackbird, all day long the troubling music of the larks, and in the hush of afternoon the drowsy music of linnet and bee—the small music of green linnet and golden bee.

He said, in the quiet of sunset, the sunset that was going on past the quiet, snowy-breasted sea over the reeks of Munster, "Thank God!"

"For all things," she said. "But what is in your mind?"

He looked at her. She was half sitting, half kneeling on the sward, looking out to sea, her dark head, her gracious and lovely face. Her head was tilted upward, waiting for the evening star to blaze out, like a pharos in the vast, navigable heavens. Her small, rich mouth was open in expectation, as a sleeping child's is open. And the evening star would be answered by the beacon in the harbor, winking over the Cymric seas.

"That you came," he said, "for, you here, I am nearly a well man."

"My thanks are with it, too," she murmured, "for all I love Derrymore, yet—Do you know," she said, "how much trifles and small details were beginning to mean to me? And when that happens it means your life is empty. You are drifting off in a coracle from the mainland of life. You are dying, Garrett. Battles, and struggle, and tragedy are healthy things. You do not know how healthy they are, until you are irritated by a comb left in an unhandy place." And she smiled a little. "Also, when I was at Derrymore, I was in a sort of blank content, and now, Garrett, I am afraid. Even that is healthy."

"But you are happy here," he said. "Of what, then—"

"Hush," she said. "Don't let them hear you."

Himself smiled. For years he had not heard that strange belief of all Irish folk, some relic of dark pagan wisdom, that the lessons in churches cannot kill: that invisible in the invisible wind are the souls of baffled men, spirits who have been reft of material things and have not attained happiness, but who cherish a vindictiveness against too happy folk, and against whose designs our weapon is

the hilted Sword of Michael—squat Robert Artisson—against whom God protect us! That Robert Artisson—against whom God protect us!—should have left the high-roads of Ireland for green-meadowed Mona was improbable. But one never can tell. He had deep in him his race's sense of the Unknown. Each night at Derrymore, when the ashes were raked over on going to bed, through his head ran the smooing prayer.

Mar smuairim an teine seo—

As I rake the ashes over this fire,

They are raked by the Son of Mary.

Blessed be house and fire!

Blessed be the people under this roof!

Let an angel stand at the great door,

Until the ring of day shows in the East.

So he did not announce news of happiness, lest the folk of the air should hear.

This little sward by the cliff was beloved by her, so that each evening after their meal they must go down there. The soldier servant would unharness the shaggy Welsh pony and lead him off. And Jocelyn would sink down on the short, sweet turf. There would only be the sound of the plovers as they stood by the shore, and the flapping of a crane's wings, or the low flight of some leather-bodied, snake-headed cormorant as he winged his way to his secret abiding-place in the cliffs. And then she would wait, her head raised, for the coming of the star.

"I'll give you a silver sixpence for your thoughts," Garrett said.

"I would not sell them for all the gold of the leprechauns."

"Will you give them, then?"

"Not yet," she murmured softly, "my dear one, not yet."

She was thinking, and she blushed a little at the thought, how much she loved this grave, courteous man that her young husband had turned into. When she married him they had been so much boy and girl that they were like children going up a hill to see the world from its summit. They had parted. And they had met again. By contact with the world, by affairs of state, by suffering, he had become a man. One felt he could govern a household; behind him one would be safe. And in the misty days of Man and the quiet days of Ulster, thought had made such a woman of her. When they loved again, they would not be like children playing at love but man and woman feeling the strong current of it, like two on a cliff with the west wind blowing against them, the wind that is like wine, like new and heady wine, calling forgotten ancient melodies out of the heart.

She had never ceased to revolt against the wedding service, that, for all the pomp of churches, could not conceal a vulgarity hard to be borne. In spite of solemn archaic phrasing it was no more than an attorney's instrument, binding until death, for all that death in a true marriage mattered as little as winter. How could one promise love, honor, and obedience unless by grace of love they were born? The mention in the service of the remedy against sin was a hideous grossness. As though a pagan rout of old, where, fired by wine and mysticism, no lips but were wet from kissing, were not a more noble thing than smug domestic bestiality. Every one knew, she

thought with resentment. There were such sly faces at a wedding. One felt violated.

And after a wedding women felt themselves permitted to say things to a bride that they would never have dared say to a young girl, sly remarks, stories offensive to taste. Surely with the consummation of the body one did not lose virginity of mind. And they must always be looking at a young woman married with sidelong violating glances to guess whether or not she was with child—peering offensively at what should be a secret between you and God and the small white soul that was being garmented beneath your heart.

Each day she would feel love grow, as she saw by the cliff-side in the small, short grass the stalk of the daisy becoming longer, a deeper blue dyeing the hyacinth beneath the willows, and on the banks the soft murmur of the primrose turning into a deep-throated golden song. One night would come, with Garrett healed, and on one of her visits in the starlight to see was all right with him, he would wake and utter, "Is that you, Jocelyn?" and she would not go away. And it would be fitting as the gorse in springtime, right as sunshine. And none would know, she promised herself gloriously. Not less secret than the mating of nightingales would that night be. No spent, bloated woman would gaze at her with bitter envy, or old man leer at her with red-rimmed eyes. She would preserve it as a jewel, as the earth possesses a flawless unfingered jewel within its breast. . . .

One evening early, behind them, the vast neighboring moon rose in a circle of new gold, of fresh and primrose-colored gold. How near it seemed was frightening, for

the Druid oaks on the hilltops stood out black against its surface like a pattern in an old Roman house. And Jocelyn, looking round at it, seemed frightened.

"What is it?" her husband asked.

"But it was only yesterday afternoon that I saw it, a new one, in the western sky!"

"I don't remember." Garrett was puzzled too.

They looked at one another a little aghast, for in Arthur's enchanted land anything seemed possible. They might have arrived at the day of wonders, told of in Celtic prophecy; when from behind the bars of heaven the Lions of God should be unloosed. The mailed door of Snowdon would burst open and Glendower and his warriors would burst forth on the Teuton bands, and from the Rath of Mullaghmast in Ireland the Wizard Earl and his warriors would canter into Dublin, and from the round towers of Ireland the invisible fairy bells would ring out a soft white music, and swords would rot in their scabbards and each man put out his hand to his enemy, and the red fox ask the pardon of the cock pheasant, and the peregrine falcon share the cushat's branch. The red years and the black years should be forgotten, now that the white years were begun. . . .

"If it were not yesterday, then it was the day before yesterday," Jocelyn said, "for I remember thinking to myself how curved and clean and beautiful it was, like a sword in some Eastern sky, with the evening star as a jewel in its hilt; like some wonder out of a dim Crusader's tale, the sword of Saladin.

"Oh, Irwin!" she called.

The soldier servant appeared, leading the shaggy pony,

stuffing a clay pipe into trousers pocket. "Irwin," Jocelyn said, "do you remember when the new moon was?"

"I mind it well, my lady, for there was never a finer sight in the air. Like the silver belly of a new-run cock salmon it was. That was twelve days ago."

"Are you sure, Irwin?"

"To the very day, my lady."

"Then, O Son of Mary!" she cried in wonder, "where are those twelve days gone?"

II

Like a story from a child's book, or like some vision in a grotesque dream, the news of London came to them. Now that the Prince of Wales was Regent, and the old mad, blind King roamed through Windsor Castle in his dressing-gown of yellow silk—in lucid intervals playing Handel on Queen Anne's spinet, or praying that God might give him strength to bear his afflictions—affairs went on quietly. The Whigs, who had expected all spoils of office on Prinny's accession to the Regency, were severely disappointed. Poor Sheridan, who had been promised the Irish Secretaryship, was flung aside, and there could be no further doubt that the country was governed by the Marchioness of Hertford, who in return was managed by her nephew Castlereagh. It all seemed like a grotesque story a child might have invented, the fat prince, fifty, paunchy, who had sprained his leg teaching his daughter the Highland fling and lay groaning surrounded by courtiers, the evil old crone in Hertford House, the white-faced, deadly Castlereagh. . . . Though

the common gossip gave it that the aged marchioness was his mistress, and thus the influence, yet all knew that the Prince was being handled by being assisted in his difficulty with his wives. Mrs. Fitzherbert, his canonized but illegal wife, was rapidly put in her place on Lady Hertford's advice, and all hands were considering a scheme whereby the Princess might be divorced. His hatred of his legal wife was the Regent's ruling passion. He had faith that Lady Hertford and Lord Castlereagh would get rid of her for him.

Like battles seen in the clouds, came news from the Continent. Napoleon, after carefully provisioning France, had quitted his new Empress and his young son, called the King of Rome, to wage war on Russia, where once again English influence had become paramount. The pick of the French army in Spain was withdrawn, so that General Wellesley was now able to secure solid victories, commanding as he did the English, Portuguese, and Spanish armies. The commander had now been made an Earl of England and a Duke of Spain. He had captured Badajoz at the enormous loss of five thousand men, of whom two thirds had fallen in the assault. Even his contempt for the poor devils he commanded could not stand this holocaust. He gave way to a burst of grief. He also had a shrewd suspicion he had made a mistake in wasting time and men over Badajoz. Soult, one of Napoleon's most trusted men, was in Andalusia, and General Marmont had pushed into Portugal. A retreat was necessary. The Tagus was recrossed and, according to the news, a battle was imminent at Salamanca. Complaints were received from Lord Wellesley that Mr. Perceval, the Chancellor

of the Exchequer, was keeping him short of supplies and funds.

But this was not to be for long. One John Bellingham, a bankrupt, a madman, and a former Russian merchant, conceived a grievance against the Chancellor. As the Chancellor passed through the lobby to reach the House of Commons, the bankrupt put a pistol to his breast and blew his heart in.

III

From where she lay in the great bed, through the open windows she could see, against the dark banner of the heavens, the circling stars; stars bright as diamonds, stars blue as a blue flower, stars that wore the purple of kings, stars gold as Hesperus. Not all the flowers or the trees seemed to her to have such awakened life as there was in the quiet night. The murmuring sea that was so near, the great bulk of Snowdon, all woke to mystic life in the night. And of that life, this night, she was sharer. She was aware of all the keen life of the night. Down the vast waterways ships plowed through the salt, awakened sea, the helmsman huddled at his wheel, keen as a sword. Her heart strained to the bellying invisible top-sails. For some reason she felt she could, if she wished, leave her body, and go to the summit of Snowdon, where the keen high winds blow. Turquoise star followed star of topaz across the heavens. A small invisible wind floated past the plumes of the rowan-trees, ringing the red bells of their berries. Long since the last trill of the nightingale had ceased. And now as she listened she could hear

the clink of a boat on the pebbles and the soft voices of the Welsh fisher-folk singing their song that was like the rustle in the rowan-trees: "*Ar hyd y nos*. All through the night."

"Now the gentle breeze is seeping": their voices were not the voices of men at all but a melody of chiming sea and wind among the oaks:

"All through the night,

"Old oaks waken from their sleeping"; the night attuned the old folk-song into a pæan as if the dying Druid land were singing, a song of high Snowdon and the soft Welsh vales. Then came the refrain, like the sougling of the night wind's self:

"All through the night."

The figure beside her stirred in its sleep. In the star-light soft as the small wild flowers, she could hardly see but, with sense sharpened by the night, she could imagine the face that wore from wind and sun a mask of beaten gold, and the arm out-thrown, bright and strong as living silver. Her arm, white as milk, was thrown over his head, and her fingers moved gently over the black curls of his head. "Sleep, my dear one," she whispered, "sleep." She smiled at his soft breathing. Dear God! how peaceful he was, now there were no problems any more!

"Moss and rowan their scent are flinging,
The hidden nightingale is singing,
Like strange ships the bats are winging
All through the night."

She prayed that not yet might the dawn come, that not yet might the secret sea put on its bearded day face, or the little clamor of the birds remind the gods of the

mountain that they must retire into Snowdon's heart, and herself rise and in her pale night-frock seek her proper room. It seemed ridiculous that the entry of a maid or of Garrett's soldier servant should drive her away. So few women minded. But she—she felt that their love should be wrapped in some blessed brocaded thing, like the precious veil that covers the communion chalice. She could not bear any one to know. She must flee in her white night raiment, like a ghost of the night. Even that was unfitting, she felt, to wear the convenience for sleeping. She ought to be attired in some dress of mystic ceremony, as in the *cappa magna* of the Old Church, a vestment of ermine and red silk and gold, the bishop's cope that Michelangelo devised to accord with medieval ritual. Only with that could the glory that was in her be fittingly clothed.

A little feeling of gray was in the air; perhaps the circling beings of the heavens were putting off something of their midnight glory. Soon a rosy tinge would come on the illimitable sky, and then a flash of gold, and the June night would be over. June night—she thought the words were like some dark flower, a piece of old brocade hallowed by ceremony. Here in the small Welsh country it was different from Ireland. In Ireland, June was a pang to the heart. So many were in exile, or dead by the common hangman, or forgotten in their graves on lonely battle-fields, and June would come with the white banner of hawthorn crackling from each hedge, and the small heart-drawing fern would come, and they would not be there to see! In England's self, June was too rich, richness of white-and-golden kine, and too many roses.

But here in Wales was a manner of wild peace, not mourning Ireland or fatted England. Through the case-ments came an odor of wild roses and thyme, and the small music of the incoming sea. Only here in the drowsy Cymric land, after her body had passed through the little death of love, could she have been so aware of the mystic world; of great mountains that have souls like men, and small islands dreaming in far-away seas, and the sea's tumultuous, passionate self.

The song of the fisher-folk took up its soft heart-piercing melody from the foreshore:

“When one clear voice calling sadly
Troubles the night
I awake, and fondly, madly
Beneath my delight . . .”

She turned to the sleeper by her side, to see if he were troubled by the singing, but he was in the deep sleep that comes with the dawn. Light had crept like a thief into the room and already she could distinguish the dark curly head on the pillow. The outflung arm had its hand closed, the closed right hand of Ulster. How deeply he slept now! Before midnight, when she had come in, his sleep was light as a child's. She had hardly opened her door and stolen in when he raised himself on his elbow and rapped out, “Who's there?” “Hush, dear one,” she had implored; “some one will hear you. It's I, Jocelyn.” And now the limbers of the Grand Army might roll by, and he would not wake.

“Love now in my heart is burning.”

floated into the room,

"Always to her am I turning
And my soul for her is yearning,
All through the night."

As she watched through the casement, a star faded, disappeared. She could see now the tendrils of the vine upon the sill. A bird cheeped, and a second answered it. Dawn had come. She leaned over and kissed her husband on the brow. "My lover!" she breathed gently. She drew her feet beneath her, and turning, and resting on her hands, she sprang to the floor. Not more quietly did a bird alight. She waited an instant to see would he awake.

Silver waves of dawn passed by the window, like waves of the sea seen from the port-hole of a ship. "Thy kingdom come!" she prayed softly. Not more heavily than the light feet of birds did her feet move across the oaken boards. As she opened her door, it occurred to her that she was like any light woman stealing away at dawn. But it was not that, she knew. It was that she wished to keep the jeweled place of love secret as the kingfisher's nest.

CHAPTER XXI

I

WHEN the sun rose the Grand Army saw before it the Niemen running to the Baltic Sea, the flooded, complaining river running between green cornfields and groves of silver birches. Beyond it was Russia, the Holy. A land of small, fast horses and emeralds, and churches roofed with gold. They said: "When we return, we shall have pack-horses laden with jeweled pictures, such as the Russians worship, and skins of the ermine and the silver fox. And there will be marvels to tell the *quartier* of, like that marvel of Karnak old soldiers remembered, when under the Emperor and Kléber they had scrambled on to the Nile's banks and, seeing ancient Thebes before them, had rested their pieces against their chests and clapped hands as though at a theater. Eh, what tales and what loot they would return with! They laughed when they thought of the poor devils in barren Spain. What they were missing, those men!

The Emperor had said they were going only to free Poland. But the old soldiers with the notches of battle on their red faces laughed. "*Oh oui! Chez Bobèche! Je le connais, le cacique, tiens!* Like hell we are! I know the boss. I've worked under him long enough." The battering Northern sun hit the young recruits with hammer blows, and they had marched so far! "*Dieu, qu'il fait bougre-*

ment chaud!" they wiped their brows. "God! how hot it is!" But the old soldiers snorted: "*C'est du colombin, ça! Tu me scies le dos! Si t'avais fait la Syrie, comme nous.* That's all rot. God! how you tire me. If you had been in Syria as we have—"

They looked from the soft mystic country ahead of them, past the deep river, and saw the Grand Army prepared to cross. Even the tired young conscripts' backs stiffened and their chests swelled with pride. "*Que c'est beau?*" How fine it was! Four hundred and twenty thousand fighting-men. Thirteen corps, exclusive of special troops and the Guards. All the old war-horses were there, Davoust, Oudinot, Ney; there were Prince Eugène, Viceroy of Italy; and Poniatowski with his lancers; Gouvion Saint Cyr and Regnier, Victor and MacDonald. There were the Emperor's brother Jerome, and Augereau, and Murat, by God! and the Austrian Prince Schwartzenberg. The Guard was under the three marshals, Lefebvre, Mortier, and Bessières. A thousand pieces of artillery, six bridge equipments, an equipment for sieges, provision wagons by the thousands, and innumerable herds of oxen. There was a rumor that the greater part of the provision wagons had been delayed. But with all those cattle, *on trouverait de quoi se coller dans les badigouines*, they didn't see themselves starving.

And He was with them, himself, the Emperor. Since he got married to the Austrian girl people had said he was becoming soft, dandling the *bambin* on his knee, like any bourgeois, getting a belly on him. *Macache!* Nothing like it! If the Russian Alexander thought that, he was going to be properly shopped.

The band of the Imperial Guard crashed suddenly into the Marseillaise, and three columns, like three great cumbersome serpents, began to move toward the bridges. There seemed to be a hitch as two divisions of the advance-guard wrestled at the bridge-head, each eager to be first to put its foot on Russian ground. It was settled by a small figure on a white horse trotting over the bridge and reaching the invaded land first. For an instant it passed unnoticed, then from all the throats of the army a shout arose, drowning the anthem of the Imperial Guard, as the rider was recognized. It rolled over the Russian valleys and terrified the birds in the trees and made the wild animals in the forest slink into their dens. It crashed far like some huge spiritual missile hurled against the sun: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

II

Something told Jocelyn, as the saying was, that the lank figure with the mahogany face, great beak of a nose, and black piercing eyes, boded no good to her happiness. He had ridden up to the inn door and demanded Captain Garrett Dillon. The man looked like some sort of cosmopolitan adventurer. He had the odor of the Continent about him, and the readiness of one who had traveled everywhere. Jocelyn was about to refuse him admittance when Garrett called, "Basilio!" and "What brings you hither, my old friend?" And the man with the face of Captain Boabdil out of Ben Jonson's play smiled winningly, and, drawing a great blue envelop from an inner

pocket, said: "Despatches from the Foreign Minister, sir, and I am so glad to see you looking well again."

"Jocelyn," Garrett said, "this is Basilio, one of our most trusted messengers." And Jocelyn bowed frigidly. Already in Garrett's tone was a change. He was again one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office. His face had grown keener. There was a ceremonial gravity in his tones. He did not open his big blue despatch.

"Perhaps you would like to read your letter in peace," she said, hoping vainly that he would tell her to remain, that there were no secrets between them. But he bowed pleasantly and said, "If you don't mind, Jocelyn, for a few minutes," and held the door open for her, and when it shut at her back she felt a room of happiness was being closed against her. She was furious to find tears in her eyes.

The blue envelop contained a second envelop marked, "Secret and confidential," and Garrett opening that, and glancing at the page, saw the firm flowing script of Castle-reagh. Since February the Downshire nobleman had been Foreign Secretary. His letter began by hoping that Garrett had effected a complete recovery, and then, apologizing for speaking so much of himself, reviewed the political and foreign situation. On the assassination of Mr. Perceval, he had accepted, in addition to the Foreign Ministry, the position of Leader of the House of Commons. Mr. Canning, of course, felt himself entitled to this post, but in his present mood of petulance, perhaps it were better for him to remain out of office. With these two positions Garrett could see what measure of activity confronted him. His plans were very far-reaching, and

he would give an idea of them to his young friend. As he knew, Russia and England were at peace again, and by revelation to the Sublime Porte of the secret portions of the Treaty of Tilsit, peace was restored for the present between Russia and Turkey. Peace was to be formally signed between Great Britain and Sweden. Bernadotte demanded Norway as his price and it was being given to him. The Czar had also promised him the throne of France when Napoleon was overthrown. Needless to say this matter would be considered when the time came. Our Russian ally was rather generous. Subsidies to foreign troops in the coming year would amount to ten million pounds sterling, and this, with the scarcity of food in the country, would give rise to attacks in Parliament. There was also the coming war with North America.

Would Garrett come and give him his assistance, "aid and comfort" as the Act had it? Castlereagh would find special employ for him at the Foreign Office. He reposed a trust in his young friend that he extended to none else. If Garrett refused, the offer was not open to any other. Apart from the kindness Garrett would be doing him, Castlereagh assured his correspondent that the coming few years at the Foreign Office would be the most interesting of the century. That was, of course, provided they did not fail. He awaited his young countryman's answer. Could Garrett send it by Basilio? His own health, while apparently robust, did not satisfy him.

Garrett went across to the window, and tapped on it with the letter. Of course Jocelyn would not like it. Nothing would conquer her hatred of Castlereagh. But there seemed nothing else for Garrett to do. He doubted if he

could obtain employment again with the army in Spain. The commander-in-chief disliked him intensely, as, indeed, he disliked all his countrymen. Garrett felt that in General Wellesley's soul there was a deep dislike of Lord Castlereagh, though he concealed it. Only for Lord Castlereagh, Wellesley would be nowhere. Wellesley knew it. Garrett was sure that the moment Wellesley felt himself sufficiently strong, he would desert his protector. The picture of the lonely, misunderstood man, all nerve and nerves, came to him—the disliked, unpopular man who was fighting, surrounded by enemies, the beloved Emperor of the French. He turned quickly to Basilio.

"Have you seen Lord Castlereagh lately, Basilio?"

"He gave me that despatch with his own hands, sir."

"Did he say anything?"

"He said he hoped you would be with us soon again, sir, and urged me to return quickly with an answer."

"All right, Basilio. Return and tell his Lordship that I shall wait upon him at the earliest opportunity."

The messenger smiled. "We'll all be glad to see you at the office, sir."

He wondered, when Basilio was gone, how he would tell Jocelyn, for he knew, though she had said nothing, that her hatred of the grim figure had not lessened. So it was with every one. The whole country loathed him. The Cabinet hated him. But he was the only man who could save the country from Bonaparte and they must have him. The poor, who were now beginning to feel the want of bread, hated him with a hatred that burned. The extent of his power and the trust given him might be seen in Canning's downfall—the gay, clever, and honest Can-

ning. To Garrett, who knew the Foreign Secretary better than anybody, there was something unearthly and strange about him. He was like some spirit out of Mars, if there were sentient folk on the crimson planet, who had assumed an ill-fitting disguise of humanity, all will-power and brain. His very attempts to be human were pathetic. The beau of the drawing-room, the fop of Piccadilly, without any of their attributes or ease of manner. He spoke to every one with the vast courtesy of kings. All his life was a concealment. None but Garrett and the big physician knew what crises of nerves the man had, how close at times his brain was to snapping. Garrett knew this man needed him. When everything was awry Garrett's mere presence seemed to calm him; his accent of Ulster, and the harassed minister would steal away to the Ards of Down, to the world of magic that his boyhood knew. If the nation needed this man, and this man needed him, then his duty was clear—

The door opened softly, and turning, he saw Jocelyn standing with her back to it.

"So you are going back to bloody Castlereagh," she said.

III

He had never seen her face so white, so drained of blood, and yet upheld with so much pride.

"I told you when you were so good as to come, the first day of our meeting, that return I must."

"You did," she said. "Indeed you did. All through you have acted with dignity and honor. It is I," she said, "who

have acted in mean fashion, hoping by passion and beauty of body to keep you by my side. I might have known that you were not the man to give up what you think your duty, for a woman. It is true that I am your wife but I am, after all, a woman. I am not saying that in any bitterness. I am only saying it because I am seeing now what I should have seen before."

"It will be all the same when the war is over. We will be together again, happy as we have been. If you will only see that, Jocelyn."

"If you were to put your hand where my heart is, underneath flesh and bone, you could feel where it is cracked like some old jug that has been let fall. All my life I have been prepared for shocks until now, when I have been unprepared. In these untruthful nights and days I have conceived your love before me like a shield. And—there you are!" she said, letting her hands fall.

"My dear one," he said, "you know I must go. Even yourself in the coming days would have little respect for the man who turned aside from battle. My very dear one, we have been apart before and then returned to an undreamed common happiness. I am assured it will be the same again."

"It can never be the same again." She seemed to him frail as violets standing against the door. "Each hour in life, each small uneventful hour marks a change." She was white as white violets against the black oak door. "So what of this day of lightning that strikes the heart? You could not do otherwise, being what you are, upright and sane. As to me, my dear," her face twitched like white violets in a wind, "I have always been mad. You know

that. When I was in my mother's body, all her thoughts were of the glory and terror of the rebirth of France. And as a child the martyrdom of Henry Munro bit into my soul. You must forgive me, my Garrett, but these things are beyond reason and unreason. I am being very selfish, making things so hard for you. When you fought in Spain, I did not mind, seeing it was steel against clean steel. Even were you going as aide to Mr. Canning, I should not mind, seeing that he is an upright, merry man. But dear God! dear God!" she sobbed, "the dreadful face of Castlereagh is between me and you, between me and the lovely golden day, between me and God. I was happy as a green linnet in a small green tree, and now the hovering gyre of Castlereagh is like that of the dreadful Indian birds that scour the bones of the Parsee dead. Oh, God must be asleep or away," she uttered bitterly, "that such foulness should batten on the orb of the clean world."

"You will forget it all," he told her, "in Derrymore."

"I shall never see Derrymore again, its oak groves, or small Ram's Island, or Lough Neagh's self, with the glistening pebbles on its shore. I had thought to bring you back there, and to snatch for ourselves, like some miser's treasure, peace in an unpeaceful world. I had dreamed of it, of crossing the little bridges of the Toone, of coming there when the sun was setting, over the braes of Gallion, and the lights of each tiny house coming out like stars, and the scent of peat smoke and clean lake water coming to us like the Draft of Healing in the stories of old Irish bards. How could I go there empty? Listen, my dear one, there is something I forgot to tell you, in the hours of the thrushes and the hours of the

nightingale. My Aunt Ishbel, Munro's sister, is at peace at last, and she has left me her little property. A few hundred pounds a year, Garrett, and a house on the sea, near rowan-trees and sand-dunes. And when I am there—where it is I will not tell you—I may achieve a little peace.”

“Dear God! Jocelyn, you cannot go like that. After these months, this deep and true love—”

“My dear one, you must look on these days as gone. You must think of them as not with Jocelyn, or with your wife, but as some sweet adventure that has happened in your life and in the life of another. A brave and beautiful adventure which it would be indelicate to reveal, unwise to attempt to renew—” A swirling dizziness came into her head, as had come twice before, and she knew it was the child she was bearing in secret, the child of which she had not yet told him, of which she would never now tell him, child of them both. She ought to tell him, she knew, but it revolted her that one atom of her sweet secret should be brought into the morbid and dreadful atmosphere of Castlereagh. She left the room swiftly without another word, lest she should swoon.

He thought: “She will weep now, in her room. She will weep as women do in their own rooms. And a little peace will come to her, and when I am gone, the quietness and reflection will make her as before. For she is alone,” he thought, “and she needs me. She is alone,” he repeated. It never occurred to him that she might not be alone. . . .

PART VI

INTRODUCTION

NOW that he was old—but seven years short of the Psalmist's term of life, and truth becoming with each day more precious, and more elusive—the man with the worn, beautiful face wondered whether the life he had held so dear, tended so carefully, which there had been a conspiracy to maintain in a quiet of loveliness, had not been ill spent, worthless, indeed better not lived. Since five years before, when Statesminister Goethe had been summoned to the presence of the little man who was Emperor of the French, whose demonic force held Europe in chains, the life that he had tended like a garden seemed to him no longer significant of anything but futility. His life, he thought, was like an old maid's garden, the garden of some *altes adliches Fräulein vom Lande*, the garden of some well-bred old maid in the country who could find no further end in life than to tend small, precious flowers, believing that her little garden was a microcosm of nature, forcing herself to believe in that, the while all ugly and powerful and brutish things were kept out. The Emperor had been enormously courteous to Herr Goethe, speaking to him *Gleich gegen Gleich*, on terms of equality, asking, "*Qu'en dit Monsieur Göt?* What does Herr Goethe think of it?" But Herr Goethe knew in his heart that there was no equality there, for the life of the Kaiser of the French was a life

of burning desert suns, of the great Pyrenees he had assaulted, of swollen rivers where great cakes of ice cracked frail boats, of frozen Alp and wide treacherous plain. If anything would prove the greatness of the French Emperor more than his unquiet eagle's eyes, it was the two bronze soldiers he had met who were Napoleon's lieutenants, Marshal Ney and Marshal Soult. Marshals of France! the greatest military distinction in the world. And this man was the master of the Marshals of France! Not only that, thought Herr Goethe, but when the Emperor rode through the street a grenadier would jump to attention. A glance from the Emperor, and instead of a formal salute there would be a grin of recognition and a nod. And the grenadier would tell the wondering conscripts: "We fought together, That One and I, at Preussisch-Eylau, when the snow was vomited from the belly of the pole-star. Not the comfortable slap of a bullet in your slats, but chilled particles of steel in your face, that made you cry, by God! Now, then, you lousy bunch of slops, who buys a drink for the friend of the Emperor?"

If the French Kaiser, out of kindness, were to say: "Monsieur Göt, we shall teach each other our lives, you and I. I have shelled the mosques of Cairo; stormed Aleppo; taken Venice; humbled Spain; spat in the beard of the Holy Roman Empire; made the Pope my valet; chased Alexander, the wolf of Muscovy. The Commander of the Faithful is my friend, the Shah of Persia vaunts himself as my brother. The pale exotic Indians are praying for my coming. My life, Monsieur Göt, seems to

me a jungle, with tigers in it, and green, screaming parrots, and strange dreaming ruins. Tell me of yours, Monsieur Göt, that out of my wilderness I may make some meaning." And Herr Goethe, shamefaced, could only say, "Sire, I have a little garden."

In Weimar, in Germany, everywhere—for had not the English poet Lord Byron, and the great Scottish author Sir Scott, written him their admiration?—he was a king in the domain of literature. But now when he came to look at it squarely, was not his Werther a silly young man, and his Wilhelm Meister an unutterable fool? His poems—did not every one have a little song in his heart? All his life there had been a conspiracy to keep him in material comfort, and as much mental comfort as possible. His sadnesses were only adventures in the strange wilderness of the mind. Always there were women to help and guide him. He often thought, in a mood of repulsion, that he was no better than those French abbés of the century of Louis le Grand, who confessed their fair penitents, and then, reading to them their subtle and amorous verse, found further occasion for sin. Himself had always been seeking Helen's shining body, and Aspasia's glowing mind, and in each successive woman had found no more—even in those who were great ladies, according to the phrase—than the coarse limbs of a kitchen maid and the limited outlook of a citizen's wife. He had never expressed disgust, knowing his good manners as well as the abbés of Louis le Grand knew theirs. But the soldier's way was better—fling them on a mattress, love them, and leave them. Expect nothing more than you would expect from

a glass of Rhenish wine. A hard-fought game of cards was better. That was the best of living a life of action. Soldiers knew. Poets wondered.

Another thing bothered Herr Goethe, and that was death. All his scholarship, his art, his science did not help him to accept that day when one minute he would be a living man, and the next minute he would not be a living man. Here, too, he was a failure. He had not attained anything of the faith that marked the end of Socrates, when his wife Xanthippe uttered a cry, and said, as woman will, "O Socrates, this is the last time you will converse with your friends, or they with you." And all the great Greek had said was, "Crito, let some one take her home." And he had gone on speaking while behind Hymettus the red sun went down, until in the soft mauve twilight the jailer came with the dreadful cup. The quiet, sublime end of Socrates he could never reach. And what also of the end of Napoleon's men, when, tired with the din of battle, the thunder of the cannon and the shouting, at a word, at a clear bugle note, they had grasped their bayoneted pieces and charged with a grim smile into what they knew was death? What hope upheld them? Did they see through the flame and smoke belched by cannonry the same vision as Socrates had in the violet-colored Athenian dusk? For common soldier and great philosopher the veil of the Temple was rent, while he, Herr Goethe, stood with tired eyes, with drooping shoulders and with drooping hands before the rich and somber but opaque mask.

Even the great adventure of his life, his visit into Italy, which he had thought so important, seemed small now,

after what the Emperor had done. Herr Goethe had stood before the treasures of centuries, the loveliness of Ghirlandajo and Botticelli and Veronese, saying, "How beautiful!" and going to his lodgings and dreaming of them, and the Emperor had said too, "How beautiful!" But he had added, "Bring them along!"

Herr Goethe thought now: "I have been all my life like an actor in a play of my own making, of my own setting, struck attitudes, spoken in tropes, been just what the world expects of a great poet. So long have I been thinking of the stage, the unreal mirror of an unreal existence, that I have become unreal. The poet Goethe remains, but where is the man Goethe gone? And when did he disappear? And what was he like?" Even Herr Goethe did not remember.

The old poet had always in mind this, before he had seen face to face the power set loose on the world: that there had been so many generals, so many kings forgotten, but books and the lives of quiet, thoughtful men endured for ever—it was by the grace of books that the lives of the captains were known. Who reigned in Greece when Homer sang? Perhaps none but some obscure scholar knew. What ruler had Florence when Dante wrote? Few could remember. Of Elizabeth the Queen and Shakspeare the poet, which was better? Only the English, who bred kings as Arabs bred horses, taking a strain here, mating a princess royal some other where, sending colt or filly abroad at a political profit, would claim that the Queen was greater. Between Milton and Cromwell, who would choose? The work of the Great Republican was scattered like an edifice of cards, while

the sonorous bourdon of the blind poet would live for ever. In the coming days, Herr Goethe thought with a little tinge of ingratitude, who would remember who was Duke of Weimar when Goethe wrote?

He had always held, Herr Goethe told himself, that captains and kings, their existence, powers, and achievement, were all dependent on a nexus of incident. Whether people liked them, whether there were wars, whether there was prosperity—on such threads as this did the very being of the Crowned and Armed Ones hang. They were comparative, so to speak, while literature was absolute. Out of the stars came a note as of a bird, came a vision as of a spray of apple blossom, and in heart and head that was planted, and perhaps a year later it had grown into an idea fully fledged. Then there was so much thought to be fed into it, so much reading. The moment of writing arrived, and you had not got something that went according to pattern, but a wild thing, with a life and will of its own, that fought you, that was like a young horse in the breaker's hands. And to encompass it in technique was like teaching a young horse the *haute école*. At times you felt you were wrestling in the dark with an unknown naked man. And when the work was finished, and you were exhausted from labor, you had to suffer the stupidity of those in power, the jealousy of the petty, the flattery of the unworthy. You awaited a verdict, and you found that some ostentatious whore of the moment, or some glib pharisaical politician held the world's eye and ear. And you said to yourself: "What does it matter? I know it is great. God and I know it is great." And then it happened you took down a book

casually from the shelf and John's story leaped at you, eternal and shining: "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God," right to the quiet end: "And there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written. Amen." And you knew that there was the greatest writing in the world. The phrases of the Heiliger Paulus strained like dogs on a leash: "I say the truth in Christ, I lie not, my conscience also bearing me witness in the Holy Ghost, that I have great heaviness and continual sorrow in my heart. For I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren . . ." The power and the glory of his soul leaped across the sky like the polar coruscations in the Arctic night. Or the marvelous speech on charity: ". . . suffereth long, and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up. Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil." And one looked at one's bound books, at the pile of manuscript that before had seemed so important, and one all but wept as one said: "Dear God, what very little things! how very little! How very puny a thing!"

He drew toward him mechanically the sheets of the great poem he had in reality spent his life upon, and suddenly the inspiration, the magnificent sonority of it gripped from the first line.

*Ihr naht euch wieder, schwankende Gestalten,
Die früh sich einst dem trüben Blick gezeigt.*

Once more ye come, ye hovering ghosts,
That in my youth wavered before dim eyes.

The very words had bone and muscle and vitality. They were living entities. They were not words. They were thought and emotion imprisoned with the lightest chains of print. Heavy-browed thought, light and springing thought, words which had a cry like a lovelorn woman's.

*So gib mir auch die Zeiten wieder
Da ich noch selbst im Werden war.*
Then give me back remembered seasons
When still my being was in growth.

The song of the archangels before God in heaven seemed to him to have the thunder of the wandering stars:

*Und alle deine hohen Werke
Sind herrlich, wie am ersten Tag.*
. . . All Thy high creations
Are lordly, as on earth's first day.

He said to himself with a note of wonder in his mind: "Did I write that? Was it permitted to me to write that?" And he felt humble.

The personages of his play were more than the symbols he had intended. The Doctor Faustus, harried by thought—so much work, so much weighing, choosing, rejecting of material had gone into that character that it lived. The pentacles he had studied in the Key of Solomon had given a strange life to the puppet, like that life the magician Raymond Lully was traditioned to have given to servants wrought in iron. Peasants and soldiers, old Wagner, the

poodle dog, even, had life. Page turning followed page. The King of Thule sang from the white sheets:

Es war ein Koenig in Thule
War treu bis an das Grab.
There was a king in Thule
Was faithful to the grave.

Poor Margarete's song! He skimmed through the pages to the end, to where the Voice proclaims from above the clouds that Margarete is saved, and Mephistopheles peremptorily orders Faust: "*Her zu mir!* Hither to me!" The scene closes. The creatures of mist had become mist again, and the end concealed with the immediate finish of individuality the greater Faust which he was preparing—a book in which he would show the world in which all was formed, Society, Government, Religion, the Human Race. Parts were done and for the remainder his notes were there. He thrilled to the thought of the task before him, and remembering the words of the Heiliger Paulus: "I knew a man in Christ . . . how that he was caught up into paradise, and heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter," he said: "I will speak them. Lawful or unlawful, in *Urfaust* I shall utter the unspeakable words! No wonder," he thought in his heart, "that the demonic Emperor spoke to me as equal to equal. He knew."

And again he thought: "Even if I do speak the unspeakable words, who will hear them? Who will understand them? What glory shall I have from them? Gray-beards in their libraries will annotate my lines, and a young student raise his hat as I go by. But when the Emperor passes, the grenadiers of the Guard jump to at-

tention," Herr Goethe could almost hear the crash of their arms, "and some young officer, a Bayard of the coming days, with head high, with sword hilt to chin, with tears in eyes, will cry out in his heart, 'My Emperor!'"

CHAPTER XXII

THEY could not understand it, they said, as they retreated toward Smolensk, the blackened capital of the Czars behind them. They had fought well. Deeds as heroic as of Austerlitz and Jena had been performed. They had come all the way from Paris across a Europe which had seemed so small upon the map, and which they knew now was of an incredible length—Prussia, Germany, Poland, Lithuania—God! one wouldn't have believed the world was so wide! And then one afternoon, from a hill, they had seen the shining glory of Moscow before them. Asia! The road to China! Moscow the Holy! Moscow the Secret! Moscow the Rich! They had dreamed of peace and trophies and wine. They had won Smolensk, won Borodino; there was a carnage, my olds! And now, they were retreating toward some lousy Lithuanian town, with nothing to look forward to but a piece of black bread, smelling of fermentation, a crumb of dirty cheese, a glass of new schnapps. Those things were all right on the road to victory, but on a retreat—Were they retreating? Was the Grand Army retreating? It was not to be believed.

The old soldiers, who knew the life of the army well, shrugged their shoulders, and said, "The luck is out!" That it would remain out, they, as old gamblers, knew. The luck had been in for so long. This was not a small

reverse of fortune, as occasionally happens in a good run of luck. This was the black night that every gambler knew. Great God! the Russians had not beaten them, nothing had beaten them. Just luck! When you were in luck, nothing you did was wrong. When the luck was out, you couldn't touch a card. No use blaming the Emperor or the marshals. They were all gamblers associated in an enterprise, Marshal of France and green conscript. Just that: the luck was out!

But the young conscripts from Limousin and Auvergne thought that the cause of all was much deeper than that. The Russian generals Bagration and Barclay had fought according to the art of war. They had been beaten. But they had never liked the appointment of the old Tartar, Kutusoff, as commander-in-chief, the old man with the cat's eyes. There was something uncanny about him. On the heights of Borodino, they had seen from afar the massed popes and archimandrites of the Greek church, in robes of red and gold, with long beards and high black hats, with images and idols, intoning incantations against the French. True, the French had gained Borodino, but after what a battle! The bayonets had been torn from the barrels of the muskets by the violence of the fighting. And they knew that the old Tartar commander had had a sorcerer whipped because he had not deflected the French bullets from the Russian hordes. One sorcerer whipped and discharged. But what new and very powerful magician had he sent for to the secret monasteries of Tibet?

They frankly did not like it, the men of Auvergne and Limousin said, and they added instance after instance of

unnatural things occurring during the campaign. Had not Junot, bravest of all of them, fallen into some terrible Druidic slumber, listening perhaps to the sorcerer's magical bells, so that when needed he had not come up? And now he was in disgrace, and his marshal's baton lost. It was whispered in the ranks that two Marshals of France, two old comrades in arms, had been on the point of fighting a duel, when the Emperor intervened. That was assuredly the work of sorcerers.

But eeriest of all was the occupation of the city of the Czars. When they had marched through the sandy desert that surrounds Moscow, and they saw before them the city they had been told was like Bagdad when Harun al-Rashid commanded the Faithful, their joy was like a great song. There before them it lay, church and palace, gilded spire and golden cupola, massive walls and majestic Kremlin. And some of them concealed the tears in their eyes, for after long hardship there at last was rest and pleasure, everything needful for the soldier, beds and newly baked bread, hot white bread, and wines, not the dreadful schnapps of the Poles but wine that is the smile of Mother Earth; musicians who would play Slav melodies on their great Muscovite guitars; women of pleasure, and new shoes. They waited, as they had waited before other taken cities, for the mayor and the elders of the city to come out and give up the keys. But no mayor or city father appeared. So that they entered, cursing these Tartars who did not understand the exact ceremonies of war.

They entered a city that was dead as Thebes. There were no tumbling ragamuffins to welcome them, no surly

constabulary, no fearsome, fawning citizens. Even the women of pleasure had gone—the women who had no country, and had no standards save the customer's coin. They went through silent streets, their bayonets advanced, ready for the expected ambush, but no ambush was prepared. All their lives they had heard of the bells of Moscow, but no bell gave golden tongue. The only sound was the cautious shuffle of their own feet. It seemed to them that they had never seen so many chimneys, but from no chimney came any smoke. No dogs were seen.

The troops became silent as the city's silent self. Sentries were set, and the call of the patrols through the night only accentuated the death of the dead city. "*Sentinelle, prenez-garde à vous!*" came the cry of the rounds. "Sentry, be on guard." But the "*à vous!*" echoed from city wall and church close—hoo-hoo! hoo-hoo! like the unlucky crying of an owl. When a guard, with ears overtuned by nervousness, called, "*Qui va là? Who goes there?*" the "*Qui va là?*" became a ha-ha! ha-ha! of strange demoniac laughter, a laughter of the damned, of the damned who see other damned come into their dreadful, dark prison. However they challenged, no man passed. Nothing. Not even a ghost! In the ancient Asian city of Ruric and Romanoff there was not left even a ghost.

But if there were no ghosts on that dreadful first night there were ghosts on the night of the fire, the Auvergnats and Limousins insisted. Through the shuddering, flame-tortured air shapes as of witches' sabbath danced with firebrands in hand. Surely these were spirits conjured by Kutusoff. The old soldiers laughed: "If they were ghosts, by God! there are some will not make a success of their

career." They patted the bayonets on their hips. "There's one or two got old Rosalie in the belly."

There was only one thing to do, and that was to pack up and go. An October fall of snow covered the arid desert around with a white and fleecy drapery, and the Emperor, taking the ikons from the churches, and dismantling the vast cross from the tower of Ivan the Great, sent forward the plunder—Persian and Turkish banners, bales of merchandise, robes and gems of vast value. He did not carry them far, however. They were jettisoned into the lake of Semlevo—all the Gothic armor, the great cross of Ivan, the ornaments of the Kremlin. No presents for Paris this trip. Nothing for Jean Parigot to gape at when he took the legitimate and young one out for Sunday afternoon in the Champs-Élysées. *Pas de lettres! pas de fleurs!* No letters: no flowers! Nothing.

All the blue went out of the sky. A gray and writhing mist surrounded the retreating thousands. The heavens seemed to be dropping to meet the earth. Gray snowflakes, heavy as big drops of spittle, floated in the uncanny air. The soft snow changed to a withering sleet, and became snow again, but now a vital, inimical, fighting snow, that piled itself up in crevasses, so that gun-limbers and baggage wagons and the weak men sank into them and disappeared, and the army only shrugged its shoulders and plodded. It really seemed as if the Auvergnats and Limousins were right, and the Kalmuck sorcerers were riding the cutting winds. Snow eddied in columns and cones and seemed like wraiths conjured from the earth by blackest magic. Rain had drenched their clothes, and the cold wind had frozen them, so that their bodies were

as if incased in the cold boards of coffins. Icicles formed on beard and mustachio. Their muskets became too heavy for their hands and they dropped them listlessly and plodded ahead. They kept together as much as they could, for at night there had been heard the baying of wolves, and those who had flung themselves on the mercy of passing villagers found them to be more cruel than wolves. They had been bound, knouted, and left to perish naked in the snow.

The band of the Guard struck up an air loved by the populace: "*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?* Where could one be better off than in the bosom of his family?" But an aide, galloping up, gave orders to stop it, and the merry Parisian air died with the last grunt of wind instruments. The men of Auvergne and Limousin began to think of home, of the sun-drenched fields and merry brown girls of France, wide-hipped, black-eyed, a little but not too sentimental, and wine with a body to it. But their steps lagged. They felt they would never enjoy these things. And they cursed themselves for not having had more of them when they were at hand. The lips that might have been kissed and the bottles of fine vintage that might have been drunk. But they had put all aside with Latin economy, saying, "There is time for all that later." And they would never have the offer of a mouth like a peony or a glass of good Bordeaux any more. The old veterans, though they made no complaint, thought of their *quartiers*, the Saint-Antoine or the Bastoche, the cheery bars where one drank a little glass of *schnick* on a frosty morning, the good fortunes with the girls of Paris: "*Veux-tu? Bon, ça colle!*" Quick as

that. "*Ah, zut!* Some of us will get home, and good luck to those that do."

The Limousins and Auvergnats discovered something else that struck them with horror. Great Napoleon was walking. In a verminous fur coat and a fox-skin cap, he was helping himself along with a stick cut from a grove they had passed. Great Napoleon plodded like any infantryman. This seemed to them the final admission of defeat. The boss had turned it up, they cried. But the veterans reassured them. "What did you expect him to do? Ride in state when the comrades are walking? But it is to be seen that you are conscripts, after all. The *patron* is not one of these kings whose bottoms we have kicked, we others! He is a soldier, a man, and Emperor of the French." A little of their old swagger came back to them. But they looked about the desolate white Muscovite plain, and as far as they could see was unending snow. A few twisted, tortured black pine-trees were the only relief, and they were no relief at all. Trees on which, one could imagine, a man had hanged himself. Their swagger dropped from them. "*Ah, zut!*" they said. "Luck is out!"

CHAPTER XXIII

I

OUT of the clean air of Wales, and out of the clear air of fighting Spain, Garrett felt that he had come into a place where all evil odors were covered with musk. He did not know whether it was he who had changed, or Lord Castlereagh, but the great minister's manner seemed to him a little too unctuous, his smile much too bland. What his own position in the Government was, he did not know. He was still in charge of the King's Messengers, and with but a small reserve he saw all the secret and confidential work under Castlereagh. The talk of London sickened him. There was the most unholy glee over the defeat of Bonaparte by the Russians—the "infamous Bonaparte," as he was called. Privately there was much criticism of the Russians because he had been allowed to escape. The kindest old church-going ladies expressed a wish that he had been trampled under Cossack horses, mutilated by Cossack lancers. Sir Robert Wilson, Garrett found, had been despatched *en mission* to Constantinople, but had turned up in Russia and, finding the tide of war flowing against Bonaparte, had openly engaged in battle against the French, and now his wife, Jemima—or Lady Wilson, to be exact—was writing letters to her friends at Bath, telling how Russian villagers were purchasing prisoners from the Cossacks for the

purpose of putting them to death. Bath gloated over the details. Bath and all England seemed suddenly to have gone mad on the subject of Russia. A very ordinary fellow, Prince Kolooski, was adjudged to be the most divine waltzer in the Assembly Rooms. The Duke of Clarence was openly angling for a Russian princess in holy matrimony, now Sir Robert Wilson and Lord Cathcart fixed an addendum to their military reports stating the wealth of Russia was beyond imagining. The Prince Regent himself was all for marrying into the Russian imperial family, if the Princess of Wales would only commit adultery and give him an opportunity of getting rid of her. But the Princess in her seclusion at Blackheath remained chaste as any nun. Mr. George Jackson raised a public subscription for the Russians which had already reached the sum of five hundred pounds.

The Prince began to show the bloated form of dropsy, and was hissed and hooted by the people wherever he went. General Wellesley also was going down in public esteem. He had defeated Marshal Marmont at Salamanca, but was retreating on Portugal. Quietly and ominously, on the outskirts of the Cabinet, Mr. Canning was waiting. And press and people united in eulogizing his public and private life. There were rumors every day of a turn in the elections, of even a revolution, but Lord Castlereagh was quiet and bland.

Beneath the quietness, the blandness, the political duplicity, Garrett found the Foreign Secretary working harder than ever. All Europe seemed to think Napoleon beaten, the end in sight, but the Ulsterman never stopped. An immense organization of spies seemed to have taken

form out of nothing. Cocottes and waiters of foreign extraction were smuggled into France and there, directed by Bow Street agents, went ahead with their work of extracting or overhearing information of value. Common gamblers were impressed into service. Gentlemen who had made mistakes in their careers were given the option of standing trial or engaging in secret work. French Royalist officers were despatched in fishing-boats, but these were unsatisfactory, for there were depths to which they would not descend. Garrett was surprised to find that even in the prisons work was not neglected. French and American prisoners of war were well treated, so long as they would imbibe revolutionary principles against their own countries. There was no province of subversive work against the enemy that had escaped Lord Castlereagh's attention.

"I don't see what good this can do, my Lord," Garrett told Castlereagh when he discovered that the patriotism of prisoners were being suborned.

"These men will return to their countries when the war is over, filled with bitterness, Garrett."

"But when the war is over, of what use are they?"

"There will always be another war, and these men or the descendants of these men will do our work in their countries." The Secretary for War smiled.

"I see." A shadow passed across young Dillon's face. "As to these cocottes and waiters, sir, are they to be trusted?"

"Curiously enough, they are." Castlereagh smiled. "For one reason, if they play us false we see that the French are informed of their former activities, and the

French give short shrift to spies. And for another, they must be true to us if ever they are to return to London again, for there is money to be gained in London as cocotte and waiter, when there is little to be gained in Paris."

"It all seems to revolve around a question of money," Garrett said sourly.

"Everything does, Garrett." Castlereagh's manner was unctuous. "That is what the ordinary citizen does not see. That money spent in this war means acquisitions of taxable territory, trade routes for the future, the crippling of the enemies' commerce. The new theory of war is business."

"Before God, it does not mean that in Ireland."

"No, Ireland has no business sense; is a poor country; cannot see that the longest purse wins in the end. But what words are these, Garrett? Has Madame been preaching to you her rebel principles?"

"I am not so sure now," Garrett astounded himself by saying, "that Madame is not right."

But the Foreign Secretary was too fine a diplomat to be bothered by this.

"It is the way of young men to be revolutionary," he said blandly. "When I was young, I was a sworn member of the United Irishmen, and I toasted the sovereign people as hotly as any Frenchman," and he smiled.

"Do we not all know that, my Lord?" Garrett said quietly.

A curious change had come over Castlereagh since last he was in office, Garrett had noticed. In the old days, in spite of the evil he had done to Ireland, the Foreign

Secretary had loved it. He was like a man who had changed his religion through reasoning and whose heart still clung to ancient ceremonial, and a church which had taught him his prayers. The smell of peat smoke, the flight of green plover, a half-finished bar of music, and Ireland, the loved and troubling ghost, walked again in the dark corridors of one's being. But now that shame-faced love of Ireland had been replaced by a cold, malignant hatred. When one spoke of Ireland a frozen smile would creep over the ex-Irishman's face. Garrett noted how the Prince Regent's affection for Ireland had given way to mistrust. The slobbering German princeling, with the bluff heartiness of a public-house keeper, had always appreciated the time when the gentlemen of Ireland had wished to make him King of Ireland, not out of any particular liking for him but because they hated his father. He was the sort of Englishman who wept at Tom Moore's Irish melodies. But lately he had taken a turn, as the street phrase was, against the sister kingdom. All that he had promised to do for her was forgotten. From the days he had entered the portals of Hertford House, and the dreadful marchioness, Lord Castlereagh's aunt, had him in thrall, he had been bitter against Ireland. That was Castlereagh's doing. Garrett was shocked to find that the alliance between the Hertfords and the Prince Regent was not an ordinary political one, as he had believed. It was another vulgar intrigue. He had always thought it impossible that a grandmother, and the mother of Lord Yarmouth, should be one of the Prince's conquests. But Mr. Creevey, at Brooks' Club, told him of the many times at dinner that the Prince had

been stricken dumb for hours and great tears coursed down his fat cheeks for love of the marchioness.

"But Lord Castlereagh must disapprove of this, Mr. Creevey."

The bluff Englishman looked at him keenly. "Lord Castlereagh lives on that." And he said a dreadful word in connection with the Foreign Secretary. He looked at Garrett. "You're a funny crowd, you Irish," he said, and Garrett could feel that he looked on Irishmen as some strange aboriginal race, rather low in the scale of humanity but amusing. "Your music is lugubrious, your wars are joyous, you'd cut a man's throat for an ill-judged word, and yet you get your hackles up at the thought of a man living with a woman in other than wedlock."

"Exactly," Garrett said. "And that is why Lord Castlereagh must disapprove of it, because he is Irish, too."

Mr. Creevey removed the churchwarden pipe from his mouth, and looked at the fire. "You are wrong. Lord Castlereagh has no country. His origin and his end are in the gutters of hell." He thought again. "I admire his brain. I think he is a splendid statesman. But the cesspools of hell hold no fouler spirit."

"I am afraid you are blinded, sir, with the common prejudice against Lord Castlereagh."

"I wish I were blinded as you are, boy, by illusions I have either lost or never had," said Mr. Creevey.

II

The Foreign Secretary, pausing in his routine work, sat back quietly in his chair. He ran his beautiful hands

over his white, mask-like face, arranged the frills of shirt cuff and bosom, and began to review the situation quietly. The battle with Bonaparte was all but over. Like an old card-player he knew that the game was coming to a close. No skill in the world can compete against cards. He held them. Bonaparte might produce a last great flash of genius, but he could never win. Lord Castlereagh held too many cards. And Bonaparte knew it. The Emperor knew well there was a "goddam" in England whose patient, slow-moving, accurate British brain would beat the flash of Latin vitality and courage in the end. How hard it had been to beat Napoleon, none in England would ever know. They only thought of him as the Corsican bandit, the infamous Bonaparte, but Lord Castlereagh knew him better: the astounding vitality of the man, the extraordinary attraction of him. The Bourbon king, whom Lord Castlereagh had decided to replace on the throne, would never have the hearts of the people as Napoleon had had them. Even now, his agents told him, when defeat was in the air, the young men were rallying to him. He would have a new army in five months. But Lord Castlereagh had the money. It was extraordinary, Lord Castlereagh mused, the solidity and vitality of gold coin compared with human life. All the dash and gallantry of Napoleon's men could not smash the impenetrable phalanx of English gold.

There was the tragic part of it—that he, who handled the tide of English gold, had so little of it himself. He, the magnificent, must always be oppressed by tawdry subterfuges to keep up his position. It was infuriating to see sailors and soldiers receive vast grants and prize-

money for operations he had planned. And for himself a title, an Order of the Garter was considered sufficient. And he needed money. Only once had he made money, and that was before he had ever thought he would arise to challenge the greatness of Richelieu. That was in the old Irish days, when Mr. Pitt was spending so much money on Irish secret service, and it had gone through his hands. After all, what he had done was only what any official would have done in that Government. But here was the point: He had become great since then, and the man who had been privy to various little transactions, the informer Reynolds, gave him no rest. He had made Reynolds postmaster-general at Lisburn, where he was making a large income. But how long Reynolds would leave him in peace he did not know. The shadow of Reynolds in the background had made him very wary of using any occasion for gaining money. Though occasions had been scarce. The agent who handled the remittances of England to the foreign powers was Nathan Meyer Rothschild, and none could think of proposing an arrangement to that able, grim man. One would be afraid of the contempt in his eyes. Now, if the Goldsmids had been alive—they were jolly, sociable men. But both Francis and Abraham had committed suicide. Lord Castlereagh shuddered.

Even apart from the lack of money, it seemed to Lord Castlereagh that he got little credit from any except in the small circle of his power. The old English county families despised him, in spite of his family alliances. They would always remember he had been Mr. Stewart. Even the Irish peers he had made at the Union kept

aloof from him, hoping that by damning him the origin of their patents would be forgotten. Lord Castlereagh smiled at that, for though the manufactured nobility of Ireland might strut in London, he knew that the hearts of the peasantry clung to their chieftains. The O'Connor Don, the O'Morchoe, Chief of the Sept, the O'Donoghue of the Glens, the MacCarthy More, were more to the Irish peasant than any prince in Europe. To their old chieftains they would give their last crust, for the old chieftains would give their last crust to them. And more fools both of them, thought Lord Castlereagh. Well, what did it profit a man to think of Ireland? sneered the Foreign Secretary, for Ireland had been. Nothing could be more dead than Ireland, thought Lord Castlereagh, and his hand had done it. Now let it be a kitchen garden, a small paddock, a field of corn for England. He might, if he had chosen, have made it greater than England, but Lord Castlereagh hadn't chosen.

He must, he thought to himself, now that the Napoleonic days were drawing to their close, make a further effort for power. And always he had in mind the States of America that had once been England's. A great campaign against them, the utter reduction of them, would be a scheme great as any mad plan of Napoleon's. When the day came he would hit, and the day was coming soon. The navy had at present to keep its eye on Napoleon. But soon all the navy would be free. His colleagues in the Cabinet knew little of his plans. There was that confidential report of Mr. Jackson, who had been across as plenipotentiary in 1809. Mr. Jackson was a man with a career. He had been very useful before the bombardment

of Copenhagen. Mr. Jackson had kept his eyes open in Washington, too. There would be a savage outcry against his methods, but, after all, he had the authority of Holy Writ, and that was a surpassing authority:

And Samson went and caught three hundred foxes, and took firebrands, and turned tail to tail, and put a firebrand in the midst between two tails.

And when he had set the brands on fire, he let them go into the standing corn of the Philistines, and burnt up both the shocks, and also the standing corn, with the vineyards and olives.

But nobody must see Mr. Jackson's notes—least of all young Garrett Dillon. At the thought of the young aide, Lord Castlereagh's mind and heart rose. In an age where he had found little but corruption and duplicity, the Foreign Secretary thought of the young Irishman as a visitor from one of the clean, aloof stars. The Foreign Secretary had discovered a peculiar quality in himself and accounted it unto himself for righteousness, that once a man had done a foul job for him, thenceforward he distrusted and disliked that man. Now, the Jacksons were capable diplomats, but he disliked them, though he received them with unction. He had no intention of keeping his bargain with the Jacksons if he could help it, for an agreement with a knave was not a binding agreement, decided Lord Castlereagh, since you were never sure of the knave's good faith. One had to do these things, for one was acting for the community; and the common level of the community, he had found, was, as to honesty, little above the common level of the Fleet prison. But one's self, one must hold one's self inviolate. For when one departed this life, and was with Christ, which is far better,

what one was judged on was one's own character, not the character of the community. That is where soldiers made a mistake, dogmatized Lord Castlereagh to himself, for they were all at bottom—Lord Castlereagh's mouth grew hard—lechers, dram-drinkers, common gamblers, who assumed that a heroic death would atone for a lifetime of vice. As though putting a good face on what was inevitable could atone. And Holy Writ warned them, saying: "God is not mocked"!

Lord Castlereagh thought of his own life, austere and pious. In an age when the future king flaunted his amours, and frowzy tinker cohabited with the blowzy hedge wench, not one word had ever been uttered against his integrity as to women. He drank no wine, and gambling was anathema to him. All knew of his devotion to the Bible; and as to religious ceremony, his attendance was exemplary. He was a living precept and example to all. If they did not care to follow his example, so much the worse for them.

In all his acquaintance he could see no one that approached him in righteousness except young Dillon of Ballinderry. The boy was high-minded—too high-minded ever to be a success in politics. He was known in the Foreign Office as the Incorruptible, but that title was of no value to you in public life unless you were corrupt. The boy had faults: he was outspoken, lacked tact; was not averse to a glass of wine, and was overmuch attached to horses. Newmarket and Epsom and Guildford he never missed. But these were things that age would cure, Lord Castlereagh felt assured. He was so tremendously efficient. The King's Messengers were as trustworthy and physi-

cally fit and experienced a lot as you would find anywhere. Garrett had been ruthless. Old officers whom older commanders had found soft jobs for, the cousin of Lord This, and an old friend of the mistress of the Duke of That, had been kicked out. Garrett's "He goes or I go!" left no option. If you were to ask for a messenger to China, an experienced old sailor who had knowledge of some Chinese dialects would be ready before the day was out. How outspoken the lad was! Lord Castlereagh had, out of friendliness, suggested one of the messengers doing some private business for Mr. Rothschild, but Garrett said uncompromisingly: "No. If Mr. Rothschild wants couriers, he is rich enough to establish a service of his own." Lord Castlereagh had told this to the banker, as an amusing circumstance, and the banker had said he would like to meet the boy, but Lord Castlereagh had smiled. "It would be of no avail, Mr. Rothschild." "Your Lordship misunderstands me," the Jew had replied haughtily. "I do not wish to see him as financier toward official, but as man to man."

Castlereagh liked the look of the boy. His hungry Irish face, and steady eyes. No buck or professional duelist of the period had ever picked a quarrel with young Dillon. He liked his aloofness from women. That probably came from his unfortunate marriage, about which he was so taciturn. Very regrettable, very foolish, thought Lord Castlereagh. But then, who can tell how a marriage will turn out? Himself had exercised the greatest care in choice, and—His Lordship's eyes were bitter. . . . Still, there he was, dependable as a rock. People could say all they liked about Castlereagh's despicable allies and

rotten horde of friends, but he could say, as the Lord said unto Satan: "Hast thou considered my servant Job . . . a perfect and an upright man . . . ?" Lord Castlereagh hoped he was not committing a blasphemy in using the words of the Lord in this circumstance.

Lord Castlereagh had in mind a reward for young Dillon, when all was finished. He would make a marvelous gesture, rewarding the young man for being a backbone of strength and honesty in evil days. Garrett would protest and object, he knew, but he would override him. Through the Marchioness of Hertford he would see that the Prince created Garrett the Earl Clandillon, and a representative Irish peer. That would make the new Irish nobles furious. That a man should be rewarded for honesty, instead of corruption. Also, Lord Castlereagh considered, Garrett would be useful in the Upper House.

CHAPTER XXIV

THOUGH nothing in his face showed his emotion, yet Captain Broke's heart seemed to jump in his chest as he saw the white cloud of sail approaching out of the harbor. All sorts of little boats seemed to accompany the *Chesapeake* frigate, sloops, catboats, small yawls, but as the great vessel got way on the smaller craft dropped behind in the blue June waters. The summer westerlies blew straight and steady. Captain Broke had often had in mind this day, but it had never occurred to him that the engagement would take place in such glorious weather. He had always somehow thought of it in gray seas and a lurching, treacherous wind. In these circumstances the superiority he knew he possessed would be even more marked.

"See if the American flies a flag of truce," he ordered, and a midshipman scurried up the ratlines. The answer came that no flag of truce was showing, and the Captain of the *Shannon* said, "Good!"

Only that morning Captain Broke had sent the officer commanding the *Chesapeake* a formal challenge to combat. He had stated the exact armament of his vessel, the number of his crew, and the fact that his water was running low. Lawrence himself had sent that sort of letter to the captain of the *Bonne Citoyenne* at Bahia, but the British sailor had very properly ignored it, and American

commanders were exultant over what they termed the Britisher's cowardice. However, it gave a line to knowledge of Captain Lawrence's temperament. Captain Broke had written a challenge that no man, much less one of the temperament of the *Chesapeake's* captain, could ignore. But he had overdone it on one point, Captain Broke discovered after the letter was gone: he had offered to fight the Yankee in any latitude or longitude the *Chesapeake* might choose, and that would have given Captain Lawrence the opportunity of training what the British commander knew to be a green and almost mutinous crew, with not a few foreigners in it, renegade Englishmen and Portuguese from Cape Cod. His own ship's company were picked veterans, each man knowing as much of gunnery as the ordinary master gunner, and a competent seaman to boot. They worked like clockwork. There was something of Boney's Grenadiers of the Guard about them. No scratch crew could withstand them. They could outshoot and out-maneuver any vessel on the seas.

At two bells, when the American ship was rounding the lighthouse, Captain Broke gave orders to stand away under easy sail. He was delighted at the calm efficiency of the men as they went about their stations. Other commanders had laughed at him for taking things so seriously as he had done, but here was the answer. Himself had made his ship, his officers, his men, a projection of himself. He could close his eyes and give an order, and imagine it being done, and when he opened his eyes the men would be at the exact place he had pictured them mentally. His love of his ship, his devotion and concentration had cost him not a little. Rather than weaken his

ship's company, he had refused to take prizes, burning what vessels he had captured, instead of sending them in as other captains did. At a heavy pecuniary loss, his officers and men had stood by him in his decision. What powder and shot he had paid for out of his own pocket, that his gun crews might be the best trained on the seas! How many pounds of tobacco he had paid for in prizes for musketry! Well, his justification would be on this glorious June day.

Captain Broke had once heard one of the Great Ones of England discuss high politics as applied to warfare. He had met the gentleman on the mail-coach from Falmouth to London, when himself was on leave and going home to Ipswich. The Great One had been very gracious when he heard that the young officer had been in the action off Cape Saint Vincent, and had served under Nelson, when the hero of Trafalgar was but a commodore. To the young officer the high officials of Whitehall were in effect the most powerful beings in the world. Naval and military commanders did the fighting, but they of Whitehall had the decisions in their hands. The Great One, among other things, pointed out that the chief object in attacking was to take or ruin what was nearest to the heart of an enemy, whether property or a person. For instance, the capture of Napoleon was worth the capture of a French division. Captain Broke did not remember exactly by what channel the conversation had drifted to Joan of Arc, but the Great One had pointed out how valuable to the English her execution was, and the scattering of her ashes in the Seine. It left the French nothing to rally round. True, her memory remained, golden as the sunshine of

France. But sunshine needs a burning-glass, or material object, before the rays can be focused for destruction. Do you follow me?

Captain Broke followed the Great One's argument. He had never forgotten it. He clung to the argument tenaciously, as sailors will, and now he had an opportunity before him such as no other sailor had. For the *Chesapeake* was like an oriflamme to the Americans. The vessel was both a martyr and a hero. The very war against America had started over her, when the *Leopard* attacked her and insisted on examining her for English deserters. Of course it was not a great victory, for the *Chesapeake* was only out of the dockyards and everything in confusion. It was only by a coal out of the galley that the *Chesapeake* had fired one gun. But after that she had been a martyr ship, and now recently she had become a hero, since Captain Lawrence, who had taken the *Peacock*, and insulted the *Belle Citoyenne*, and the *Espiègle*, had been put in command. Undoubtedly, Captain Broke felt if he could sink or take the *Chesapeake*, and kill or capture the commander, he would be doing a great feat of arms for his country. Well, if preparation, accuracy of gun-fire, excellence of crew were of any avail, the fight was over.

The long afternoon wore on. Gulls mewed. Waves slapped against the strakes of the frigate. The commander went the rounds, seeing that everything was shipshape and Bristol fashion. He modestly asked the watch to stop singing their doggerel song:

"And as the war they did provoke,
We'll pay them with our cannon;

The first to do it will be Broke,
In our gallant ship, the *Shannon*."

He told them quietly of the battle with which they were faced, mentioning the recent American successes, due only, Captain Broke said, to overwhelming superiority of force. "Don't cheer; go quietly to your quarters," he said. "I feel sure you will all do your duty; remember you have the blood of hundreds of your countrymen to avenge." The *Shannon* was brought to, the maintopsail braced to be shaking in the wind. Under all sail the *Chesapeake* kept running toward the *Shannon's* weather quarter. At five of the afternoon the *Chesapeake* took in her light canvas, sending the royal-yards on deck. Captain Broke noticed that the handling of the upper gear was not handsomely done. Undoubtedly a green crew. Half an hour later her courses were hauled up, and the *Shannon's* company saw the pilot dropped. Captain Broke gave the order to fill the sails, and the *Shannon* began to move southeast by the wind. Captain Broke decided that the *Chesapeake* had too much way on for good maneuvering. And suddenly his heart nearly stopped beating.

The *Chesapeake* was bearing down wind for the *Shannon's* quarter. If Captain Lawrence chose to pass under the British vessel's stern, rake her, and engage her on the lee quarter, all his careful plans went for naught. Captain Broke had been so certain that the *Chesapeake* would come about and fight at close range that he had instructed the captain of the fourteenth gun not to fire until it bore into the second main-deck port forward. But as he wondered, the American commander luffed with a crackle of sail and swirl of water, and squared his main-yard. Gulls

cried querulously, above the boatswain's shrill whistle. So close were they that Captain Broke could see the whites of the eyes of the little negro bugler on board the American vessel.

And then as the *Chesapeake's* bows rounded to the British ship's quarters, the *Shannon* shook from truck to keelson. The very air shook. A fraction of a second and their ears tingled to the thunder of the after gun. Gun followed gun, until it sounded like some infernal echo; musketry crackled like small fireworks. The air was rank with the smell of powder. A dead gull thumped on the *Shannon's* quarter-deck, blood dropping from its bill. And then the *Shannon* shook to a mightier vibration than any yet—a vibration that was like a succession of blows struck by some mad god's hammer. Through the smoke and din, Captain Broke could see the flapping of sails gone here and there, imagine their cracking. A man running along the lee deck of the *Shannon* disappeared into the water as if somebody had kicked him in. Surely and powerfully the *Chesapeake* was forging ahead. Through a cloud of smoke, like the steam of a smithy, Captain Broke could see a huddled figure at the *Chesapeake's* wheel. A man sprang forward and flung the dead man aside roughly, kicking him to get a purchase for his feet, as he put the helm hard down to take the way off her. In a lull of thunder there could be heard the screaming of the panic-stricken gulls.

The American frigate ranged ahead to where she was on the *Shannon's* weather bow. A gale of gunnery and gunshot-fire from the *Shannon* drove against the after parts of main- and spar-deck. An officer on the *Chesa-*

peake was dancing with rage, shouting orders, and immediately he dropped on the deck, broken by a well-directed shot.

"I think that's the sailing-master, sir," a lieutenant told Captain Broke. "Oh, yes," the commander of the *Shannon* said absently. He was watching the enemy's sails. She seemed to be hauling off. "Haul closer!" he ordered.

From the American ship they could hear the shout, "Boarders away!" An officer suddenly cried: "She's gathering stern-board. Her foresails must be shot away. By God, sir! she's paralyzed." And he started running forward to verify. But a musket ball kicked him in the stomach as he ran, and he leaped rather than fell spread-eagled on the deck.

"Keep her off!" Captain Broke ordered. "Helm a-starboard."

The ships drifted closer. The pounding of the long guns ceased. They came together with a soft, a ponderous shock. There was a scrunch and wail of scraped woodwork. The *Shannon* seemed pushed round. Mr. Low, the lieutenant of marines, saw what seemed a giant figure in full-dress uniform on the American vessel. "Give me your piece," he told one of his men. He took careful aim. The big man slithered to the deck as if drunk. Mr. Low returned the piece to the soldier.

The American crews left their guns, to get boarding weapons from quarter-deck and at the masts. A cheer went up from the *Shannon*. A well-flung hand-grenade burst open an arms-chest on the *Chesapeake's* quarter-deck, and flame licked the ship from fore- to mizzenmast

as high as her tops. Quietly as though it were a simple maneuver, the grizzled boatswain of the *Shannon* set about lashing the ships together. Some one of the American crew dashed forward and all but hacked his right arm off with a cutlass. With his left hand the old veteran went ahead with his work.

Gingerly Captain Broke stepped from the *Shannon's* gangway rail on to the muzzle of the American's aftermast carronade; sprang over the bulwark on to the quarter-deck. Swarthy Portuguese fled at his coming. Only the chaplain rushed forward, firing his pistol. Captain Broke was chagrined that the chaplain should forget his cloth, and that he was a non-combatant. His shot went wide. Captain Broke's fine Toledo sword sank into the clergyman's arm. Somebody smashed Captain Broke with a musket butt, on the head. And beside him, so close that if he had not been dazed by the force of the blow on the head he would have jumped, was the crash of a pistol. A midshipman asked him anxiously: "Are you all right, sir?"

"Oh, quite all right, thank you."

Captain Broke's eye was offended by the sight of hammocks and other sailor's gear on the lower deck. Good Heavens! what a way to go into battle! His quick professional eye decided that the fight was not over yet, but he knew there could be but one issue. On the upper deck, surrounded by a clutter of dead and wounded, the lean-faced American marines were putting up their last stand. There seemed to be only nine of them, under a corporal.

"Where is Captain Lawrence?" the *Shannon's* commander asked.

"Below, sir. Badly wounded, I'm afraid."

"Where are the other officers?"

"Dead, sir, I think."

"Why don't they strike, then?"

"Captain Lawrence's orders are not to give up the ship, sir, I'm told."

"Oh!"

Captain Broke held back for a minute for the rest of the boarders, under Lieutenants Watt and Falkiner, to come up. A crackle of fire met them as they came, and Lieutenant Watt lurched and dropped. A long nine crashed from the *Shannon*, and the *Chesapeake's* mizzentop was cleared out. "Oh, well bowled, sir!" a midshipman applauded.

Captain Broke's head was aching, and he was a little disappointed. In the days when he thought of victory, he had imagined it on a gray, surly sea. A struck flag and a courteous boarding. A vanquished commander concealing heartbreak with studied phrases, and a victor concealing triumph by good manners. But here the dying commander would not give in, and he knew he would have to have the colors taken down by his own men. And the weather! A beautiful June evening with the sun dropping west of Boston, and in the distance the gulls riding the water like coracles, and west, Nantucket way, violet porpoises tumbling in a green sea—a presage of good weather, that!

His men sent a final crash of musketry down the hatchways, and no reply was made. Barring a desultory shot, the fight was over. The American's flag came running down from the masthead, and Captain Broke took out his watch. At five-fifty the first shot had been fired, and now it

seemed it lacked a few seconds of five minutes after six. He put the timepiece to his ear. Yes, it was going all right. Fifteen minutes! He had spent seven years preparing for a fight of fifteen minutes. . . .

CHAPTER XXV

FROM the small garden of the aged house, Jocelyn could see the sands of her island stretch white and fine into the vast Atlantic—the purple, sailless sea. Between her and Nova Scotia, New Scotland, there was nothing now but an odd ship and the protection of God. So vast the beach was, so white, that one would imagine it would always remain, hard and firm as the foundation of the world. But when the tide of inexorable waters came sweeping over the sands to her ancient house, so that one remembered old Noah's deluge, for the first week or so she had been afraid. And now every evening when the sun shone and the tide turned it was a wonder and delight. If no wind blew, the waters came in a great violet lake, as though the world had been tilted like a saucer. Were the wind from the west, the tide came in like galloping horsemen, like horsemen galloping to take a city, and were the wind from the east, the wind that brought the soft note of the lapwing, and the smell of the wet larches of the mainland, it tossed the sea into a curling white foam, as though the women of Norse legend were coming, the wind tossing their streaming locks. The sun would set behind a forest of foam.

A woman's house, but a country out of a fairy-story, Jocelyn had thought it, when she came hither from Scotland, transhipping at Skye—at Skye she could see Ireland

in the distance, and her eyes were wet—but this Hebridean isle seemed like a child of Ireland—a child begotten of love in a clean green wood, and set out to wander in the forest of the world with all the wildness and romance of his begetting. The house her Aunt Ishbel had inherited and passed on to her was such a retreat as must cure any heart that was broken. Never were land and sea the same from one to the other moment. Purple of heather and gold of gorse and green of the sea changed into full bourdon or gentle minor with each passing cloud. Her own house, covered with saffron stonewort, and thatched so well and evenly that the white sands were not whiter than its sloping roof, had an enduring loveliness. Jocelyn sighed a little when she thought of all it had taken to get the old house in repair, to buy the Highland cattle with the long horns that even now would be soon coming home for the milking, and the small ponies that had the strength of big hunters. She was not yet accustomed to be straitened for money. But then, the thought came to her, what money did she need on the edge of the world? And her next year's income would be in the hands of the banking folk before her child was born.

But her house, her small, neat estate, was beautiful. Her little Hebridean garden was not like the great gardens of Derrymore, but where the wind was like a giant and the sea like a tyrant the making of a garden had difficulties. But they were kindly giants, kindly tyrants. On the edge of the great Atlantic drift there were warmth and color in winter days that the mainland knew nothing of. And summer was a saint's dream of peace. A passing sea shower, and as it went eastward after visiting the island

there was such perfume of heather and myrtle that you ached with the beauty of it. Always there was a surprise that a grown child would have loved: in some narrow pool of the little river that came from a hill spring you might come on a great blue salmon, freshly from the sea, the blue of his back like the blue of a spear-head; or you could see a great golden eagle from Hecla spread huge wings to come down upon the shore. Or on a night of moonlight a shower would come between you and the moon, and the moon-bow, more delicate than any rainbow, would hang like a cluster of jewels in the sky. And in the winter the galloping northern lights fought their desperate battle at the pole.

Here, too, was a link with the Ireland she loved, and from which she would ever be an exile, she thought. On a little island north of her had dwelt the gentlest of Irish saints, Columba, or Columkille, the Dove of the Church, as the Gaels called him, the saint who blessed the passing whales, and blessed his old horse that had come to rub its nose against him on the evening before he died. She thought of the aged, kindly saint, who had lived so long ago, and with a little feeling of awe knew that he would be near to her, without the house, when she was delivered of her child. And she put more faith in the Irish saint than in the shrewd Scots obstetrician from Glasgow who was to come at her appointed time.

Her island still clung to the archaic church, as did much of Ireland, but here in the quiet Hebrides there were no politics in religion. From where she sat on the edge of the strand, on the sward of small sea-grass, she could see the women of the island spearing flatfish in the pools on the

sands. The pools were red as the setting sun, from the sun which was setting, and the women were wading in the pools, with skirts high kilted, their legs white as snow over the scarlet of water. It seemed to Jocelyn that they were like women of Tyre treading on the vats of red and purple Tyrian dyes. From their small church that had been an old fane of missionary monks came the small bell of the Angelus:

"The Angel of the Lord declared unto Mary. . . . And she conceived of the Holy Ghost," went its mystic call. And the women came out of the pools, dropping their skirts and kneeling on the white sand, grave and simple, and most close to God.

Because the quiet of Columkille had come on, and her heart, if not happy, was at ease, a song came to her lips, as simply as a song came to birds at the close of day. What song she sang she did not choose, but one that came to her out of an old memory, as the evensong of birds must come:

*"Oh, eirigee sooas, a howa na var!
As kirigee peekar warr gagh klay!
As lagagee shees ayad lught a' drogh kree!
As kirigee dhlee na Frank ar bun!
Agas o vanathee, goday an grooim sin ort?"*

"Oh, let ye rise up, ye choicest of men!
And let ye put pikes on each wattle's end!
And let ye go rout the black-hearted throng!
And let ye establish the laws of France!
And oh, woman of the house, what's that frown on you for?"

"Are you the woman of this place?" Jocelyn heard a voice above her, speaking in anger.

She raised her eyes quietly. Above her stood a vast, spare man with white hair closely cut, like a well-fitting cap. He was very erect, very old, but his blue eyes were like the eyes of eagles, fit to look in the sun's eyes. He wore the kilt of his clan—Jocelyn had not the intricate knowledge of tartans—and a sporran of deerskin, but his short coat was of tweed and held the scent of peat and heather. In his gnarled hands was a stick of holly wood. His eyes were blazing at her. Behind him stood two Highland boys or men who looked at her with hatred in their eyes, and a middle-aged man in urban dress, who seemed uncomfortable and fiddled with a snuff-box. The old giant seemed ready to strike her with his heavy walking-staff.

"Yes," Jocelyn said quietly, "I am, as you put it, the woman of this place."

"I know what you're singing, woman," he said, and he took his holly stick more firmly in his hand, and a fear crept into Jocelyn's heart that this giant madman would kill her. "I know that song, though your Gaelic is thicker than our Gaelic. But that song is known to me," he said threateningly.

"It's got a very nice lilt to it," Jocelyn said.

"It's got the lilt of hell," the old man said; "a song to make clansmen cut their chiefs' throats. A song conceived of French brandy and *louis d'or*. Woman, what right have you to sing that song in these clean lands?"

"You have the air and port of a gentleman," Jocelyn said.

"I am the MacNeil, and chief of these islands," the old man said. "Now judge whether or not I am gentleman."

"I have already judged," Jocelyn said, "and God know-

eth, there is not the least beggar on these islands but is a better gentleman than you. For who here would insult or bully a woman big with child?"

The gillies looked as if they were going to spring at her throat. The urban man seemed distressed, took a great pinch of snuff, trumpeted loudly into a red handkerchief, and pushed the red abomination into the tails of his coat.

"Aye!" the old man said, "whose child? Have you come here into my clean place after the lecheries of France, to conceal your shame?"

"MacNeil! MacNeil!" warned the middle-aged man in town clothes.

"I don't know whether to be angry with you," Jocelyn said, "or to explain to you, because I know you are only angry for your people's sake."

"They are a small people," the MacNeil said, "yet they can have my heart's blood for drink. My life is nothing and my soul is little to me compared with the souls of this folk."

The gillies looked at Jocelyn with a fierce pride, and the urban gentleman seemed moved.

"Very well, then, to put your mind at rest," Jocelyn said, "my child was conceived and will be born in wedlock. And to further vouch for my respectability, his father is one of the gentlemen of the Foreign Office."

"Woman, you lie," said the MacNeil.

"MacNeil! MacNeil! I warn you these words are actionable at law." The city man was perturbed. "The whole affair is most illegal."

But Jocelyn cut the man of affairs short with a look, and rose up.

"Put your eyes on me, MacNeil," she said, "and tell me: am I a woman who lies?"

The old chieftain looked at her, and decided evidently she was not.

"Then why for are you no with your man?" he asked brusquely.

"Because he is close to Lord Castlereagh, and the sight of Castlereagh is to me the sight of a foul thing out of the sewers of the city of the devil. I think even the flowers and trees droop when he passes by. I suppose you admire Lord Castlereagh—"

But the old chieftain's face had darkened to a thundercloud. He took the great holly stick in both hands and broke it as though it were a twig.

"The badger! the dark and stinking badger!" he cried. "Eh, but I think ill of England that no man is hero enough to kill him for the sake of all."

"MacNeil! MacNeil!" the man of affairs warned. "These are dreadful words. These things are better kept to yourself, MacNeil."

"Then your husband," the MacNeil said to Jocelyn, "is not an honest man."

"No honester man lives," Jocelyn said proudly. "He is so honest that he cannot see the evil in Castlereagh. Also, MacNeil, Castlereagh has a winning tongue."

"And you could not persuade him—"

"Is there anything more obstinate," Jocelyn cried, "than a man in his honesty?"

"But why for have you come to this lonely place?"

"Because it belongs to me, chieftain. If I will not live with my husband, I will not live on him."

"It seems we were mistaken," the MacNeil said to his man of affairs.

"I'll ask you, MacNeil, to speak for yourself. I was never with you in maligning the lady." The man of affairs wiped his spectacles. "I was never in the habit of making hasty decisions, MacNeil."

The old chieftain looked at his gillies.

"Rob Ogg and Shian Donn, when you have left me on the shore of Scotland, ye will return here, and be at the call of this lady, night and day, in fair or stormy weather, and come to Scotland on an errand if she needs it."

"But I will need nothing," Jocelyn protested.

"May I have my pipes, MacNeil?"

"Your pipes will be sent you, Shian Donn. Have you the music of Ross-shire?"

The piper looked dreamily over the ocean.

"Ross of the salmon and the eagles," he said. "The sun of the lakes of Ross is my fingers and my brain."

"Have you the Munro music, Shian Donn?"

"*Bealach-na-Briige*," Shian Donn answered, "is the clan march of them. *Failte na Roitheach* is their salute, and 'The men of Cul-Carn' their strathspey. There'll be dead ears hearing when I get the bag under my oxters."

"Shian Donn," said the MacNeil, "is my piper. And there has been no finer piper since Big Patrick MacCrimmon."

"We have all heard of MacCrimmon, but none of us have heard him," said the piper, sullenly.

"A good point, a very good point," the urban man interposed, but the MacNeil was furious.

"Hut!" he said. "MacCrimmon was heard in the Fifteen

and the Forty-five. When Donald Ban was killed at the Rout of Moy, and there was no piper left to the McLeods, wasn't the dead Patrick Mor and his eight dead sons heard and seen piping their clan?"

Jocelyn began to feel she was with madmen.

"But I don't need a piper, MacNeil."

"If the gloom comes on you," the MacNeil said, "and you in your dangerous way, Shian Donn is a sure specific against the deep Hebridean gloom."

"But there are pipers in this island," Jocelyn protested.

"There are people who have learnt the pipes," asserted Shian Donn. "My lady, there are pipers, and great pipers, and myself, this man."

"This is arranged!" said MacNeil. "Now, Rob Ogg, you are to go over this island and the next islands, and tell them that the lady of Castle Trim is MacNeil's friend."

"But none will hurt me on these islands, MacNeil."

"None. But this is courtesy to the islands' self. And Rob Ogg is the world's wonder with a boat, and tireless over plain land and hilly land, if a need comes on you to send a man into Scotland's self. Wee lady," he took her hand, "you will not refuse an old man who wishes to help a small person into life. It means much to me, who, in my young and soldiering days, have helped so many out of it."

"Is it true what you said, MacNeil, that you are my friend?"

"It is God's truth!"

"Then I have two friends on this edge of the European world."

"Whom else could you rank as a friend here with MacNeil?" the old chieftain asked stiffly.

"Columkille."

"Och, him!" The MacNeil smiled, pleased at the answer.

"Then you're well befriended, wee lady, what with me and Columkille."

PART VII

INTRODUCTION

FROM her home in the abandoned monastery on Mount Lebanon, the Lady Hester Lucy Stanhope could see the fertile Druse country running toward the plain, the purple Mediterranean shimmering toward the setting sun, and she thought she had never been on such a height before, as she was now among the spiritually subtle, materially sordid Oriental folk. Three seas now divided her from the England which had treated her as though she were nobody—she, the niece of Pitt, in whose veins flowed the blood of Chesterfield. In every lineament, in high-arched foot and haughty nose, she showed breeding, and did not even the crafty Orientals recognize her keen political skill? And yet England would have nothing to do with her. Well, she was finished with England. Who was the loser? She smiled sardonically.

She had failed in life, as Occidentals would call it, being now in her thirty-eighth year of age, though none, she knew, would believe her to be of those years, and never having married. So rotten had England become, so short-sighted its young men, that none could see what value she would be to a young peer in his life! With her brains; for had not Mr. Pitt relied upon her? With her beauty, which Mr. Brummell had so praised. Lord Sligo, who had followed her from Malta to Zante, gone with her from Zante to Constantinople, had never mentioned an enduring

companionship. Indeed, he had fled back to his bogs, making some excuse and saying he would return. Mr. Pitt was right in his opinion of these Irish bog-trotters. He had always held them in contempt. Lord Byron, whom she had met in Athens, was the usual type of young Englishman, playing with literature, indulging in field sports and swimming, and talking about marrying a "golden dolly" to set him on his feet. A wretched fellow! People seemed to think she possessed nothing but twelve hundred pounds a year from the pension list—not taking into account her brains and charm—and that she should be content with some chaplain or wretched tutor to husband. Oh, but how contemptible that people should forget great Pitt so soon!

She had always been keen to obtain some political employment, and the vague commission she had been given—to sound the loyalty of the Syrians to the Sublime Porte, and to see what possibility there was of an insurrection, and how far French influence was of value in the Levant—she had carried out in a complete and splendid manner. She had shown the Orientals the gorgeous quality of England, and what was her reward? There had been much caviling over the money she had spent; and, indeed, it looked as if many of her debts would not be met. It was pointed out she had no warrant to act as she did; as if one had a warrant in secret affairs! Mr. Pitt would not have acted like that. Mr. Pitt understood good work. Mr. Pitt paid well. Her chief, Sir Sidney Smith, was a little out of favor, himself, but indeed it was the admiral's office to be renounced and denounced by the Government when plans of diplomacy went awry. If the

wretch Bonaparte had not collapsed as he did, the war would have continued, and Syria might, would have been taken. England's troops would have fought against Bonaparte's ally the Grand Turk, and Mr. Pitt's great dream of a chain connecting England with the East—Gibraltar, Malta, Beirut, Bagdad—would not have been an empire-builder's dream but an accomplished fact.

Well, all her friends were gone now. Sir Sidney Smith had sailed into Portsmouth, his flag flying on the *Hibernia*, and there his service had ended. General Sir Hildebrand Oakes, civil and military commissioner of Malta, had returned home, and was appointed Lieutenant-General of the Ordnance, and the intrigues of the Levant were no longer for him. He would shiver in the London fogs and die, and Sidney Smith would go ahead with his theatrical Knights Templars in London and Paris, becoming now an amateur of the secret game instead of a professional player. She had gone over the head of Sir Sidney, and written a report to Lord Bathurst of the secret association against the Sultan, reported by Sir Sidney to exist in Arabia. She spoke in the terms of excavation. "Having traced out the southwest and north foundations walls" (she was referring to the Wahabees of Ibn Saüd in the southwest, and to the Bedouin tribes around Palmyra), "we came to the underground fabric we were looking for; but, alas, it had been rifled." The remains of the organization, "a superb colossal statue without a head," Lady Hester had "ordered to be broken into a thousand pieces." She flattered herself that but one man had discovered her mission, Sheykh Ibrahim as he was called—the German

traveler Burckhardt—but politics meant nothing to him. He only cared for scholarship. But she could not forgive him for having discovered her.

Lord Bathurst had not even replied, and here she was now in a certain difficulty. She had done things in such a grand manner. She had ridden into Jerusalem with Egyptian Mamelukes, with pages, kavasses, her doctor, her woman secretary, her tiring woman, as an aristocrat should do. Her Mohammedan costume to appear before the Pasha of Egypt had been expensive. Two cashmere shawls for turbans and girdle cost each fifty pounds. Her pantaloons, most richly embroidered in gold, forty pounds; her waistcoat and pelisse, fifty pounds; her saber, twenty pounds; her saddle, thirty-five. She also had a traveling dress, with satin vests, and satin-and-gold burnouses. All these expenses were necessary to impress the Oriental mind. She had bought slaves for her retinue, and when she went to Palmyra—where she had been hailed as Queen Zenobia come back at last to her capital—she had ridden thither escorted by Bedouin chieftains. They had curly hair hanging in ringlets over cheek and neck. Their lances were plumed with ostrich feathers, their gay-colored keffiyehs were drawn over their mouths like vizors. They rode lean, swift mares. And everywhere she had been hailed as "*Ya melekky!* O Queen!" "O Queen!" her thin, cruel mouth remurmured the hypnotic words; and who else, she said, drawing her tall figure taller, had more right to the title, for had not the great Earl of Chatham and the younger Pitt kept the English royal family on their thrones as pawns in their game? If any of the Arabs, who knew breeding as English folk knew their Bible, were

asked whether she or the Princess of Wales, who was soon to visit the Holy Land, was the royal one of the two, which would they choose? The Lady Hester Stanhope or the fat strumpet with the twisted stockings and the dirty body-linen? Lady Hester took another whiff of her pipe. "*Ya meleky! O Queen!*"

And yet when she was doing all this good for her country, the English vice-consul at Beirut had refused a bill drawn on him, and the Syrian Christian who had cashed it had come riding after them post-haste, practically insulting her. Mr. Barker, the consul at Aleppo, had not been in a mood to offer his purse. He had no authority, he said. And he had told her she was indiscreet in some of her acts, as that of riding on a she-ass into the convent of Saint Anthony in Ehden, where not only had no woman set foot before but no female animal was kept. Lady Hester told Mr. Barker that her attitude toward native Christians had given her the confidence of the Moslem. Mr. Barker had looked prim. Then Lady Hester told him some stories of her grand-uncle, Lord Camelford the duelist, who had killed Lieutenant Peterson on his own quarter-deck and would shoot a man's nose off his face if he did not like the shape of it. But Mr. Barker had only coughed dryly, the wretched little democrat. . . . All she had received from England was a curt direction to return home.

Her sallow, gaunt face took on a look of hardness. What was there for her at home? A position with the great ones of the land; at best that of a confidential servant; at worst that of an adventuress. In England, unless one had behind him a house and lands, one was always an adventurer; the word conveyed a terrible insult in England.

Was she, who had been queen here, to go back to a station where she would be lumped with physician, tutor, and journalist—people who made their living by their wits—put on the same terrain as the gambler, because no exact acreage of land was set aside for their support? The queenly dignities she had been given, at a price, by the Pasha of Damascus had influenced Moslem and Druse and Christian peasantry. They did not know exactly who she was but that she was granddaughter and niece of two Viziers of England. Some had it she was daughter of the King of England. Some insisted that she was daughter, out of an English princess, of the Sultan's self.

She would stay here, she decided, holding on to what queenly dignity she could. In England, on her pension of £1,200 a year, she could not have a house or servants or horses consonant with the dignity of a Pitt. But here she would be rich on that. Her doctor could practise among the tribes, and she would give him rooms and her protection. He would not need money. Miss Williams had not enough initiative to leave her. Yes, she smiled grimly, she would have dependents here. She had slaves whom she could whip and whom she would whip if they dared disobey her. Horse-flesh was very reasonable. In fact, everything was reasonable as to price; and she, of course, could do a great deal of good here. It was a pleasant land, abundant in grapes for wine, in olives; wherever she looked there appeared the gray of olive-trees, like the ghosts of small trees. Nowhere was better tobacco. The slopes of the mountain were white with jasmine. The fig-tree and the walnut-tree flourished. She had seen on a ride from the monastery, in the village of Dar Joon, a house which

might suit her, and she was apprised she could live in it for an unlimited period at a rental of one thousand piasters, or twenty pounds sterling a year. To put it into condition fitting her rank, with gardens and stables, she would need money, but there were people who would advance it against her pension, Moosa Levi Cone of Sayda, or Vandiziano the Greek. Yes, here she would stay.

She had in mind, too, a way of being of use to the world, and of profit to herself. Here in this land that was the cradle of Western civilization and religions, there was a fallow field of wisdom to be plowed. Who in the West knew of the virtues of Eastern medicine, of the serpent's stone? What illuminati of Europe knew of the Druse religion, the faith of that calm, hardy race who were neither Moslem nor Christian, but who worshiped Caliph Hakin under the symbol of the Calf of Gold? Their temples were here on the mountain. What did Europe know of the Yezidee sect, who worshiped Satan under the name of Melek Taos, or Peacock the King? Who had ever heard of their Seven Houses of Malevolence, in the tower of which sat a warlock who had passed all desire, and was nothing further than an embodied will, spinning evil against the world? Might not the Black Book of the Yezidees, or the *Kitab al-Hikmet*, the Book of Wisdom of the Druses, contain truths surpassing those of Islam or Christianity? Might not these be procured? By force, by stealth, or by bribery? Lady Hester dreamed of a great organization of savants and rich men, savants who worked and rich men who supported them, under her own headship, of course—an organization whose world-wide fame and success would make Europe recognize her talents.

Talents? Nay, genius! Perhaps more than genius! Into Lady Hester's masculine, cruel face there came a look of dreaming. Had not the prophet Richard Brothers, who had foretold the violent deaths of the King of Sweden and of Louis XVI, assured her that she would make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, spend seven years in the wilderness, and be at last crowned Queen of the Jews? She had made the pilgrimage, and was now spending years in the wilderness. And in this strange Orient, what things might happen to women, as happened to Zenobia, Queen of Palmyra; Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt; Theodora, Queen of Byzantium. Hester, Queen of the Levant! Queer that her name should be Hester, Esther. Could she be a reincarnation of Esther the Queen? The hanging of Haman would be just the sort of thing she could see herself doing.

But this wretched question of money. This sordid thing! She remembered that General Needham had willed his estate to Mr. Pitt, for the purpose of paying the statesman's debts. But Mr. Pitt had predeceased the general, and Lord Kilmorey had come into the heritage. Surely, though, the late general's wishes should be respected, and when Lord Kilmorey died, the estate should come to Mr. Pitt's family, especially as Lord Kilmorey had no direct heirs. . . .

Had not Brothers many adherents in England—stolid Quaker folk, men of common sense and of money, who firmly believed in his prophecies? Also, a Mr. Finlayson, a shrewd and wealthy Scotch lawyer? It was not likely that Quakers and Scotsmen could be mistaken!

She could not address herself in dignity to Lord Kilmorey about her moral right to General Needham's money,

but might not Lord Hardwick and Sir Francis Burdett write to him? It would come much better from an outsider. . . .

Also, at Mar Antinous, she remembered, a Jewess had hailed her as Queen Esther, a seeress with exalted eyes. . . .

CHAPTER XXVI

THE violated city was stunned, the city that lay from Saint-Cloud to Montmartre; from Saint-Cloud that had put on the clean garment of spring to the harsh heights of Montmartre, through the Seine, through the little churches of the city, through the great cathedral, through the very stones of Paris, a shudder went. Paris, the capital of France, had been taken. The shimmering city that had been the pride of France was soiled now by the tramp of Cossack and Prussian and Austrian. True, she had been spared something. The Emperor of all the Russias had wanted to burn the Tuileries in revenge for Moscow, but he had been dissuaded from his design. The English, who had brought this about, stood carefully aloof from it all. Hypocritical, smiling, superior, the English loosed the Cossack hordes and Prussian dogs on the city and were absolving themselves from the meaner details of the rape. Austrians with waisted uniforms and effeminate steps minced through the Tuileries; Cossacks with Mongolian faces pushed aside the rare wines of France and demanded potato whisky; Prussian boors belched at the tables of Parisian restaurants, spat, picked their teeth after repletion, and decided that sauerkraut was better. England, the city was informed, was sending over a new king, in place of the Emperor.

Cold gusts of wind swept through the streets. At in-

tervals rain poured, and very sullenly the Seine rolled, muddy, moody, on its way toward the sea of the Step of Calais. Such weather occurred, it is true, every year at this time, marking the coming of spring, but the violated queen felt that this year it was symbolic. She felt that herself was sobbing in the searching wind, weeping with the hopeless rain. She was old, as cities went, having seen so much life and history. She had never been a plain merchant's wife, as London was; or a dowdy Latin, like Seville the dowager; or a broad Teuton, like Vienna. The cold of the North and the sparkle of sunshine and the knowledge of great events had made her face eager, her limbs muscular and free. She had seen so much of life that she was tolerant. She remembered when she was a ragged girl in the time of the Gaulish kings, and in the cold winters the wolves were howling at her gates, so dreadfully threatening that the citizens dared not go forth for firewood. And later she had been a young woman full of mysticism, when the philosophers of the schools argued with logic keen as swords. And she had been a roistering girl when she was Villon's love, and she had been a very stately lady for kings who themselves were stately. That *bel homme*, Henri Quatre, had flung his religion to the winds for her, praising her in a phrase that would be immortal. She had had so many lovers.

And yet to none of them had she given so much as to this turbulent Corsican soldier. She had at first disliked him. He was so un-French, so uncouth, and she such a great lady, but he had forced himself upon her, taken her for granted, fought for her, brought her treasures from afar—pictures out of Italy, bronze horses from Ven-

ice, manuscripts from the Vatican. He had lavished them all on her. When abroad he was ever thinking of adorning her, so that when he returned from the East he remembered the great spaciousness of mosques, and insisted on making her squares have that cool openness. He had adorned her with fountains and bridges, which are the jewels of cities. She remembered out of her Gaulish girlhood what a work of piety it is to build a bridge.

She thought if only her stones could have spoken, and told him what treachery there was afoot! Her stones had felt the shuffle of men going to shameful assignations, had heard details of the most dreadful of all crimes, the selling of men's honor, which is men's souls, for money, for a ribbon, for security. But the Great Architect who had fashioned her had given her no tongue. A city must observe the law of silence, as trees and certain animals and all dead folk observe it, for human beings in this degree must work out their fate with only the asset of flesh and bone and bone and brain before they are admitted to higher mysteries. The city must suffer and be dumb.

Some traitors could be understood, the city thought. The little citizen in his shop, with the small adventure of his store of goods, his weak muscles, his dim eyes, his tired feet, was not built for heroism. He might revolt in his mind, but his tradesman's instinct drove him to increase the store in his till. And the old generals of sixty and more—their bones were chilled, and though they did not fear death, yet they feared the remaining ten years of life. And so they shuffled some specious reason that a statesman had given them, and kept their appointments. And there were men who all their life had envied and hated the Emperor

in secret, like Bernadotte; one could forgive them. But those to whom he had given his love the city could not forgive—Josephine, who even now was receiving Alexander; the Empress Marie-Louise, who was glad of the catastrophe; his brothers, who had deserted him; his old comrade Ney.

The winds from Fontainebleau had told the city something of the last days. At Fontainebleau, surrounded by the last of the troops loyal to him, he had waited until this treachery and that defection had broken his heart. Then he had written the instrument of abdication, in a hand that was hardly legible, so palsied with grief it was. "*Les puissances alliées ayant proclamé que l'Empereur Napoléon*—the allied powers having proclaimed that the Emperor Napoleon was the sole obstacle to the reëstablishment of peace in Europe, the Emperor renounces, for himself and his heirs, the thrones of France and Italy." That would have been enough for them, but the old spirit flamed out. "*Il n'est aucun sacrifice, même celui de la vie,*" he had added, "there is no sacrifice, even that of life, which he is not ready to make in the interests of France."

The city had too often seen the Emperor compose rhodomontades to the troops and proclamations for the people not to know when he was in earnest, and those words of abdication were written in his heart's blood, with the cruel point of his own sword, with his sword's point dipped mercilessly into his wounded heart. And the last cry for France sounded theatrical, but the city knew it was sincere, for the France of the Emperor was a France he had built up himself, a France born of his own will and divine circumstance. It was his own child, this France, and

that a father should lay down his life for his own child was natural. The acid of misfortune and treachery and defeat had cut away all that hid the real man. The real man was alive now, a tragic, burning soul.

The children of the city, coming back from Fontainebleau, had spoken of his farewell to his Guard. And more majestic than any review in the Champ-de-Mars had the city found that crushing farewell. The Imperial Guard was drawn up as he went to the carriage that was to take him into exile. For an instant the Emperor had hesitated. Then he stepped into the square.

"Generals, officers, subalterns, and soldiers of my old Guard," he said slowly, "I bid you farewell; for twenty years I have been pleased with you; I have always found you on the road to glory. . . .

"I cannot embrace you all; but I will embrace your general. Come, general." And he held his arms out to General Petit. "Let them bring me the eagle." And he kissed the colors. "Farewell, my children." The Emperor's tears were falling now. "My wishes will always be with you; retain me in your memories."

They had not allowed him to say good-by to Paris, the city mourned. And so he had gone. And here was spring. The great little childish man had always loved spring in Paris, the city thought. Each spring meant that another of Cæsar's years had dawned for him. The small grass showed, shy as hatched larks, in the Bois de Boulogne, and small daisies and primroses speckled the grass. The fishermen with their rods and baskets and stools moved out to the adventure of the river, and the restaurants put out tables on the pavement that clients might enjoy their little

drinks in the air. And the girls of Paris began planning their new frocks. He had loved all this, the little man who was part Cæsar, part *père de famille*. Paris knew every look in his face, from the keen look of Scipio to the pleased look of the village mayor. He had loved Paris in spring-time. And Paris had loved him. And spring was here and he was gone.

CHAPTER XXVII

I

THE Secretary for Foreign Affairs looked impassive as the Sphinx, but there was a glint in his eyes which showed his keen, exact brain was functioning at high speed.

"You sent for me, my Lord," Garrett announced himself.

"I sent for you, Garrett, to go on a mission."

"Abroad, sir? I'm afraid my department is not so arranged that I can leave."

"Not abroad." Lord Castlereagh smiled. "There." He scribbled an address on a leaf of paper. "Please do not read it aloud," he said. "Dr. Bankhead's house, Shere, Surrey," was the address. "The mission is so confidential that there is none in the world I would entrust with it but yourself."

Garrett looked at him in wonder.

"How confidential it is you will understand," Lord Castlereagh smiled, "when I tell you that of the existence of this secret, only three people in England know."

"I see, sir," Garrett nodded. "What are your instructions?"

"You will take a small detachment from the Horse Guards with you, and go to this address."

"I see, sir."

"I am afraid you had better go armed."

"Yes?"

"There will be no fighting, of course," the Foreign Secretary smiled blandly, "but in case of a certain event, you are better in a position—" And Lord Castlereagh smiled again.

"I am still in the dark, sir. Cannot you explain?"

"You will understand immediately, my dear Garrett. You are going to that address to see a patient of—our friend's." Garrett knew he was alluding to his doctor. "The unfortunate, or fortunate, as it will turn out, gentleman, is the legacy of a patriot. The legacy of a great patriot in a former administration." Garrett felt he was alluding to Mr. Pitt's Government. "I wish you to ask the gentleman if he knows who he is, and if he answers that he does know who he is, you will ask him if he has considered the suggestions made him by the doctor—"

"Just a moment, sir, until I get that exact in my mind. I understand."

"And if he says he has considered them and will act on them, bring him back here. If he says he does not know who he is, or will not act on the suggestions, you will leave him there. Your discretion will tell you what to do. Needless to say I have the utmost trust in you."

"My Lord, I don't yet see the point of going armed and taking a guard."

"My dear Garrett, should our friend decide to act on the suggestions, and make a successful escape on the way here, it would be very unfortunate for his Majesty's Government, and most unfortunate for the allied powers. Not irreparable, of course, but very delicate at this point."

"My Lord, am I to understand that I am to kill this man to prevent his escape?"

"That is putting it with unnecessary brutality, my dear Garrett."

"I am afraid, my Lord, you will have to get some one else. I will send you a man of the utmost discretion to follow out whatever instructions you care to give him. Myself, I can neither act on nor give instructions of that kind." Garrett grew very cold.

"But you must go." Lord Castlereagh was annoyed. "There is none other I can send. And you must remember that what action you take is not for yourself but for the state."

"A reason which will satisfy the common hangman, my dear Lord," Garrett replied coolly, "but not me. I have no liking for butcher's business."

"You are very fatiguing, Garrett," Lord Castlereagh said. "However, have your own way. I don't suppose the wretch can escape from a closed carriage, and if he does, the officer of the guard will have his instructions. But it must be you who see him."

"Very good, sir."

He drove down along the Thames, and over Putney Heath and through Kingston, on the dull February day with the rain dropping from the black heavens. The gay uniforms of the six guardsmen who trotted with him were soaked, and their mounts looked miserable. The heath, the Surrey landscape, was hopeless in its barrenness. One could hardly believe that spring would ever come again. The chill damp of February, biting as acid, made his injured shoulder and leg ache, so that the officer in charge, glancing

into the carriage to say some cheery sarcasm about how easy life was for the gentlemen of the Foreign Office, saw his thin face twisted in pain. He was only thirty and there was so much gray in his hair. The young guardsman decided that the Foreign Office was not all the envious reputed it to be, if a man looked such a wreck at thirty. He knew Garrett well by reputation. No dissipation there. It must be work that did it.

As a matter of hard fact, Garrett could not find enough work to do, although as chief of the Communications Department and King's Messengers in this time there was enough work for two men. In addition to this he was reorganizing the Home Service Messengers. He took work as a drug, to keep him from thinking or feeling, for more and more, as he thought of it, it seemed to him that his life was wasted. Since he had come back to Lord Castlereagh he had found the statesman to be less and less in need of him personally. The ex-Irishman was so sure of himself now, so firmly seated in power, that he needed nobody. Garrett felt he was to him now nothing more than the efficient chief of the most important mechanism of his department. There was not much reason for his remaining on, except his pride in his own organization, and his knowledge that once he left it, his trusted officers would be kicked out and the good-for-nothing scions of political families put in their place. Small as his department was, there would be an orgy of patronage there when he was gone. Also he had no place to go. The war was all but over. The men who went out now saw little of it. The returned officers spoke of the hunting around Saint Jean-de-Luz with contempt. The shires were better, they said.

Such was war under great Wellesley. He should never have left Ballinderry, Garrett said bitterly, but now, having left it, he could not go back. Jocelyn—Damn Jocelyn! he swore bitterly.

At Cobham he lunched with the young officer, whose talk was all of balls, and the cheap scandal of London. How Lady Hertford had cut Mme. de Staël at Brighton because she was an immoral woman, and what would be the next move in the game between the Prince Regent and the Princess. The engagement of the Princess Charlotte to the Prince of Orange was not popular with the young officers. England saw in the capricious, pock-marked girl a second Queen Elizabeth. But the Regent was marrying off his daughter to get her away from the Princess of Wales.

"What do you think of it all, sir?" the cornet of horse asked.

"It doesn't matter a damn," Garrett said.

The young officer was shocked. These diplomats! It was better after all to be an honest, loyal soldier.

The carriage and guard swept through Clandon and on to Shere. At the pretty Surrey village, now sodden with February rain, dark and hopeless and sodden, a yokel was taken to show Garrett's coachman where Dr. Bankhead's house lay. The man had a face that for expression surpassed little that of a peeled turnip in a field—too much bacon and beer and inbreeding. Garrett longed for the keen-minded peasants of Ireland.

He left the coach alongside the hedges with the guard in charge and knocked at the cottage door. An ample English serving-woman with hard eyes answered his knock. In the background was a man in dull black, some sort of

other servant. The ample housekeeper looked at Garrett askance.

"Dr. Bankhead does not live 'ere," she said, and was for shutting the door.

"I am on his Majesty's service," Garrett told her. He took his badge from his pocket. She still looked at him suspiciously, but she caught a glimpse of the uniforms vainly seeking shelter under the dripping hedges, and dropped him a belated curtsy. "You'll be wanting to see the patient, sir," she said in her servant's singsong.

"Yes," Garrett said, "I want to see the patient."

"You'll understand 'ow careful we 'as to be, sir," the big woman, whose frame denoted strength, and whose eyes denoted cruelty, went on confidentially. But Garrett said nothing. The house was small, clean, very English. In the background the other servant lurked. "This way, sir. 'E's at his carpentering, 'e is, sir. Very nice pastime, too, sir." She led him to a door past which he could hear the hissing of an adz. Garrett felt there was something dreadful in the air. She pushed open a door, and said with loud, hollow cheerfulness, "A gentleman from London to see you." Garrett walked in. The ample woman followed; put her back to the door.

The man bending over the carpenter's vise straightened up and turned around. He was a heavy man, with gray hair, but Garrett had an idea he was not much older than himself. Surely somewhere before he had seen that heavy chin and lip, those mournful gray eyes, that flat forehead. Or had he seen somebody who resembled this man?

"You can go now," he told the big woman.

"I'm very sorry, sir," she said—there was a note of

impertinence in her voice—"but I always stay here when a gentleman comes to see the gentleman. Those are Dr. Bankhead's orders, sir."

"I see," Garrett nodded. The heavy young man smiled. He knocked chips from his carpenter's apron. He looked with a mild curiosity at Garrett.

"My name is Dillon," Garrett nodded. "I am from the Foreign Office."

The gray-haired man nodded. It occurred to Garrett that to him the Foreign Office was of small account indeed. He looked critically at his adz.

"His Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs," Garrett was puzzled, "has deputed me to ask you two questions. May I?"

"You may always ask," the carpenter smiled, "and if I am disposed to, I shall answer."

"Well, then, the first question is: Do you know who you are?"

"I am not very likely to forget it," said the gray-haired man. "I am the King of France."

There was a moment's pause. Garrett's face, he flattered himself, showed no surprise. He looked at the woman keeper of the house, and watched her expression. It was a queer mixture. There was a superficial smile on her face that said: "See how mad the poor gentleman is. Thinks himself King of France, 'e does." But there was a cold wary glance in her eyes that said, "That man is my patient or prisoner, and I know my job."

"Well, then, sir, certain proposals have been set before you. Have you considered them, and will you agree to them?"

"I have considered them and I will not agree to them," the gray-haired man went on quietly. He reached for a stone to whet his adz.

"Those are the two categorical questions I was to ask you, sir. Is there anything you would care to say to me?"

The amateur carpenter's brow furrowed, and he did not speak. Garrett felt he wished to say something. He turned to the woman at the door.

"Leave us, my good woman," he said.

"I 'ave my orders from Dr. Bankhead," she insisted, "that the gentleman is not to be left alone with another gentleman."

"You have now your orders from me to leave this room."

"And who are you?" she began, very hoity-toity. But Garrett moved a step toward her. His voice dropped in key, and became silken.

"I am the gentleman accompanied by those troops you have seen outside. I propose having you put under arrest by them and flung into Guildford jail. The prospect will please me immensely, madam, because I think a little confinement may teach you manners, but it will be very unpleasant for you." He drew a silver whistle from his pocket.

"Dr. Bankhead shall hear of this," she said darkly, but left the room.

The carpenter removed his apron: smoothed his gray hair. "That woman is very fatiguing," he said with the ghost of a smile.

"Did you wish to say anything, sir?" Garrett asked.

"I think the English Foreign Office should know this," the carpenter said quietly: "that I am not to be made a

weapon in any Continental intrigue. I am told that my uncle accepts the conditions imposed by his Britannic Majesty's Government. Very good; that is his affair. But as for myself, I am unwilling that a King of France should place his country's safety or honor below his own life or liberty. My martyred father would be with me in this, I am certain. It will rather surprise you, monsieur, but I am a fervent admirer of General Bonaparte. He has made the name of Frenchman synonymous with hero. You will pardon my national selfishness, but I am Frenchman first and king second.

"You will also please inform the minister that I will at no time be a party to civil war in France. If my uncle is given the throne, and at any time acts against British policy, I am not to be set up as rival king. Indeed, I should be sorry to do so," he smiled, "but I will insist that the boy handed over by Simon to Mr. Pitt's agents was an impostor, and that the real Dauphin died in the Temple. I am assured that his Britannic Majesty's Government is very sensitive to ridicule, and that such a disclosure would be unpleasant."

"What you say, sir, will be faithfully reported to Lord Castlereagh." Garrett hesitated. "Is there anything you lack that I might be able to obtain for you?"

"Yes." The carpenter smiled. "You might get me a new saw. Dr. Bankhead does not see how important a trifle like this is to a—man lacking freedom. You know, monsieur," he smiled quietly, "I am very interested in this trade. If it should ever be the will of God that I should achieve liberty, I should like to spend my life making cradles for

children, and boats for fishermen, and carts for horses. I should be quite happy at that."

"Anything else, sir?"

"There is another thing," the carpenter answered, "with which you may not be in sympathy. I have done nothing but think for so long, and many of these thoughts I should like to talk over with one whose affair is spiritual things. I told Dr. Bankhead of my wish, and he introduced me, in my character of mild and cultured lunatic, to a jovial clergyman. But his standpoint was foreign to me. His church seemed a state institution and not a religion. My family is of the Church of Rome."

"I think that can be arranged, sir. Is that all?"

"Yes, that is all."

Garrett's heels came together with a click. His hand flashed up in salute.

"*A l'anglaise, plutôt.*" The carpenter smiled and put out his hand. "And thank you for having been so patient and sympathetic."

Garrett never heard of the carpenter again.

II

"The man might have saved his heroics," said Lord Castlereagh, "for it never occurred to me to put him—in a certain position. One does not spend money on a distinguished guest, as we have been spending it, not to get a return for it. By the way," he said, "Louis le Desiré," and he smiled at the title, "is to leave in the royal yacht for his kingdom, and Admiral of the Fleet the Duke of Clar-

ence is to command her. Dr. Bankhead's patient will serve as a brake on the future policies of Louis. The King need not know he refuses to be a party to national dissension. We can truthfully say we have spoken to the man on the subject."

"That sounds uncommonly like blackmail, my Lord."

"What an ugly word!" Lord Castlereagh said wryly.

"And an ugly fact, sir. Moreover, the man you sent me to see was not indulging in heroics. He was very sincere."

"Kings are not sincere," Lord Castlereagh said wearily.

"They are either subtle or stupid. They are bred for subtlety, as horses are bred for speed. Those who are not subtle are not successes. They are just the hacks of countries."

"I am convinced, my Lord, that Dr. Bankhead's patient is both honest and sincere."

"Well, there's an end to him, anyway," cried Lord Castlereagh.

There was an air of tension between them such as Garrett had never known before. The Foreign Secretary seemed vastly irritated by Garrett's insistence on the carpenter's honesty. Garrett felt shocked by the whole affair. He rose to go.

"My Lord," he said, "a small detail. Dr. Bankhead's patient," he smiled, "requires a new saw."

"The grant provided for the care of this man is sufficient for every circumstance which might arise."

"May I send him a saw?"

"If you wish to be sentimental," said Lord Castlereagh, coldly.

"There is one more thing, sir," Garrett said. "Dr. Bank-

head's patient asked if he might see a minister of his own religion."

Lord Castlereagh's face was whiter than usual. Strange lines of cruelty appeared about the mouth. His face became like the mask of some disembodied spirit, terrifying, aloof, unreal, and cold. Anger made his voice a hoarse rasp.

"No," he said; "that is impossible."

"My Lord," said Garrett, quietly, "you shock me."

"I had not suspected you," Lord Castlereagh went from white to gray, "of sympathy with Rome."

"Nor have I, my Lord. To each man's temperament his religion. Freedom has divorced me from what claims to be a super-state. But this unfortunate man is entitled, I think, to spiritual advice of his own cult."

"It is impossible."

"My Lord," Garrett urged, "if it is a question of state secrecy, are there not clergymen of Mrs. Fitzherbert's acquaintance and of her own faith who would attend him? Your Lordship is aware that they have kept deeper and more dangerous secrets than this."

"The Church of England," Lord Castlereagh said, "is good enough for his Majesty and for me. It should be sufficient for this wretched man."

"It does not follow, my Lord."

"Then I don't choose he should see one of his priests," Lord Castlereagh said finally.

"I beg your pardon, sir, for insisting. That of course finishes it. My Lord, I wish to be relieved of my duties as soon as possible."

Lord Castlereagh looked at him coldly.

"Your sympathy for Dr. Bankhead's patient carries you to great lengths."

"My decision, my Lord, is of some months' standing. The sight of Dr. Bankhead's patient is only an added reason."

There was a malignant, baffled look in the Foreign Secretary's face. "Oh!" he said, and was silent for an instant.

"I take it," he said, "you have arrived at the conclusion that high politics is no career for a gentleman."

"I should prefer to put it, sir, that high politics is for politicians, and that neither by temperament nor education am I a politician. I am only an Irish squire."

"I have bought so many Irish squires!" Castlereagh cried.

It took a full minute before Garrett Dillon could speak quietly. "My Lord," he said, "words like these provoke duels. It should be unthinkable that our—" he was about to say "friendship," but the word somehow choked him—"that our association should end in such a manner. It would provoke scandal which you can ill afford. Also, my Lord, I look upon an encounter of the sort as a deadly business. Years ago I decided that if ever I should challenge or be challenged, the matter would be so grave that only death could settle it."

"Then you wish to be relieved of your duties."

"If you please."

"Of course you understand that with peace conferences in sight your department is of the utmost importance. Will you wait until a more opportune time?"

"I should like to get away as soon as possible, my Lord."

"Lord Yarmouth has a young friend who might take your place if you wish to go immediately."

It was sheer blackmail. Garrett knew that his department would be ruined if he went now. The men he had trained would be used and kicked out into the street if he were to go. He decided it was better to remain and to tell each of them privately that he was going, and that if they were wise they would seek occupation elsewhere.

"I understand," he said, smiling a little wryly. "I shall remain."

"You will, of course," smiled Lord Castlereagh, blandly, "do exactly as you wish."

CHAPTER XXVIII

OF all his career, this one expedition seemed to the big Irish general a mean and unworthy thing, and peculiarly fraught with danger to himself. Ever since he left Bermuda he had been thinking of his childhood, without reason, and an old superstition told him that the recurrence of early pictures was a presage of death. He could remember when he had gone with his mother, Mrs. David Ross, down to Cork, to Inishannon, where the Bandon River flowed gently into the sea, and from the estuary to Bandon Bridge he could remember the salmon leaping like horses charging at an Irish bank, Kinsale of the Spaniards, and the Old Head thrust like a battlement into the sea; Courtmacsherry where the Shannons had their house; the seven heads of Clonakilty running gently to the Atlantic. He had been thinking of his father, too, Major David Ross, that fine soldier of the Seven Years' War, and of his gentle mother in the bonnet and satin sandals, and of his uncle Caulfield, first Earl of Charlemont, who had been Burke's and Goldsmith's friend, and of old Grandfather Bernard of Castle Bernard. These were all such gentle, high-principled folk. They all seemed to be looking at him and saying, "Robbie, this is a bad business."

He had never felt such a doom hanging over him before; not at Saint Euphemia when he had driven the

cavalry and sharpshooters before him and defeated Reynier; not at Orthez, where he had been badly hit. All through his campaigns he had felt confident. Now he did not feel confident at all. He supposed he didn't like this so-called retaliatory expedition against the Americans. There were too many of his own countrymen there—men from around Bandon, where his mother came from, men from Dundalk and Kilkeel and Carlingford. This thing of sneaking up the Chesapeake to burn a town. His adjutant had called it "damned piracy"! General Ross had nodded in agreement. A regimental chaplain, an Englishman with a loose mouth, large Adam's apple, and weak eyes, had been very enthusiastic about the burning of Washington. The man of God pointed out the burning of the village of York by American troops, instancing retaliation out of the Old Testament as justification. General Ross had said: "But I thought, Parson, that the New Testament was what you taught." The chaplain, however, did not seem to think that Christian principles should be exercised toward rebels against our Lord the King.

Since he had landed at Benedict, General Ross knew he had made several mistakes. The American flotilla which Admiral Cochrane had been sent to destroy had been burned by the Americans' selves. There was something heavily fateful to General Ross in the look of the winding river, bordered by great forest trees, and afar off the smoking hulks of the American vessels. A sad sight, thought the Irish general. General Ross had faced the prospect of making his way to Washington over a terrain covered with forest which could harbor sharp-

shooters. But the unfortunate American commander had only raw militia, and few of those, and could not take advantage of his ground.

But if General Winder had been luckless, the American commodore Barney had wrought havoc with his four hundred men. A fine man, General Ross thought; he was glad he had captured and not killed him. He must see about the commodore's wound. General Ross knew he had mismanaged the battle. He had hurried his force into action piecemeal, and if the native militia had stood, he would have seen them defeated in detail. Poor old Colonel Thornton of the Eighty-fifth! He had paid for his bludgeon attack. Dead, poor fellow. The American losses had been only fifty men, but General Ross's force had lost two hundred and ninety-five—six times too many, the general knew.

The general wondered how poor Winder felt. When he entered Washington he found that President Madison had ordered dinner for forty officers, so confident had the Americans been of success. And now the victors ate it. The damned little parson was exultant, General Ross noticed. He must find a way of sending that man home.

The long night was before him. General Ross must make his plans for withdrawing his troops. He sent for the commander of the Third Brigade.

"Well, Colonel," he said, "I suppose it had better begin. It's got to be done."

"Yes, sir," Colonel Paterson answered with disgust; "it's got to be done."

"I like it as little as you do, Colonel. You understand that."

"I know that, sir." They looked at the plans of Washington, sent them from Downing Street, marking each place to be burned to the ground—the President's residence, the Parliament House, the navy-yard, storehouses, barracks, and arsenal.

"I wonder where they get their plans, sir," the colonel remarked.

"I wonder." The general was puzzled, too. "You understand, Colonel, that the men must rigorously respect private property."

"My God, sir!" the colonel exploded, "what is the use of that? You can't keep a fire from spreading. And you know, yourself, that poor people, if you drive them from their homes, will return for some little bit of property, some wretched keepsake."

"It's a very dirty business, Colonel."

"A very dirty business, sir."

They looked over the beautifully drawn plans.

"It's a pity we've got to burn down the bridge, Colonel. I always hate to destroy a bridge. In Ireland, Colonel, it's supposed to be bad luck."

"In this case it's bad policy, sir, the whole affair."

"Well, we have nothing to do with policies, Colonel. Thank God for that! The gentlemen of Downing Street are responsible for policies."

They were silent a minute.

"I think I'd better be getting things ready, sir."

"I think you better had, Colonel."

The big general was quiet for a minute after the officer left. "I wish we hadn't eaten that dinner," he said. "It's bad enough to burn a man's house down, without eating

his dinner to boot. We weren't invited, of course," he smiled grimly, "but even so." He got up. "I think I'll have a talk with that parson," he said.

But the parson had gone to see the town burned down.

CHAPTER XXIX

THE preparations for the Congress of Vienna went on apace. New messengers were needed, and Garrett found himself fighting furiously to keep his department clean. There were more intrigues to get some man into the service of the Foreign Office than there were in the politics of the new peace. Garrett knew that the moment he left, his own men would be turned out to starve, and for every new man allowed in he drove a hard bargain, in consulships and postmasters' appointments, for the old to take office when the articles of peace were signed. An orgy of entertaining seized London, for the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia. Neither potentate was very comfortable during his visit, as it was made the occasion of a bitter quarrel between the Prince Regent and the Princess of Wales—the discarded lady seeking to have the foreign royalties call on her and the Prince threatening hell fire if they did. The Regent did not parade very well before the visitors. He turned up at Lady Salisbury's reception to the Emperor and King beastly drunk, and made a scene of undignified jealousy when the Emperor waltzed with Lady Jersey. The populace on every occasion possible hooted the Prince, to the dismay of the visitors. The visitors were very relieved when the receptions were over.

Amid the celebrations, bland, austere, inscrutable, Lord Castlereagh moved. Lady Castlereagh, like some blowzy

German doll, moved through the revels, her face a little fallen, her hard eyes harder than ever, her husband's various orders, including the Garter, worn conspicuously in bosom and hair. She professed a passion for Platoff, the Cossack hetman in the Emperor's suite, but for all the Englishwomen who tried their wiles on him the grim horseman had only a snort of contempt and a coarse remark.

There had never been resumed between Castlereagh and Garrett the early friendly relationship. Garrett's remark that he cared little for politics seemed to have rankled in the Foreign Secretary's soul. In childish ways Castlereagh brought it up. When Garrett drove a hard bargain for one of his men, as for Mr. Ross to be an official in Jamaica, Lord Castlereagh mentioned he had thought Garrett despised politics.

"And so I do, my Lord."

"Yet you practise the art rather well."

"One learns, my Lord."

Garrett began to feel that the Foreign Secretary hated him, and, curiously, that Lady Castlereagh's dislike to him had turned into bitter hatred. He could never understand the relationship of the two, for now they seemed very close, firm allies and friends, though Lady Castlereagh's indiscretions were more whispered of than ever. They were seen smiling and bowing together in Paris. But her eyes looked at Garrett bitterly. He wondered if, in some queer way, they did not love each other—some way he could not understand. Lady Castlereagh seemed to hate him for his mental defection from the minister, although he was giving Castlereagh as loyal aid as he knew.

The Foreign Secretary went to Vienna in September, and all through the winter Garrett acted as an assistant under secretary, delegating his own office to Mr. Ross. Lord Castlereagh was seeking to uphold the Bourbon on the throne and checkmate Russia. But the new French King was making no effort to help England. He was cashiering officers for being remiss in religious attendance. The old noblesse were recalled. The émigrés, under the Comte d'Artois, the King's brother, were clamoring for a return of their property, though the law guaranteed the actual holders. The school for the orphans of soldiers of the Legion of Honour was done away with. The French émigrés were suddenly showing a dislike for their English friends. In Castlereagh's letters Garrett found a note of fear. He had been wrong to allow Bonaparte the title of Emperor and a refuge in Elba. Lord Castlereagh was fighting the Czar as stubbornly as he had ever fought the Emperor. He sought to restore the German federation, and the Kingdom of Poland, and to annex Norway to Sweden. But the Czar was offering more. He occupied Poland while the congress was sitting, and handed over Saxony to the King of Prussia. Panic was evident in Lord Castlereagh's despatches. The faint trumpets of war began to sound. Lord Castlereagh's instructions to the British Commissioners were to make peace at any reasonable price with the American envoys to Ghent. Garrett was surprised to find that Castlereagh had negotiated an offensive and defensive treaty with France and Austria for Great Britain. His heart jumped. Here was a war with Russia; and—by God!—he would not be cheated out of war this time. . . .

London emptied. It seemed to Garrett that every one was either at Brussels or at Paris. Never were there such balls as he had accounts of from the returning messengers, never such lavish spending of money. Gold medals were struck in London for the powers at the congress by the order of the Prince Regent. Very cleverly Lord Castlereagh had killed the proposal of the Emperor of Russia to effect a marriage between the Grand Duchess Anne, his sister, and the Duke of Berry, the heir presumptive to the French throne. A despatch from Lord Castlereagh stated he was leaving Vienna for Paris, and a letter was inclosed for Lady Castlereagh.

Garrett had, by bad luck, promised to go to a reception at the Clancartys' on one blustering February evening. He would much rather have gone to Brooks' and spent the evening quietly, but some of the O'Neill girls were there, and though he had put all thought of home out of his mind, yet some passion for Ulster speech and the possibility of some news of Derrymore drove him. He had hardly entered when he saw the Marchioness of Hertford and Lady Castlereagh speaking together. Lady Castlereagh motioned him toward her. As he went forward he was aware of a terrible cruelty in the women's eyes. Their faces were smiling, but they had the cruelty of demons in their smile.

"Where have you been hiding yourself, Mr. Dillon?" said Lady Castlereagh. "We see so little of you now."

"I've been working very hard," he said.

"These statesmen work so hard, Isabella," Lady Castlereagh said, "that they neglect their wives. My Lord neglects me terribly, and Mr. Dillon neglects his young wife."

"You find plenty of consolation in other quarters, Emily," Lady Hertford said. "Let us hope Mr. Dillon's wife is equally fortunate."

Garrett wondered what understanding was between these two, who were looking at him with amused malevolence. Evil women who were gloating over some misfortune about to happen to him as he stood before them, sword-straight and sword-clean. The elder, handsome woman had the look of a dark demon incased in a human body, and his chief's wife seemed to be no more beside her than a lust-harried animal. It occurred to Garrett how much more evil women were than evil men.

"Mr. Dillon's wife," Lady Castlereagh explained to her friend, "is an exquisite creature, a romantic, delicious girl."

"Considering that you have never seen her," Garrett bowed, "your description is accurate."

"Oh, but I know all about her," and Lady Castlereagh smiled.

Her smile was a smile one could imagine the demon that is in a fox smiling. Her eyes, from blue, seemed to have become hard and green. Garrett noticed that Lady Hertford was watching every shade of expression on his face, watching it with a cold, aloof amusement.

"We know all about her sylvan retreat—" Lady Castlereagh emphasized "all"—"and all about her neighbor and very good friend, an old man but a monstrous handsome man, Mr. Dillon."

She stopped. He bowed quietly. But he knew she was not through yet.

"And all about their child," she delivered.

He laughed, relieved. "I am afraid your informant," Garrett laughed, "whose life, by the way, is in considerable jeopardy, has thought more of bringing you a good story than of telling the truth."

"Mr. Dillon," she tapped his shoulder with her fan, and looked at him with unconcealed malignity, "I have never hidden a great dislike for you. Do you think I should risk anything but a very complete triumph? I assure you that what I am telling you is quite true."

"Yes," Lady Hertford laughed, "it is quite true."

Then Garrett knew it was true.

"You will then please tell me," he said hoarsely, "who the man is and where they are."

"Dear Mr. Dillon," Lady Castlereagh laughed, "there is nothing that arouses sympathy so much as two lovers, and arouses so much merriment as an injured husband. Of course we shall not have this idyl interrupted. You must take it in good part, *à la mode*."

"If my wife loves another man," Garrett said, "it is because he is a better man than I am."

"Oh, you needn't be tragic about it, Mr. Dillon. There are many reasons why a little lady might get reckless on occasion."

"I am certain," he said savagely, "that my wife has not given herself to any man for either political," and he looked at Lady Hertford, "or pecuniary profit," and he looked at Lady Castlereagh.

They both ignored his insult. They continued smiling.

"Confess that it hurts," said Lady Castlereagh, slyly.

"I should be disbelieved if I said it did not," Garrett uttered. "Of course it hurts." He turned abruptly and

left them, and as he went he could hear their laughter follow him like the baying of hounds, the quiet, cutting laughter of Lady Hertford, and the somehow animal laughter of Lady Castlereagh. "My God! it hurts!" He left the house without coat or hat and wandered in the streets made dreary by February mist. "It hurts!" he cried. A passer-by asked: "Wot 'urts?" and another said: "'Urts some, by the looks of it, gin does." He wandered along through the empty streets, looking for something. Something elemental in him demanded a dark wood by the shores of the Irish lake, where he could throw himself down in agony, on the breast of Ireland, but beneath him were only the hard gray pavements of an alien city, grimy walls and not yielding, whispering trees; and there was no understanding darkness, only murky oil-lamps that had the unwinking yellow lights of candles around a dead man's bier.

CHAPTER XXX

THE little group of flower-cutters, road-menders, and fishermen watched the brig and five small vessels maneuver into Golfe Juan. First one vessel came close to shore, rounding into the breeze, and there seemed to be unloading. A clumsy unloading, as if not done by sailor-folk. Then the brig came into the wind, and a small barge set off from it. The men already on shore, handling the cannon and baggage, stopped at their work to watch the barge come ashore. They seemed keen with impatience. They hurried up and down the beach. They helped bring the boat up the graveled shore in the clumsy manner of soldiers. The peasants looked at one another, and scratched their heads. "*Dame!*" they murmured. "If one were to go and see—"

All day long the harsh and cutting mistral had blown from the northwest, and with the wind and the powerful overhead sun had made the sky a cruel blue, the sea indigo flecked with foam. The hills were harsh as steel. The white roads hurt the eyes. Already the almond- and peach-trees were in blossom and the flowers were in abundance; anemones, ranunculus, Spanish iris, carnations. And in the valleys in the small Alps hyacinth, violets, jonquils, narcissi were carpeting the grounds. It looked like a good year. But the unloading on the shore bothered them. And old folk remembered that once before the English had held Toulon. Could the English have come again?

If one were to go and see . . . They looked at one of their number, an old soldier of the army of Italy. He pulled his straggling mustache, and he said, "*Dame!* if one should go and see . . ."

The sun was dropping toward the Esterel. The isles of the Lerins began to take on their air of blue unreality, like mirages seen in the Sahara. They seemed to be not in the sea but suspended over it. Toward La Napoule the blue shadows of the mountains became darker in the water, and Le Suquet, the little Moorish suburb of Cannes, with the Moorish name, was bathed in fire from the setting sun. More and more men disembarked on the beach. Great broad-shouldered men heaved at gun-carriages, and tall men lurched with lances and saddles and no horses. There came to the ears of the peasants the barking of under officers as they formed the men into columns of four.

The peasants moved down the shore toward where the Mediterranean sobbed in little waves upon the shingle. They were not at all sure they should go, but they felt they ought to know the worst. They had their property to protect—their peach orchards, their olive garths, their flower gardens, their small, thin cattle. If these were the Angliches they would pay for what they took, for the Angliches exuded gold as honest folk exuded honest sweat. If they were that devil Murat's troops, well, they must drive everything into the mountains; they would be worse than the Cossacks around Paris, and to think that Murat was a Frenchman—*ah, quelle saleté!* what a dirtiness! If it were the King's men, well, they would be pressed into work, and for nothing. Still, they must know!

A bugle-note rang out as they moved along undecidedly, and the old soldier of the army of Italy who led them seemed to change with the brazen call. His shoulders stiffened, and his cat's mustaches seemed to bristle out, and instead of shuffling along on his insteps his heels began to come down hard on the ground. A sailor who had long given up the fleet for a fishing-smack, began to perk his head up like a bird listening to another bird's call. He moved up beside the old soldier, and began humming: "*Partant pour la Syrie!*"

The men on the beach paid no attention to the knot of peasantry. They hauled at gun-carriages with *heuhs!* and *has!* The smell of leather came from the lancers' saddles, but they were assorting equipment as calmly as in a barrack square. The peasantry could make nothing of them. The lancers spoke in a tongue the peasants did not know. A slight figure with a limp passed toward the shore.

"But that," said the sailor, "is Drouot. I took him to Egypt, I who speak to you, in my own ship." He spoke as though he were admiral of the ocean-sea.

But the soldier's jaw had dropped. He looked as if he had seen a ghost.

"Name of a dog!" he swore. "I see Cambronne, the old grenadier."

They looked at each other stupidly. What were these old heroes doing on the shore of Cannes? Had each peasant been alone he would have thought himself dreaming, or seeing ghosts, as people before him had seen, they said, the fleet of Cleopatra in the selfsame harbor. But ghosts appeared only to one person at a time.

A small figure came toward them. They saw the olive

face beneath the hat with the tricolor cockade, a face unshaven, with fatigue written all over it. But it was not possible . . . They gaped. There was a stunned question in their eyes.

"Yes," said the man with the tricolor cockade. "Yes, it is I, the Emperor!"

The old soldier was leaning forward with dull eyes, with his mouth agape, with his arm hanging like a question-mark. He was like a man caught by a necromancer in a moment of supreme stupidity, and turned into a figure of stone. And then the necromancer's dark power might have again been exercised, for he sprang into the air like a horse touched with a spur. His clicking heels spurted the shingle from under him. Twenty years seemed to drop from his shoulder as his hand flashed upward in salute, and his voice roared from his chest, electrifying the resting soldiers, drowning the sobbing of the sea, calling like a challenge from the islands of the pirates to the villages perched like eagles in the hills: "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

PART VIII

INTRODUCTION

IT seemed to Mr. Shelley, now that the dark and terrible old man, his grandfather, was dead, and he had come to an arrangement with the estate, that his material freedom was a loss to him. The clouds of worries and annoyances, the creditors and the duns, had disappeared, and there was a possibility, with an allowance of £1,000 a year, that he would no longer be to the British public Mad Shelley or Infamous Shelley, but a young gentleman of eccentric ways and thought. And that would be heavier bondage for him than material cares. Not that, of course, his worries were at an end, for there was always Harriet, his wife, to be thought about. When he examined his heart he knew he was still fond of her, and felt her defection keenly. And Mary was here with him, soon to have her child, and Mary's father, Mr. Godwin, though he had acted a furious part, was not above a reconciliation on terms. The thought saddened Mr. Shelley: that a philosopher of the high Socratic tradition should not be above treating the daughter of Mary Wollstonecraft as any little English shopkeeper would a seduced daughter, suing or pleading for damages done to his property. It was very sad, Mr. Shelley thought, very sad indeed. People's shortcomings were extremely fatiguing. It was difficult not to let other people's shortcomings hurt oneself. All his short life he had been seeking people to

help or direct, and their shortcomings had always defeated themselves.

There was born in Mr. Shelley—he knew it himself—a strange faculty of ignoring material things. Thus, it was always a wonder to him that to go from one place to another he should have to take coach; that he should be caught in the skein of barter which arbitrary money is. All these things he knew to be illusions—property, money, distance, time. He considered that every human being should be as free as he, Mr. Shelley, felt himself to be. Family ties, affection for home—all these were bars to the sense of liberty. Even the idea of God was revolting to that sense, for to owe money was nothing, seeing that money was an arbitrary thing, devised to suit the lowest mean of intelligence and labor, but to owe existence, to owe affection, was dreadful. Mr. Shelley saw his life before him very clearly. The main theme of life should be to live it freely, the second theme to teach it. These things he held to be absolute verities. To find a place to accomplish this living and teaching was a necessity.

Mr. Shelley had thought he had found it years before, when he had gone with Harriet to Ireland, and written “An Address to the Irish People,” which they had showered on the heads of passers-by from their Dublin inn. He had realized himself to be in the midst of a dramatic and mystical race in Ireland. But his project of freeing them had not been a success. They had been polite to him, and in their eyes he discovered a life which they would not or could not allow him to share. To him the thoughts of the Greeks, and later, of the Brethren of the Blossomy

Cross, that the world was populated with minute figures, with people of tree and rill, seemed very beautiful and symbolically true. But the Irish simply said, "Of course," and you felt it was no symbol to them but an accepted truth. But they would not speak of it. They turned the conversation deftly, as adepts do when mysteries are mentioned. To his theorem that there should be freedom in the lives and loves of women, the Irish were cold. All he brought back from the veiled island was a memory of the beauty of the arbutus islands of Killarney, and the calm mountains surveying the turbulent sea.

Well, Mr. Shelley decided under the oaks of Windsor Forest, by the softly running river Spenser loved, he must leave England, for here there were none to listen to him, and here was no possibility of living the life he dreamed, wide-gestured and free. For in England there was a dreadful taming spirit. If any one were wild and free in thought, he was circumspect in behavior, as witness Mr. Godwin and Horne Tooke. And Mr. Shelley was beginning to wonder if revolt was only their *métier* and not a deep-rooted conviction. Himself already was beginning to feel a little tired of political writing. The lugubrious inertia and passivity of English statesmen made them impervious to criticism. One might thunder against government and dynasty, but no attention was taken of one. In France, under Bonaparte, whose fall Mr. Shelley now regretted, the Chief of State recognized that the poet was his equal, and countered the poet's spiritual attacks with his material weapons of prison or banishment. In the papal states his Holiness had a short way with critics. In Eng-

land the statesman merely laughed and said, "He's mad." Of course it was quite obvious, Mr. Shelley thought, that the statesman was mentally dull.

Mr. Shelley tossed his brown hair back from his freckled forehead. He must leave England, that was very evident to him. For England killed whatever there was of poetry and ambition in a man. Of course a certain type of poetry flourished in England, poetry of the meaner kind, which had to do with human emotions as they are and not as they should be—a poetry of healing tears, which was weakness. The greater kind of poetry dealt with life still as a still sea, or rushing like a hurricane. Demonic poetry, wherein all the characters were as gods. His own genius was demonic, Mr. Shelley knew, and required a setting provocative of tragedy and high passion. Italy, he had always felt, was that setting. The fields that Cowper loved; the towns, forests, and rivers that had nurtured the sonnets of Shakspeare were not appropriate to his genius. The art of the elder poets had lived on life, and life was impure, awry, unsatisfactory. Art should live on art, be distilled and triple distilled. In Italy where Ugo-lino had perfected cruelty, where the Medicis had perfected magnificence, there was the *milieu*. He would go there when Mary was delivered of her child, and be for ever free of England, where they boasted of freedom and where freedom was unknown. He would go to a more dramatic clime where one could act as one wished without criticism, where one could follow the impulse of one hour without worrying about the experience of the last or the engagement of the next, and where the only solemnities would be the solemnities of the moment, the solemnities

of the mind, the solemnities of a poet. There he would live and teach the world how to live. And he would take Mary with him, when her baby was born, and Mary's sister, that amusing child Jane, and Harriet, his wife, if she would change her mind and come. He would take them all. And he would read his poems and explain himself to them.

CHAPTER XXXI

THOUGH summer had come to the Hebrides in a burst of sun and of linnets' songs, it found Jocelyn in revolt. This island on the edge of the world seemed to her like a prison, for all its beauty. The sea was bluer than the sky, and the gold of the sands was more golden than the gorse's self, that was like gold spilled from great leathern sacks. The other islands were hung as if from the heavens, in the mingled blue of sky and sea. One could see the little white houses, sweet as the hives of bees, in the distance, and catch in the salt air the odor of the burning peats. There was also the perfume of birch leaves and the faint echo in the air of the honey of the red heather. The purple-sailed fishing-boats dropped their nets in the west to encircle the shoals of codling, and from the garden Jocelyn could hear her little son learning to walk, from the Highland nurse. There would be a few hesitant steps on the sanded path, that were like uncertain movements of birds settling in the trees, and then a rush, and perhaps a fall, but no whimper. And the nurse would cry: "*Eyrie, a layhan!* Rise, little hero! rise, store of my heart!" And Jocelyn could hear the child's soft laughter.

Though she had had so little to do with children, being herself an only child and married so young, yet she knew, herself, it was a beauty, so sturdy, and, funnily enough, for a year old, magnificently masculine. Each servant about the estate adored him, and already he had a bold,

searching eye. Jocelyn's heart was a little hurt that he looked so much like Garrett. There seemed to be little of her in him. As to the child, she felt very guilty. She felt she ought to have written to Garrett about it, seeing it was his first-born and heir to Derrymore. But she was afraid that because it was heir to Derrymore, he might take it from her, and she possessed so little. She had only her little island in the sea. Garrett would have given her the world, she knew, if only wealth counted, but men were queer when it came to a little son. She felt if she were called to court of law that they would take it from her, because she had deserted him. So she kept her son as a secret thing.

She felt she was a remiss **mother**, for her little son did not utterly fill up her life, nor did her small estate. She had done everything humanly possible for both, and yet when she looked out to the west, she had a sense of frustrated emptiness. Very quietly she would hold imaginary long conversations with the Irish saint who had been exiled here, as some young lady of quality of the day might with an old philosopher.

"But, Holy Father, you had everything here—your work, your church, your friends, your disciples. Except for the heartbreak for Ireland, you should have been happy. I have the heartbreak for Ireland, but outside a house, which every one must have, and a little son, which I feel I have stolen, I have nothing."

"God is everywhere, my daughter," she imagined the old saint replying.

"Dear Father, this will shock you, I know, but it is a long time since I have felt God."

She would imagine the old monk worried, and saying in trouble, "I know, I know." And then she would spring up and say: "Father, I am a woman of despicable character. Please forgive me." They would both smile, herself and the imagined ghost.

She had his old shrine on the island repaired with care and reverence; the well cleaned out. The well was like crystal, and from it a small stream flowed with a sound as of far-away prayer. A huge green frog of philosophic aspect inhabited the cool depths. It seemed to Jocelyn like the familiar spirit of the place.

The Roman Catholic clergyman who visited the island once a month from Scotland came and thanked her. He was an Irishman from Kerry who had studied in Salamanca of Spain. "It was very thoughtful of you, very kind," he said. "You are Irish, also."

"But from the North," Jocelyn warned him.

"Then it was even more kind. I wish I could do something to thank you."

"You can say a prayer for me now and then."

"But I do that every day," he told her. Then she understood he knew who she was. But he said no more, nor did she.

But in spite of all, she was not at peace. Something in her battled against her self-elected imprisonment. And the great life-giving breeze of the Atlantic only nurtured her rebellion. . . . She heard a step close to her where she sat watching the sea.

"*Banaght jay ar an tee shuh*," a voice called. "God bless this house." She looked up, to see a man in the Mac-Neil tartan standing above her. "You are Madam Dillon."

He smiled. "I have a letter for you from MacNeil's factor, Mr. Angus Menzies."

She remembered Mr. Menzies as the middle-aged business man who had accompanied the old chief on his first visit. The letter seemed large.

I write you in considerable perturbation, dear madam [the letter went], and after a long conversation with the MacNeil. We are intruding on the domain of your private affairs, but the devotion of the chief and my own devotion, and our tradition of Scots' loyalty toward our friends seem to us a sufficing warrant. We have information from London that within the week a young gentleman in whom you are most interested has had a quarrel with a noble lord on a matter of national policy, and has in the most high-handed manner broken off all engagements with the same noble lord. And further, that this young gentleman has on his own account, and out of a sense of chivalry, gone to see the chief of a foreign power whom it is indelicate for him to see. More than this I cannot say, nor how our information is acquired.

It would be futile to deny that your—and we dare to write "our"—young friend is in no inconsiderable peril. If you should feel inclined to join him, and we urge you to do so, the messenger who brings this letter, which you will please destroy, will see you to the mainland where transport to Edinburgh is ready for you. We have already apprised friends in Edinburgh of your coming—your possible coming, I should say—and they will have ready for you a vessel from a home port to a foreign port. There will be always some one to advise and help you.

I am inclosing two letters from friends. One to Sir Jonah Barrington in Paris, one of His Majesty's Counsel, learned in the law and formerly Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland. Sir Jonah will prove a true friend and counsellor to you. There is also one to Lieutenant-General Arthur O'Connor, from a gentleman to whom he was under certain obligations when a prisoner in Scotland in '99. I am certain you can rely upon these two men.

I am also sending you by this messenger £500 in gold, knowing that in your agitation you may forget to visit your bankers.

We will arrange all accounts in happier days, which we trust will be most soon. And now, my dear, from both your old friends: God bless you! You will find a way to let us have news of you, of your good luck, or of any difficulty you are in. . . .

She trembled suddenly from head to foot. Her pounding heart drained her face of blood. She put her hand to her head. The messenger looked at her keenly. "*An baste?*" he asked gently, looking toward the letter. "Is it death?"

"No," she answered. She wore the ghost of a smile. "Can you—can you go at once?"

"The barge and oarsmen are at the Point of Seals," he said. "They only await the word to give way."

She went swiftly into her house and called her head maid. "In three weeks or four weeks I shall be back," she said, "and meanwhile you shall have news of me. Hurry, maiden, some under-linen in a bag, and all the stockings you can find, and a comb, and my great cloak." She went to the garden where the child was. The sunset was coming into the west in spates of crimson. Above the banks of color in the clear air of the Hebrides she noticed the new moon, silver as a bride. "Before it comes again," she told the child, "I shall be here, Garreteen."

But the child cried in terror. He seemed to know she was going.

"Pulse of my heart," she told him, "if you understood you would be the first to say, '*Go, mammy oge.*'"

He did seem to understand. He ceased crying and smiled on her. A gillie was waiting with her bags and they went down the causeway to the boat. MacNeil's messenger held her cloak. The island piper stood at the moor-

ings, but his reeds were dumb, and suddenly he threw up his blind eyes to heaven.

"Oh God," he cried, "isn't it I the churl of the empty head and barren fingers!"

"What's on you, dark man?" Jocelyn asked.

"I have but one departing tune, my lady, and that is: '*Ha thill me hilla.*' Nevermore I'll return. And that is a pibroch I will not play. I would sooner throw my pipes down the deep precipice of the sea than play that tune."

"And why should you play it, piper of the heart," Jocelyn asked, "since it would not be true?"

MacNeil's messenger grasped the tiller and barked a command. Eight oars hovered for an instant, then cut into the water. The barge was shot forward as from a catapult. The stroke broke into the quavering Islay chantey. In the east, Scotland lay dimly on the waters like a brown, folded gull.

CHAPTER XXXII

I

GARRETT had walked from Whitehall down toward the Thames on the brilliant June evening. There was still work to be done, but his leg was paining him, as though there were rain in the air, and he felt a walk along the embankment would help the hurt muscles. He paused for an instant, looking at the Surrey side of the river. On a summer evening there was a quality of enchantment in the air that made London a magical city. For perhaps six days in the year it had this sense of being something conjured into being, the lovely churches of Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Inigo Jones like fairy edifices for the worship of fairies. On all other days London was—just London. As he stopped and looked, Garrett had a sense of being watched, himself.

"Don't look round," somebody said huskily. "It's all right, but don't look round."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw, looking over the river as he was, a flashy figure of a man a few yards away. He seemed like some ex-croupier of a faro-house. He had a pock-marked, sallow face, and hard eyes.

"You're Mr. Dillon," he said. "I recognize you."

"Who the hell are you?" Garrett asked. "I don't recognize you."

"That's all right." The man might have been made of

stone. "I'm being followed. I've got to get across to Southwark."

"Well, what do I care?" Garrett observed.

"I can't get word up." He had the faculty of speaking in a whisper out of the side of his mouth. The words floated like ghosts of words toward Garrett. "Give Lord Castlereagh this message."

"I won't."

"Yes, you will. Tell him the black horse doesn't run."

Garrett laughed. "Somebody's been fooling you," he said. "You lousy nobbler, don't you know Lord Castlereagh knows nothing of racing?"

"Here!" the man said, "tell Lord Castlereagh."

But as he turned to curse the man for his impudence, he was gone. Garrett noticed him strolling toward the slums of Westminster. As he looked toward the other side, all he could see was a military-looking foreigner strolling along—some French refugee who had not the price of his conveyance home. Garrett laughed again. But the man's words, manner, voice had left an impression on him, as though he had been struck with emphasis. When he returned he went into the chief's bureau.

"I say, sir," he said, "some wretched tout gave me a message for you. I don't think it's for you, though. But he mentioned your name. He said he was being followed."

"Oh," the Foreign Secretary looked interested, "what was it?"

"He said, 'Tell Lord Castlereagh that the black horse does not run.' I wonder for whom the message could have been."

"Oh, the message was for me."

"Since when have you become interested in racing, my Lord?" Garrett smiled. Lord Castlereagh did not answer.

He had been pale and worried for days, sitting tense and concentrated at his desk. There was so much at stake of money and men and prestige, now that Napoleon was back and at the head of his Grand Army. By the potent conjuration of his name, the returned Emperor had been able to raise over half a million men, and was on the point of leaving Paris for the Belgian frontier. And though Lord Castlereagh had succeeded in extracting vast sums from Parliament for the equipment of a British army, including five million sterling in subsidies for the foreign powers, he was uncertain of success. One hundred and fifty thousand Austrians were advancing on the route of Switzerland. Another equally strong Austrian contingent was threatening the Upper Rhine. Two hundred thousand Russians were marching on Alsace. One hundred and fifty thousand Prussians were in Flanders, in conjunction with a force of eighty thousand Dutch, Belgians, Hanoverians, and British. Of the British troops, numbering thirty thousand, one third had seen action before. By dint of organization and by subsidies, Lord Castlereagh had under his command one million and eleven thousand men. And yet he was afraid of the fat and disillusioned little man. If the little man won . . . But a few days ago Lord Castlereagh had been mobbed in the streets by his own people, who wanted peace. And though he had immense physical courage, there was something about the growling of the mob, something elemental about their ugly, sweaty presences, that chilled him. One could not stay alone with and unprotected against a wild beast.

But his face cleared in the golden June light. The lines of force and study went from it. In his eyes was an evil smile, and about his mouth a smile of contempt.

"So even the Mameluke can be bought," he said. And there was a tone in his voice as though he regretted it. It was as though he himself had wished for a last illusion.

Garrett turned cold and terrified where he stood.

"So the Mameluke is the black horse which doesn't run," he said. "My Lord, there is but one man I know who has a Mameluke for his servant, that sleeps before his tent door." His mouth became dry with rage and disgust.

"Yes?" said Lord Castlereagh.

"And that is the Emperor Napoleon."

"You jump at conclusions very rapidly, my dear young friend," Castlereagh purred.

"Very well, my Lord, I do jump to conclusions. Remember, I have in my mind the attempt to be made on his life by that wretched colonel last year."

Lord Castlereagh was silent for a moment.

"Surely you don't think I should instigate an attempt on Napoleon's life? I beg of you," he said coldly, "to consider this."

"My Lord," Garrett said bluntly, "I don't know whether it is you or some French organization. But I do know this: you have knowledge of it. I ask you to remember, my Lord, that when Mr. Fox was in power, and England at war with France, when knowledge of a plot against the Emperor's life came to Mr. Fox, he considered it his duty to acquaint the Emperor through the Prince of Benevento, then Monsieur Talleyrand."

"When I consider it," Lord Castlereagh spoke academically, "I wonder if it would not be better—I am sure it would be better if Bonaparte were to die by the hand of a disaffected countryman than to have France ravaged by foreign enemies. Indeed, it would be better for himself, for when he is defeated, as he must be, the island of Elba will not be his home, but the loneliest island on the loneliest ocean. Believe me: it would be much better."

"My Lord," Garrett said quietly, "there remains chivalry."

"Oh," Castlereagh smiled, "now if this were Crécy!"

"My Lord," Garrett pleaded, "the citizen in the exchange and the yokel on the farm have their exact ideas of fair play, and the country gentry of England, if not the Court party, have their sense of honor. It would be a stain not to be borne."

"As to the citizen and the yokel," Lord Castlereagh smiled, "I am ashamed to say I can only see their value as voters, and as for the gentlemen of the United Kingdom, I think I am as good a judge as any one of their thought and code." Lord Castlereagh was haughty.

"Now God blast you!" Garrett exploded, "why should you and not I be judge? The Dillons have been gentlemen in Ireland since kings reigned in Meath; and how long ago since the Stewarts of County Down were weaving shawls in Paisley?"

Lord Castlereagh went gray and desolate as sleet. He was trembling.

"I rather wish," he spoke quietly, terribly, "you hadn't said that."

Garrett was silent for some seconds. There was a tre-

mendous silence in the room. He felt he could hear the pounding of his heart.

"I rather wish I hadn't been forced to it, my Lord," Garrett answered. "I wish I had not been called to face the thought. And now, my Lord, I leave you," he said quietly. "I leave your office. I leave all."

"Might I ask what you purpose doing?"

"I purpose doing what my honor dictates," Garrett said quietly. "I purpose warning the Emperor of the French that a dastardly plot is afoot to assassinate him."

"I must warn you," Lord Castlereagh's voice was very quiet, "that what you intend doing is both indiscreet and dangerous."

"My Lord, if you are thinking of having me arrested, I warn you I shall shout what I know in the streets, that I shall reveal it before the magistrate. It will serve the same purpose as my journey would."

Lord Castlereagh smiled. "But I never thought, plebeian though you find me, of the vulgarity of police action."

II

When he walked out into Whitehall he felt young again. That afternoon his thirty-one years had appeared fifty to him, and now it seemed to him he was in his twenties again, so free his mind was. As he went to his rooms in Jermyn Street the sense of adventure thrilled him. He knew he was in peril from the French, and in peril, too, from his own people, but the consciousness within him of doing the right thing made him belittle danger. As he

changed into serviceable riding-gear, he scrawled a private message to Samuel Whitbread, of the Parliamentary Opposition, telling him what he was about to do, and asking him to keep it secret. He sent his man to get a horse for him, and, before going to Brooks', to get all the gold coin he could negotiate, his fingers closed on the silver greyhound with the royal arms which lay in his despatch-box. He must send that back, he thought. And he thought again, and, smiling, he put it in his pocket.

When, at the posting establishment on the Kent road, he swung into the saddle, the only thing that inconvenienced him was the heavy money-belt about his middle. The night was soft and perfumed with hawthorn, and on his right, as he rode, he heard the passionate anthem of the nightingales. He shook the mount beneath him into a smooth gallop. Good Lord! He had forgotten. To-morrow he ought to have been at Epsom for the Derby. The Duke of Grafton's colt out of Waxy ought to win it, as his filly out of Waxy, Minuet, ought to canter the Oaks. His only regret on leaving England was missing the races. He would wager all the money he had that Whisker and Minuet would pull off the double. Damn!

He changed horses at Rochester and again at Canterbury. He was hardly a mile out of Canterbury when he heard a curricule being driven at a mad pace behind him. An innate feeling warned him to leave the main road and let the carriage pass. With the dawning day all the birds were awake, and a steady northwesterly breeze was up. He rode through Folkestone and down to the harbor, dismounting at the door of the house where the com-

munications agent lived. There was a light in windows below. Garrett frowned as he knocked gently.

"Good morning, Captain," Garrett greeted the sailor as the door opened. He noticed the man did not salute him. He walked in. "Have you a boat ready for France?"

"I have, sir," he said slowly. Then he looked at Garrett with a meaning glance. "A boat with a messenger has just left, sir."

"Well, I want another one, Deacons, and quickly."

"I'm sorry, sir," the agent replied heavily, "but the messengers as have just come, sir—"

"Messengers?"

"Yes, sir. Two of them, sir. They left instructions that as Mr. Dillon had left the service he was to receive no facilities. I have it under his Lordship's hand, sir, his own hand." Deacons was evidently very impressed.

"Have you really?" Garrett fenced.

"So you can't have no boat, sir," Deacons drawled. There was a hint of pleasure in the jack-in-office's tone at being able to refuse the request.

"I wonder." Garrett smiled. The man was standing in front of him—small, cunning eyes, and face the color of salt beef. "I wonder," he said again, and he drove at the man's left jaw. He could hardly restrain a cry of anguish as his knuckles jarred against the bone. Deacons began to fall forward gently. He caught him and laid him on the ground. The man was breathing heavily as though in a fit. Garrett rummaged around the room until he found a coil of rope, and bound hands and feet, lashing them together behind the sailor's back. He took the man's muffler off

and stuffed it into his mouth, knotting it behind his head. "That will cure you of breathing through your mouth," he observed gently. He tumbled the figure into a small closet where he saw a key in the lock, and locked it. He blew out the lamp, and took the key from the front door, locking it outside. He remounted and rode down to the quay. He put his whistle in his mouth and blew twice. A squat figure appeared from an alleyway.

"That you, Ellis?"

"Yes, sir. Yes, Mr. Dillon."

"I want a boat right away," he said. "Where's Deacons?"

"'E must be at 'is house, sir. I'll go find him."

"Get your mainsail up, and be ready to cast loose. I'm in a hurry. Then go and fetch him."

Two boatmen pushed out into the harbor. Soon Garrett heard the faint squeal of halyards, and the purr of pawls against a mainmast. Within five minutes Ellis came back.

"Can't find Deacons anywhere, sir," he said. "I hope it won't 'arm old 'Arry, but 'e ain't there, sir. 'Appen 'e didn't think there'd be another boat going out this morning, sir. What with war and that," he said.

"All right," Garrett said. "I can't wait." The boatmen had come back, and were waiting. "You take the horse, Ellis. I'll see Deacons doesn't come to harm."

"Oh, you are good, sir."

"Not at all."

The anchor was brought aboard and the foresail set. As they slapped the waves of the Channel, with the wind abeam, they could see near the Goodwins another sloop heading east.

"That's *Boadicea*, sir," the man at the helm said. "With the messenger and the gentleman with him, sir."

"What was the gentleman like?" Garrett asked.

"'E was a nasty-looking gentleman, sir. A foreigner 'e was, all rings and scent. Major Wade didn't fancy 'aving 'im with him, 'e didn't. A real cutthroat, that gentleman, I should say."

"When we near that fishing-boat," Garrett said, "bring her into the wind and give a hail. I want to send a note ashore for Ellis." Garrett had remembered the trussed Deacons. He set himself to write with a small steel pen and a bottle of ink from his case. The man at the helm watched him in wonder. "'Urt your 'and, 'aven't you, sir?" he remarked as he looked at the skinned knuckles.

III

He heard at Boulogne that a great fête was to take place on the eighth day of the month, when the peers and deputies of France were summoned to receive the Emperor and take the oath of fidelity to him. At Boulogne he kept clear of all English agents, not knowing what Major Wade's instructions had been, and by dint of smiling and paying, he managed to get a calèche to Paris. The horses were poor, and he understood the people to say that the pick of the horses were for the army. So he had to be content with what he got. He decided that if the attempt were to be made on the Emperor's life it would be when he was on his way to the army in Belgium, and that would not be until after the inauguration. With great cracking of whips, and very loud shoutings, slowly the

horses started for Paris. Abbéville, Amiens, Compiègne—the flavor of the French towns was strangely exotic to him, so clean, so vibrant with life were they compared with the sodden yokelries of England. Something appeared wrong to him in them, and for a long time he could not understand what it was, until it suddenly occurred to him there were no young men here. Men of fifty and boys of fourteen there were in plenty, but the young men had gone.

His hotel-keeper at Boulogne, where he stopped for a bath, had asked him if he were English, that much he understood, and he had replied "*Irlandais*." The word had opened French hearts to him. The hotel-keeper had told the postilion, and wherever they stopped the postilion discussed this romantic citizenship with the hotel people, and Garrett heard the names of Wolfe Tone and Napper Tandy and General O'Connor mentioned. And an old sailor was brought up to him and a lot said about Bantry Bay which he could not understand. An old, erect man with white mustaches fiercely brushed, Garrett gathered had been with General Humbert at Castlebar. When the slight limp that remained from Garrett's Spanish wound was noticed there were expressions of sympathy wholly out of proportion. It occurred to him: "These people take me for a damned rebel." But he could not explain.

When he entered Paris by the Porte Saint-Denis he had at last arrived at a plan to acquaint the Emperor with his news. He knew enough of activities at home to sense that the police were no channel for communication. The minister of police, Fouché, was too great a friend of Lord Castlereagh's to be trustworthy. Also, a warning of his coming might have been sent to the French Office of

Public Safety, and he would find himself in prison on a trumped-up charge. Of English people living in Paris there were few. He remembered that Lord Kinnaird was there, a more than enthusiastic admirer of the Emperor, who had married a daughter of the Duke of Leinster. If he could find him, word could easily be conveyed. Of others there was Count Lally-Tollendal. But Lally probably spoke no English; his family had been too long in France. The Kinnairds were his best bid. But where to find them?

He put up at a hotel in the Rue de Sèvres, and, after dining, he wrote a note to Lord Kinnaird, marking it private, and affixing his seal. As none of the hotel staff seemed to have ever heard of the Scottish baron, he put the letter in his pocket and started off for the Boulevard des Italiens; he had heard that at Tortoni's all the foreigners and French congregated. But there he found nobody he could recognize as English, or any American. A head waiter to whom he spoke in English looked at him fearfully, and shrugged his shoulders. A particularly vile whisky was brought to him, and as he knew of nothing else to order he accepted it and sat a while watching the passers-by. There were so many soldiers gathered for the inauguration that they gave a tremendous dash of color to the lamp-lit streets—cuirasses, gold facings, shakos. An officer in scarlet with green Cossack trousers, an immense turban with plumes of feathers, and a crooked sword passed. Garrett thought he was a person in fancy dress, but he heard a bystander murmur: "*C'est un mam-lück!*"

He got up and walked off, a little weary of seeing so

many people about him whom he did not know, and bothered a little as to how he would find Lord Kinnaird in all this capital. If he could not devise a means by the morning, the only thing would be to seek out Count Lally-Tollendal, and by means of an interpreter explain what he knew. He walked off down the streets, past the Colonne Vendôme, and then, turning left, went along the Tuileries. Here and there men were working stripped to the waist, putting up platforms by the light of flaring torches. He crossed a bridge and looked at the deep river swirling toward the sea. A policeman with a great saber eyed him suspiciously with a shrewd black eye like a robin's. Garrett felt guilty in this strange town, and moved into the shadows by the quayside.

"And are you enjoying Paris, Mr. Dillon?"

He looked around. The man he had last met on the bank of the Thames was standing looking at him. There was a queer smile on his dark, possibly Italian, face.

"What the hell are you doing here?" Garrett asked.

"I came across with Major Wade. We were just ahead of you, I think. Tortoni's is a nice café," he added.

Garrett was thinking fast. If this man were an English spy in France, he was very probably a French spy in England. Three quarters of these men were double agents, ready to take money from any one. He might be useful. Garrett leaned against the stone parapet and studied him in the shadows. The man was faintly smiling.

"I've got something for you, Mr. Dillon," he said.

"A letter?"

"No, not exactly a letter."

"A message?"

"Yes, you might say a message." But he stood motionless.

Garrett frowned impatiently. Damn these spies! He put his hand in his pocket and rattled his money.

"Let me have it," he said.

"As you wish," the man smiled. He put his hand in his breast pocket, and, springing like a cat, drove his knife below Garrett's left shoulder. Garrett's feet slid forward from under him and his head hit the stone coping with a heavy thud.

"*Ah, zut!*" The dark gentleman was disgusted. Mr. Dillon should have toppled into the river. "*Tk-tk!*" his tongue went against his teeth, as he bent down to lift him and heave him in. But the policeman started running from the bridge, his great saber clanking.

"*Oh, non, par exemple!*" he roared. The dark gentleman slid into the darkness like a ghost.

CHAPTER XXXIII

ALL night long a heavy rain had fallen, and now, as the June Sunday opened, the ground underfoot was like a quagmire. The wet and famished men said nothing, for they knew that the man on the white horse was as tired and as wet as they. They were eager to get on with the battle and have it over, but the officers were waiting for the sun to dry the ground, to make it easier for the gun-carriages and cavalry. The man on the white horse rode here and there, talking to this general and that one. There was a quiet confidence in his face that the soldiers recognized. The young soldiers were eager to get over the sinking feeling within them, which they knew would pass with the first brazen cry of the clarions, but the older men, connoisseurs of war, told them: "He is waiting for Grouchy. When Grouchy has eaten sufficient of Prussians, he will come along, wiping his mustaches. He will be here presently, that Grouchy, then you will see . . ." They smiled.

Before them, on the ridge of Mont Saint-Jean, the old soldiers could see in the steaming mist of the June day the position where Wellington had placed his troops. A bad general that, they decided, the men who had fought Russian and Prussian and Austrian and Turk. His back was to the wood and probably behind him was a litter of ammunition wagons choking the road of retreat. They could see Picton's force on their right, with Bylandt's

Dutch-Belgian detachment before them to take the shock. On their left was Kruse's Hollander cavalry at Braine l'Alleud. Milord is waiting, the soldiers thought, for help from Blücher, the old bull of Prussia. But he does not know that Grouchy is taking care of the Prussians. By nightfall, they calculated, not one of Wellington's force would be left alive. A rumor ran through the ranks that Bülow, with a mass of Prussian troops, was marching on their right. The young soldiers asked was not the battle lost? But the old soldiers shook their heads. No, it was just a trifle more difficult, that was all.

Then a trumpeter stood up, rigid as a statue. He moistened his lips, and raised his instrument to his mouth.

There was a continuous drumming of musketry, and the thunderous coughing of great guns around the farm of Hougoumont. The rear-guard could see wave after wave dash up like surf against the wall, break, fall back a little, until another wave came up, and there was a seething whirlpool around the farm buildings, very like a spring tide against a cliff. Then a vast cannonade began to tear the air horribly, like thunder overhead, ripping the fabric of the firmament. The men could not explain to one another what it meant. They opened their mouths, but the vast subhuman bellow of the guns obliterated speech, so they pointed to their mouths and ears, and made wide, futile gestures with their free arms.

Then in four long ribbons, General d'Erlon's cavalry dashed at the ridge. The men at headquarters saw the Dutch and Belgians scatter and run. But as the horsemen began to pull at their mounts' mouths, a sheet of fire from the ridge in front of them cut them like a young scythe,

and the sun shone on the blades of bayonets. D'Erlon's thin columns wavered like fleeing snakes, and they were rushed back by a charge of Scots Greys and Inniskillings. "But they are mad, the *Angliches*," the men in the rear decided. "They are mad as rats caught against a wall by terriers." As Wellington's cavalry came racing down the hillside, cuirassiers and lancers closed about them, hacking them down systematically.

With glasses the officers could see the men on the heights shaken and uncertain, but still there, and suddenly, madly across the plain, the French cavalry under Ney charged again, charged with a sullen fury. The reserve troops, a-quiver like dogs in leash, forgot their own disappointment at being out of action, and began cheering. The glasses of the officers could pick out Ney at the head of the charge. "He's down!" a cry of dismay came from their lips. "He's up! It's only his horse. *Ah, mais c'est impayable*. He's priceless, that one."

They heard the rattle of fire on the Wavres road, and a thunderous cheering broke out. Grouchy! Grouchy at last! And they thought of Bülow caught between the Young Guard and Grouchy. "It's all over, then," they said.

But an aide galloped up, with a set look on his face. And the name of Grouchy was heard no more. But some one whispered, "Blücher?" and glanced at his officer. The officer heard him, and made no reply.

"*Faites donner la Garde!*" The order came from the Emperor. It echoed from Emperor to aide, from aide to chief of staff, from one to the other. And in a gray mass the grenadiers began to move. They dashed into grape-

shot and ball, bayonet in hand. The roaring of cannon deafened all commands. They were struck by everything—by grape, by balls, by musket slugs, by their falling comrades. And suddenly they were wedged in, pushed this way and that way by the bulk of horses, dragoons standing in their irons to cut them down. A scarecrow with his uniform in ribbons and his hat riddled with balls, and his face blackened, tried to rally them hoarsely, with pleas, with curses, with tears. "But it's Ney," they cried. And a fury of fighting took them, and they thrust with bayonet and butt of piece, until their arms grew tired and the neighing, frightened horses, with the beefy butchers atop of them, closed on them again, groaning as they drove their sabers home.

The bearskin-hatted men continued to march forward, grim, quiet, as though their comrades ahead were being victorious instead of massacred. Stepping out smartly, as though on parade at home, they moved forward into the whirlpool of battle. The plumed drum-major twirled his baton as he strode ahead, and drum and cymbal and sackbut crashed into the Imperial march, but against the outrageous discord of the cannon the notes were lost like dead leaves against a whirlwind. Ahead of them they could see the artillery men sweating at their pieces, the white faces of fusiliers too frightened to run even, mechanically loading and firing. An English officer galloped up to General Cambronne and pleaded with him to surrender. The bitter-faced guardsman replied in one single word. The regiments marched on.

The white-faced man in the center of the last square mounted his horse again. His face was set but outwardly

calm. In front of the ramparts of men, the tide of the Prussian army was galloping forward like the waters over the sands of Mont-Saint-Michel. Darkness would soon be here. In the west the sun was setting, and soon a bleak moon would come up. Still the Guard marched forward and died. And as each man died, a little of the man on horseback died too. They were not soldiers to him, he thought, as they were to Milord Wellington, men to be flogged into action. They were human beings into whom he had put something of his own soul, they were children, they were comrades. Men of Marengo and of Austerlitz. Well, he had lost, he could see that. He felt bitter about it, very bitter. For Lord Wellington was a bad general. But for Grouchy's delay not a man of his would have been left alive, and England would not have expended another guinea for the foreign troops, and without guineas the foreign troops would not fight. He did not mind old Blücher so much, he was just a stout old bull. But Wellington would boast he had beaten Napoleon, when he had just muddled through.

The rattle of side-arms about him told him that the whirlwind was coming, and that the men of Marengo were preparing to die. Their ears had become dull from thunder and crackle of heavy fire and of musketry, but a new intimate sound came to them, dronings and whinings in the air. And as the man on the white horse looked around him, he saw that there had come to him, like filings to a magnet, such of his generals as had outlived the dreadful day. There were Ney, Soult, his brother Lucien! There was foul-mouthed, most gallant Cambronne! There were Drouot and Labedoyère. And others he could hardly

recognize, so tattered and beaten did they appear. And there was one there with a mangled throat. Their swords were in their hands. They were on foot. They were about him in a ring. And they were crying to him, pleading with him. Old grenadiers left the ranks and called to him with outstretched arms.

"Get ready to fire," he ordered quietly.

An aide rode through the ring and grasped his bridle, swinging his charger around. Some one struck it on the quarters with the flat of a sword. And suddenly they were galloping off through the air singing with bullets.

"Sit down, sir," the young officer commanded.

"But—"

But the aide disengaged his right foot from his iron and drove his spur into the white charger's side. From behind them came the crash of the first volley from the last of the Guard. . . .

CHAPTER XXXIV

I

THAT morning Marshall, the English physician, had said: "I need not come each day any longer. That young man is well." And Jocelyn felt like sitting down and fainting. It was hard to believe all was over, and that Garrett would live. And yet she said to Dr. Marshall: "But I knew it all along."

"Then you knew more than I did, young woman, for your husband has been so close to death that it was the toss of a coin whether he would go over, or stay with us. Might I ask how you knew?"

"Because I should not have been brought to him as he was, if it were to separate us. That is the reason."

"My God!" the physician snorted.

"Dr. Marshall, if he asks me now about affairs, may I tell him?"

"What sort of affairs?"

"Politics."

"Oh, yes, you can tell him."

She was exercised now as to what she would do with Garrett, who seemed so weak still. Should she bring him to Derrymore, or to her own place in the Hebrides first? Garreteen would be needing her. It was now nearly two months since she had seen the child, and although all reports of him were satisfying, yet she worried. The months

of June and July in Paris, never out of touch or call, except for a few hours a day, from her sick husband, had been exhausting of vitality. She knew that herself as well as he needed the air blowing over the Hebrides, the little ocean rains, and the sun like wine. There was practically nothing to do except to pack. She would have to take leave of General O'Connor and thank him—a very formal business. There was little of the Irishman left in the French officer, very aloof, very intellectual, married to a de Condorcet. Well, she was glad to be saying good-by to France.

Yet she should be grateful to him, she thought, for it was to him she had gone on her arrival in Paris. He had read her letter of introduction without enthusiasm. "Oh, yes, Dillon?"

"I have not come to bother you, General," she had said; "you need not be afraid. I have come to Paris to seek my husband. I thought you might be able to put me in touch with some authority."

"Quaintly enough," the general took a pinch of snuff, "I think I can help you. You young people may not remember, but I was associated with Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and have always on that account kept up my acquaintance with the family. Lady Kinnaird, a daughter of the Duke of Leinster—"

"Yes, yes," Jocelyn interrupted. And then, sullenly, seeing he was not to be hurried: "I beg your pardon."

"The matter is delicate," the general reproved her. "As you seem in a hurry, I will tell you at once. A police agent brought a letter to Lord Kinnaird, found on a young man who had been stabbed on the quays."

"So my husband is dead," she said quietly.

"I am not quite sure," General O'Connor replied. "He was alive when found, and was removed to a hospital at Neuilly, at the request of Lord Kinnaird. I have not seen Lord Kinnaird for some days."

"At Neuilly?"

"At Neuilly. You are Irish, not Scottish. I know by your voice."

"Yes, I am Irish. I am a niece of General Henry Munro."

"Oh, but how very interesting! I should like to talk to you—"

"I am sure you would," Jocelyn told him abruptly and was gone.

She sped back to her hotel and, getting a Swiss servant to help, drove to Neuilly at breakneck speed, and stood, white to the lips with anger, while officials and nurses turned up records. "Ah, yes, very grave," they said, with a certain professional pleasure. She must see him at once. "Impossible!" She discovered in herself immediately a vast capacity for bullying. "You are madame?" "But naturally!" "Ah, she is madame!"

And then silently, terribly, she began to weep.

They crowded about her, patting her on the shoulder. "Let us see!" they said. "If this emotion appeases itself—" She stood up straight and said: "It is finished." And then they brought her to him. She could only see his worn face, so thin, so very thin, with great blue circles under the closed eyes, with a bandage about his head and only a sheet to cover him. "If I keep very, very quiet," Jocelyn said, "may I stay here?"

They nodded that she might.

Through a city that shivered under the fear of sack and pillage Jocelyn went stolidly about getting what she wanted. The very houses of Paris rocked to the gunfire at Sèvres. The ground shook as the bridge of Saint-Cloud was blown up. But as though all were fair spring weather she pursued her object with superb selfishness. The president of the college of Irish priests in Paris she interviewed, and insisted on his getting an English doctor, and two Irish nurses, nuns with great white caps. She had Garrett moved into rooms near by where she could stay, though the French doctors threw up their arms in despair. Even in all the trouble she got the Emperor's friend, Dr. Marshall, to come and see him. One day she saw the remains of an army shuffling through the streets, and two hours later Cossacks on shaggy ponies, like gnomes on gnomes' horses, padded cautiously down the streets.

For all this she cared nothing. All her being, her eyes, her heart were concentrated on the wasting figure in the bed. They explained to her that the knife wound, though deep and dangerous, would not kill him, but the injury to the head where he had fallen against the coping was serious. The body might heal if the mind were right, but the mind was not helping. It was all in the obscure borders of the brain, that no man knew. Then one morning he opened his eyes, and looked at her.

"Then, of course," he said in a surprisingly clear and loud tone, "I am dead."

"You are not dead," she told him.

"And you are dead, too, Jocelyn." And his eyes shut again.

She looked with terror at the young religious who was watching. The sister saw in her eyes that she feared Garrett was mad, and shook her head. "His mind is working," she said. "It is well."

It was evening before he opened them again. She went and knelt beside him.

"Garrett, it is I, Jocelyn. Do you hear me, you must live. You must make an effort and live."

"Must I?" he said dully.

"Listen to me," she pleaded intensely. "Do you know that there is not only you and I now? There is a little son of yours who wants you, and he is so lonely, Garrett mine, and so like you that I am jealous of it. And his name is Garrett, too."

"I always knew," he said weakly, "that if you had a son it would be mine."

"But whose else?"

The evening nurse dragged her away.

He got better. She could see life returning to him, returning in agony, as though it had gone out of him through a great wound, and now the wound was all but closed, and life had to burst back through choked passages. Once she flung herself beside him and spoke to him intensely.

"I am going to say a dreadful thing, Garrett. It is this: If you were to join the King of Hell himself I should not leave you any more." And she was rewarded by his smiling.

She was made to go out by the physicians for a drive

each day, herself. And everywhere she heard stories that were heartbreaking. A week before, men had assembled before the Elysée gardens, to catch some sight of their Emperor. They had seen him walking up and down among the formal flower beds, in his short blue coat and three-cocked hat, with Count Bertrand and with Cardinal Fesch. The cardinal had evidently been persuading the bent figure against something. The Emperor seemed a broken man.

And then it began to be dangerous for her to go out. The Prussians and Cossacks had commenced a systematic looting of the Louvre, with the permission of the returned King. And when the National Guard decided they would defend the Louvre they were threatened by a regiment of English soldiers. So the looting went on apace. There were rumors that Blücher was to blow up the Pont d'Iéna, as the name was an insult to the Prussian Army, but the King persuaded him to desist.

In the looted, bedraggled, defiled city there was but one gleam of consolation. The Emperor, who was at Rochefort, had decided to go into exile in America, and had voluntarily gone on board an English man-of-war, whose captain had orders to take him to England, if it was agreeable to him. There, Captain Maitland assured him, he would meet with all the good treatment and consideration he could desire. And France was happy. It saw the great hero in a land of savannahs, of Indians, and buffaloes, living a quiet pastoral life, where treachery could not reach him, nor a new defeat break his heart. And there the old soldiers might find a welcome, if they crossed to meet him. They had lent Lafayette to Amer-

ica, and now they were trusting the Emperor to her. And France was glad. . . .

II

She went from the sitting-room, where she had left Dr. Marshall, into the room where Garrett was sitting up, weak but on the way to health. Her heart was singing. She was harboring one small patch of resentment in it. The little sister who was on duty by day would go now. She had eyes blue as lakes, and a voice soft as milk, with the sweet echoes of Kerry in it. Of course she was affianced to the Lord, and no word of hers had ever betrayed more than love of her duty and interest in her fellow-countryman, but she was much too pretty. . . .

"My dear one," she told Garrett, "we leave for home this week."

"But we cannot," Garrett said. "You are forgetting the war."

They had told him nothing. Jocelyn put her hand on his. "My dear one, that is over. All over, weeks ago." There was a question in his eyes. "When you go out you will see everywhere the white Bourbon banner."

"And the Emperor?—is he dead?" Garrett asked.

"No," Jocelyn answered. "He is . . . a prisoner." Only that morning had come word from England that the Ministry had sent him to some barren rock off the African coast. All the world was already humming with resentment, both friend and enemy. The Emperor had touched the cloak of the victors, as a defeated enemy

does the robe of an Arab Emir. Himself had always been chivalrous. . . .

"They will release him, and send him abroad," Garrett said.

"They will never release him, poor Emperor!" Jocelyn shook her head.

"Who has him?" Garrett asked.

He turned his head aside when her quiet answer came:

"Lord Castlereagh."

PART IX

INTRODUCTION

THE grenadier on sentry-go at the Emperor's grave in the clump of willows saw the lantern of the patrol move away, with a sinking feeling in his heart. It was an appalling night of heat on the rock of Saint Helena, and in this depression of earth it was hotter than any other place on the island. Above him, though he could not see it, was a leaden sky. A great nostalgia for England caught him by the throat, for the pot-houses of England with the sanded floors, and the beer, and the pipes of 'baccy. Gawd! he swore to himself mutinously, was they afraid of him still, and him dead as mutton? Who the hell wanted to steal a dead man, anyway?

He wondered, with a gush of self-pity, if at home in England they knew what this blarsted place was like. Half the time wetter than any February in England, and, gor blime him, that was wet enough. And the rest of the time hotter than the furnace that parson said they put Shadrach and his mates into. Gor blime him, if they had put Shadrach and his pals on Saint Helena, they'd have had something to grouse about! They would! What a climate! And the white ants, and the rats, and the bloody gnats, and the cactus! 'Ere! What was that? He turned around quickly toward the Emperor's grave, with bayonet outstretched. Only one of those rats among the willows.

Fair turn a man balmy, that island would. There were those sea rollers that looked like mountains as they came in, slow like, and hit the bottom of the precipices until you could feel the island shake; well, it felt like that, anyhow. Many a good bloke had pitched himself down the cliffs, when he was fed up with it all. Sort of shook your head, those waves did. And then there was the loneliness of it. Even though your pals were with you, you felt the rock was such a way from honest land. Here you were in the Gulf of Guinea, and if you wanted anything you would have to send to the Cape of Good Hope for it. If, in one of those storms that took the heart out of you, the whole perishing island was to disappear, your friends at home wouldn't hear of it for five months, maybe.

He stepped out briskly, going from post to post in front of the unmarked grave, for he felt that if he did so the lonely island and the fearsome night might not get so much on his nerves. What the hell did they want a sentry there for, anyhow? He was dead, wasn't he? What harm could he do now? Gawd, they were so glad he was dead that they had given him a slap-up funeral. Grenadiers had carried the coffin, and Lady Lowe and her daughters in mourning—mark you—had followed the corp, and all the officers of the navy and army staff. And the Twentieth and Sixty-sixth regiments, with arms reversed, were placed on the hills around the swamp. And damned if they didn't give him three rounds of eleven guns! And all the old soldiers had laughed.

For they remembered when he had come ashore nearly six years before, brown as a berry, hard as a gun barrel.

The poor bloke they buried was not the man they had seen come here. The man that had come here was the man able to do his twenty miles a day on a horse. But the wet, and the bad food, and the heartbreak had made him into a yellow, fat man. Gor! It was a fair shame, the grenadier thought, what they did to that man. They had made him keep within a mile and a half of the rotting farm-house they had provided him; sent away his friends. The rain came through the roof of his hovel, and the rats were using it as an exercise ground, so help him! The grub the Governor allowed him was so bad that the English regiments would have mutinied on the spot. Captain Poppleton had to lend the Emperor candles on the quiet, and Santini, the Italian valet, had to creep into the English camp to buy butter, and eggs, and bread from the soldiers' wives, or he would have had no breakfast, the Emperor wouldn't. And the Governor—he was a wrong one! Every one knew that he stole even the shirts sent from France to Napoleon. He was a proper Jack Ketch, he was. Jack Ketch was an amateur hangman compared to this Sir Hudson Lowe! The rat-faced bastard! The soldier spat! What do you think of his giving an order that no courtesy should be shown to the prisoner? He remembered once when the Emperor had ridden to the limit of his prison in his old green coat, and the Fifty-third were marching by, and as they went past the Emperor's hand had flashed up in salute, but no salute back, no "eyes right!" The Emperor had turned white. That was a lousy thing to do, from soldiers to a soldier! He didn't come out much, after that, old Nap didn't. Wasn't pushing like; knew when he wasn't wanted.

Been bloody lonely since he died, all the same. When he was alive there had been three thousand men on garrison, and there had been five hundred guns. And eleven hundred war-ships in the waters. The nearest islands, Ascension, eight hundred miles to the north, and Tristan d'Acunha twelve hundred miles to the south, had men encamped on them. They must have thought him a bloody wizard. How the hell could he get away from here? Even if he left the house for a walk in what they called the garden, there were signaling arrangements to let the Governor and the admiral know. A sentry hoisted his hat on his bayonet, and that was relayed from sentry to sentry until a report was made at Government House. And every day they sent a doctor to find out why the blue hell he wasn't dead yet.

The night wore on. The sentry felt the darkness thick as a fog about him, imagining that he cleaved it as he went from post to post, and that it opened for him and closed behind him, and muffled and choked him, as fog does. God! not even a dog barked in the night, and never, nowhere, was such loneliness. The frailest ship in the widest, loneliest sea was less lonely than this island was, for it would dock sooner or later, but the island would go into port never. And the story the Artful Schoolmaster had told came into his head and would not go out of it. The Artful Schoolmaster was a teacher of Devonshire who had had an affair with the squire's daughter, and taken the shilling sooner than marry the angular gentlewoman. He had told his guard the morning he was arrested, white and babbling, that on that night of darkness, just like this, the sentry swore to himself, suddenly in a sort of

pale light an army of phantoms were drawn up for review. Their uniforms were tattered and their faces blackened with smoke and old blood, but they dressed like guardsmen on parade. There were horsemen there with cuirasses and great swords, hussars and heavy dragoons. They seemed to be in the air above the ground, like. A trumpeter put his trumpet to his lips and blew, but no sound came from it. And though the officers could be seen snapping their orders, yet no voices were heard, nor was there any slap and rattle of pieces as the men came to attention. The gestures of the drum-majors were seen, and when the horses threw their heads up there came no jingle. Terrifyingly still, terrifyingly real, the horde of the air paraded, and then past the sentry, out of the place where the willows whispered, walked the figure in the old threadbare green coat. . . . The Schoolmaster could see the shoulders of the Guard straighten, and the whites of their eyes, as the eyes turned left. And out of nowhere came a phantom staff to join the dead man as he passed the dead on parade, touching his hat to the tattered ensigns, nodding to old soldiers, stepping up to a dead man and handling his dead musket. And then the sun warned Africa of its coming with a shade of silver in the East, and a cock crew. And dragoon, and hussar, and the Guard, and ghostly staff, and phantom trumpeter, and the Emperor's self were all swallowed by the void spaces of the air.

Well, they shot the Artful Schoolmaster, shot him before the regiment at dawn, shot him for a drunken bastard intoxicated at his post. Though all men knew that Artful was a blue-ribbon man. He had his faults. He was a swine

with women, and you had to watch him when he played *vingt et un*. But drink was no failing of his. But so the story was scotched. But how could you scotch Bert Jobson chucking himself over the cliff?—him that came from within the sound of Bow Bells, and had always said he'd believe in ghosts when he put his bayonet into their guts. And there was Campbell, the Highland man, was due for stripes when he ups and hacks his fingers off when detailed for sentry duty at the grave a second time. How do you account for his going wrong?

The night grew gloomier than before. The darkness was like water rising and lapping. A little moaning wind ran down the valley, and the willows behind whispered and shivered. Christ! What was that? The sentry swung around, his piece leveled. Nothing! He wiped his brow with his sleeve. "Here, Bill, this won't do," he told himself; "you got to get a hold on yourself, you have. Remember, you've been at Corunna, you have. Been one of Sir John Moore's men. Would have had your stripes long ago, if it wasn't for the bottle, you would. Seen Waterloo, too. You ain't afraid of nothing, Bill, see!" But Christ! how he wished his relief would come . . . !

CHAPTER XXXV

I

GARRETT walked out of the house, down to the lawn to the great lake, and listened quietly to the rustle of the water in the grass. A great September moon was above, and the thousand reflections of it on the water made the minute waves shimmer, until one thought of that German tale of kings' daughters dancing with shoes of twinkling gold under a lake's bosom. Afar off one could see the trees going down to the edges of the calm water, and Ram's Island of the Round Tower like some barge afloat. Garrett listened a minute to the sound of fish jumping in the waters and wandered on. In the lodge at the great gate of Derrymore, the lodge-keeper was having some friends of the country in, and a girl's voice, golden as the moon's self, came shaking in a country ballad:

"Then up steps young Napoleon,
And takes his mother by the hand:
Saying, 'Mother dear, have patience,
Until I'm able for to take command.
I'll raise a mighty army,
And through tremendous dangers go.
And in spite of all the universe,
I will conquer the Bonny Bunch of Roses O!' "

Garrett smiled sadly. He knew the song was treasonable. "The Bonny Bunch of Roses O" was a symbol of

England, and all over the world there were hearts beating for the King of Rome, great Napoleon's son, hoping that one day the Eaglet might avenge his father. Well, it was better that there should be hearts beating with a generous old loyalty than heads thinking of nothing but adding halfpenny to halfpenny. Men bent over their tills until one day, with gray head and gray face, out of sheer weariness they stood up, and there was Death sneering at them, and saying, "Put that down and bring with you only your old surges of emotion, your big chivalries, and don't forget even your gallant mistakes." They would say, "We have never had time for emotion, and chivalry is dead since the Lion Heart, but we have never made any mistakes, thank God!" And Death would merely smile and say, "So?"

To-night there seemed such peace on the world, on Derrymore, on the big lake, that it would appear as if some bitter curse had been lifted. The uninvited thought made Garrett conscious of meanness. Only a week before had he been horrified by news of the end of Castlereagh—that end that is so appalling, a passing by one's own hand. For days they had kept his razors from him, but with a penknife he had mangled his throat. And Garrett doubted if there was one person, excluding the brother whose career he had made, to regret him. England seemed glad he was gone, and the hurried funeral in Westminster Abbey, where the country's greatest are laid, was a mockery in Death's presence. The jeering and the dancing of the people outside the Abbey were a horror, and only the police officers had saved the coffin from being spat on as it was hurried by. The kinder men said he was mad, and

the knowing men asked quietly where Napoleon's personal money had gone, and who it was who was on the point of telling? Great God! as if the theft of some money were not a peccadillo compared with other things, such as the slow, torturing murder of the dead Emperor at the hands of the jackal Hudson Lowe.

Garrett had never seen the minister since the day he left him in Whitehall, never heard from him. The dead statesman had collected honors everywhence in Europe. High above the throng he stood at state events, the Most Honorable the Marquess of Londonderry, in the robes and plumes of the Garter, and men of honor turned their backs on him, and citizens spat on the ground. Garrett had felt sorry for him for a time, especially when Mr. Shelley's "Mask of Anarchy" appeared, and that savage portrait of Castlereagh had been in all mouths:

I met Murder on the way—
He had a mask like Castlereagh—
Very smooth he looked, yet grim;
Seven bloodhounds followed him:

All were fat, and well they might
Be in admirable plight,
For one by one, and two by two,
He tossed them human hearts to chew,
Which from his wide cloak he drew.

In the years he had been home now, in Ireland with Jocelyn and the children, he had been thinking a great deal, as Irishmen do quietly, of religion. He had arrived at two conclusions, of the existence of Deity, and that Good and Evil were the two forces of the world. Whence Evil arose was a mystery that no man might solve in

this living, but that a Brotherhood of Evil existed no sane man could deny. Consciously or unconsciously, each one in the world chose his banner, and coldly and consciously at some time in his early days Castlereagh had chosen Evil. Castlereagh himself told the story of the Radiant Boy, and that tale had been twisted by the Irish peasantry into something so horrible and warped as to be incredible. Yet was not Castlereagh's self so horrible and warped as to be incredible . . . ? What dreadful call had he received that his own hand must tear at his throat as a wolf might tear it? And before what aloof, unimaginable Tribunal did he stand now, with the little man in the green coat opposing him, the man to fight whom he had made each army of Europe a horde of hired mercenaries; the little man he had slowly and meanly murdered, lest he should again attain to France? Economists might argue that the little man was done, but aging and broken though he was, had he set foot in the Kingdom of France, old men would have left their grandchildren, saying proudly, "By God! we are too old to fight, maybe, but we are not too old to die for him." And with what a mighty shouting would even the children have sprung to arms! So he had been killed, not as Joan of Arc had been killed, or King Charles, gloriously, but meanly, cunningly.

And when that count was over before the High Tribunal, there was another against the Lord Marquess. He had served Evil all his days, in home and foreign policies, in warfare, in pimping for a king who, of all kings, was most ignoble, but never was the volume of Sacred Law outside of the grasp of his fingers. And each day unc-

tuously, openly, he read in it. And twice on Sundays he rode to church service, rebuking the godless. And Garrett understood that behind the words of the Jew of Tarsus there was a terrible message for those men in the soil of whose hearts grew deadly herbage: "Be not deceived. God is not mocked."

II

The quiet of the night told him all was well; that now was peace for the world for a space. The moon swept overhead on spread pinions of gold. By the lake not an otter moved. The cranes slept on the nests. The whinny of the squirrel was quieted. The old thorn-trees drowsed, and there was a hush on the leaves of the beeches as they hesitated before summer's green turned into autumn orange. Soon the west winds would be blowing, and the rooks would be restless on their branches, and two by two the swallows would depart. But to-night all was peace. The shadows of the trees lay on lake water, and the golden voice of the peasant girl floated into the night:

"He took five hundred thousand men,
With Kings likewise to bear his throne.
He was so well provided for
That he could sweep the world alone.
But when he came to Moscow
He was overpowered by the driven snow.
And Moscow was set blazing
By the Bonny Bunch of Roses O!"

Yes, it was all done and over, and the great opponents finished, and their lieutenants were many of them dead.

Sir Thomas Moore and General Picton were finished on the field of honor, but Ney, the bravest of the brave, had been shot like a dog. Ney had asked the Duke of Wellington to intervene in his execution, but Wellington had coldly refused. He could not bring himself to save the life of the man whose reckless bravery had imperiled him at Waterloo. And now England was turning against him. His eager helping of the King to prove the Queen guilty of adultery had earned for him the contempt of the people. Stones were thrown at him, but he had had his revenge by the firing of the Horse Guards on the people at the Queen's funeral. And Garrett knew that Ireland had no greater enemy than the soldier she had given birth and suck to.

Yes, it was all over. Peace had settled on the land, and as Garrett looked at himself now, he saw himself barren, empty in all these years. Worse, he had unwittingly helped in crushing everything that had been vital and glorious while Napoleon reigned. Only a day or so before he had taken down his sword, and, half drawing it, had pushed it back in disgust. All the service it had seen was a little skirmish in Spain, and now he was man grown, six and thirty years of age, he had watched go by an age of glory and had no glory from it.

It was curious, Garrett often thought, how one could attain to understanding while walking the country-side with dog and gun. His years in England he knew now to have been worse than wasted. While everywhere else men walked on mountaintops gazing at the stars, he had helped men who gazed blindly at pieces of gold. He had taken part in a victory, he knew, but it was the victory

of the knave. Better to have died at Marengo, or in the rear-guard of the rout from Moscow, in a moment of heroism, when the soul had all but detached itself from the body in high emotion, and was contemptuous of peril of the body, than to vegetate in the comfort of Bayswater. When, a year after his marriage, Lord Castle-reagh had entered his house, then had entered a fiend. How foolish folk were to think that devils had Satanism written in their faces. Devils had courteous manners and a comely speech.

He had been deprived of the glory of heroic death, and now there was nothing left but to live. And he felt he must cling to Ireland, now that all were deserting her. Family after Irish family left the country-side for England, and foreigners were coming from across the Channel to take their places. Only the poor stayed on, with a passion for the country-side of their fathers that made you comprehend a life in them far more secretly entrenched than the life of the body. But recently a representative of one of the London companies had called on him with a suggestion that he should sell Derrymore to them, at a great price. They had a scheme for curing the fresh-water herring of Lough Neagh there. It had required all of Garrett's self-control not to have the sleek factor halloed across country with horse and hound. Apart from his love for his people's house, who could take care of and have feeling for his poor, as he did? The three old beggars of Glenavy, who would understand them among foreigners? He had seen one winter only two of them out, and they had told him the reason was that they had only two pairs of boots among the three of them. He

had offered them a sovereign, but they had refused. "If it is a thing now that we had one gold coin, sure 'tis two we'd be wanting, and the itch of wealth would destroy the quiet minds of us." And he wanted to give them money for food, but all they asked was permission to fish now and then in the river. "It's a noble victory," they explained, "to contrive against the tricky trout, and buying meat from a butcher's tray would be a poor menial thing, surely." Nor would they take money for tobacco. "Is it to be smoking a pipe, and wondering whether you've had the value of the money you've put in the trader's till? There is comfort and nobility in tobacco given by your honor, but tobacco bought is in the process of trade." Who but Irish folk would not think the beggars men with heads turned away by a strange moon magic?

The girl's voice drifted in a muted sobbing from the lodge cottage:

"But while our hearts lie moldering,
And weeping willows o'er our bodies grow,
The deeds of great Napoleon
Shall blanch the Bonny Bunch of Roses O."

III

He felt Jocelyn coming down the shadowed sward toward him, and he turned around to watch her, and the perfected young beauty of her caught his heart in a muffled cry. How light her step, how slim her body was! Who would ever think that she had seen thirty-four years go by? Herself and some young apple-tree in bloom seemed

breaths out of springtime. And to think that Garrett, Oge, and Ulick were her sons, and small daffodil-headed Sabine her daughter! No outsider could ever believe that. The wild loveliness of her youth had become a steady radiance. Dark head of silk and delicate white silken face, and hands like flowers! One felt that when these fell aside, as they might at the brazen call of Gabriel, a greater loveliness would emerge. They had been robbed of love for a space, but it had come back to them, so powerful and ever comely, that they felt it was a gift from above for the years of their separation. In the white moonlight she saw the frown of thinking on his brow.

"Are you bothering about that news from London, Garrett?" Her voice had changed from a silver bell to a thin and lovely bell of gold.

"I was thinking of it."

"I am so sorry," she said quietly. "I never understood. I was a bad wife and no comfort to you. But all the time we were apart I loved you. You know that."

"I know that."

"You were always so dear, so patient," she said, "when I was wild in my head, thinking of the rebellious men as giants, and the era of that warfare as a rebirth of the world. You were so sane, so level-headed, so right—"

"God!" he said bitterly, "I was so wrong!"

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(Continued from front inside flap)

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DONN BYRNE

Donn Byrne was born in that greatest of all the Irish Towns, New York City, but before he was three months old he was taken to Ireland, and spent his childhood in the glens of Antrim; then back to America with a passion for writing.

For a writer as widely read and as admired as was Donn Byrne, astonishingly little was written about him during his lifetime. Although he will write no more—"Field of Honor" was completed only a brief while before his death—the name of Donn Byrne will be remembered as long as his hauntingly beautiful tales remain in the library of modern prose classics.

Field of Honor

by Donn Byrne

Author of "Hangman's House," "Changeling," etc.

OF this book Donn Byrne himself said, "I consider *Field of Honor* the finest story I have written."

It is a novel of the Napoleonic wars. Two massive figures stand out above the rest, two bitter foes—Napoleon and Castlereagh, British minister for war. To Castlereagh, spinning his web of soldiers, spies and money around Bonaparte, comes young Garrett Dillon, an Irishman bent on serving his country. He has left behind him in Ireland his loved wife, the beautiful, untamed Jocelyn, who hates the bloody Castlereagh with a bitter hatred, and will have none of her husband while he is in the service of that lord.

Battles, intrigues, London's sparkling society, the figure of the fallen emperor pacing St. Helena, still, heaven-sent evenings of magic Irish summer—against these vivid scenes flashes the love story of Garrett Dillon and the tempestuous Jocelyn—a setting and a story created with the fiery richness of style that is Donn Byrne's and no one's else.